

The Bookman

Christmas Number

"Read not books alone, but men."

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"The Bookman" Reviews the Year 1933

With Introductions by the Editor

THE review of the year's books, which has been contained in the last three Christmas numbers, has proved so popular a feature that it was felt that the time has come to enlarge its scope. Not books alone, but activities in other arts than literature, as well as in politics, economics, science and foreign affairs, are passed in rapid survey in the pages which follow.

This has necessitated a slight rearrangement of the section devoted specifically to books. Instead of asking a number of critics to select the "six best" in their own particular category, I have suggested to writers of widely differing tastes that they should discuss generally those works, irrespective of number or subject, which they have personally enjoyed during the year. The result, to me at least, is extremely interesting.

As hardly any one book is recommended by any two critics, I am less apprehensive than I might be that no work on my own list is duplicated.

The novel which I have read with most pleasure is James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," a book which, with masterly world; which is bold situations and clever something original; in philosophy are intertwined, reader rapidly forward, as a quiet but persistent

In history, incomparable work is "The Queen and and introduced by Philip material contained in these sarily lead to a revaluation of her greatest

The next biography must draw on these books, will be the end of the trail which Mr. Lytton Strachey started. And how much the loss of that mordant wit and urbane precision is to be regretted is emphasised by the publication of a posthumous volume of his essays, "Characters and Commentaries." Is there any other writer who could have commenced an essay of Disraeli thus: "The absurd Jew-boy, who set out to conquer the world, reached his destination. After a lifetime of relentless determination, infinite perseverance and superhuman egotism, he found himself at last old, hideous, battered, widowed, solitary, diseased, but Prime Minister of England." And could there be a better estimate of "Dizzy" in two sentences?

There have been many fine biographies this year. The most famous, I suppose, is Mr. Winston Churchill's monument of family piety, "Marlborough." Personally I preferred Miss Rebecca West's "St. Augustine"—a short book, but one of the most brilliant of 1933. It is not quite true to say that Miss West understands Augustine but does not like him; it is certain that she understands him (which is rare), and considers him too great to be excused.

In poetry, the most important production is, I think most people will agree, Stephen Spender's "Poems," to which I shall refer later. As Spender is one of the young poets who have realised the vital connection between art and life (in a wider sense than that of brooding lyrically over unimportant personal problems), so R. D. Charques, as a critic, stresses the same idea in "Contemporary Literature and Social Revolution," a book which deserves the widest popularity.

In the realm of literary criticism itself, T. S. Eliot's "The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism," his eight lectures delivered at Harvard as Professor of Poetry, is without a rival; and, in the realm of political affairs, "Problems of a Socialist Government," by Sir Stafford Cripps and others, is a necessary statement on a burning topic, which is welcome alike to foes and friends of socialism.

And lastly there is that superb picture book by Clare Leighton, "The Farmer's Year," two woodcuts from which are reproduced in this number, so that readers may judge for themselves.

Now for the important critics.

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| "Lost Horizon." By James Hilton. |
| "The Queen and Mr. Gladstone." By Philip Guedalla. |
| "Characters and Commentaries." By Lytton Strachey. |
| "St. Augustine." By Rebecca West. |
| "Poems." By Stephen Spender. |
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| "The Farmer's Year." By Clare Leighton. |

economy, creates its own enough to use hackneyed enough to turn them into which the story and the so that the first carries the while the second remains memory.

ably the most important Mr. Gladstone," edited Guedalla. The new two volumes must necessitate both of the great Premier.

of Queen Victoria, which

NO less a person than Addison noted in the first volume of the *Spectator* that "a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure 'till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Disposition, Married or a Batchelar, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right Understanding of an Author."

When therefore it was suggested that I should briefly introduce the writers of this "Review of 1933" (almost in the manner of a *compère* in another sort of revue), a natural diffidence was overcome by a realisation of

the rights of the reader. What was true in Addison's time is equally true now.

The main difficulty is the varying degree of acquaintanceship which I have with the various writers. Some I have never met; some are known to me only as voices on the telephone; with some I have talked occasionally at casual meetings; some have been intimate friends for many years.

With this explanation and an apology in advance for inevitable shortcomings I introduce, first, Hugh Walpole.

SOME BOOKS I HAVE ENJOYED IN 1933 By Hugh Walpole

Hugh Walpole, in one sense, needs no introduction. His name has become almost a battle-cry in recent critical controversies. His admirers—of whom I am one—point to his vast output of good novels, and claim for him the Chair of English Letters left vacant by the death of Mr. Galsworthy. For them the Herries saga is the romantic counterpart of the realistic Forsytes. His detractors prefer to emphasise his considerable output of questionable recommendations. For them the romanticism of his novels is a sad falling-off from his early promise as a great realistic novelist which won him the enthusiastic approbation of Henry James.

This wide divergence of opinion makes the introduction of Hugh Walpole, in another sense, very necessary. Once you know the man the problem disappears. For the three most obvious things about him are his kindness, his modesty and his critical acumen.

To take the first last. He is a highbrow of the highbrows. Young men who discovered "The Waste Land" somewhere about the year 1932 are apt to dub as a Philistine lowbrow Walpole, who was hailing it in 1922, the year of its publication. And that is only one instance among many. How then explain certain critical lapses? By his kindness. Knowing, as he does, the labour of creation, he prefers to err on the side of generosity. It seems a pardonable fault.

His modesty about his own works is patently genuine. He knows, far better than any critic, the good from the indifferent, though he is mistaken, I think, in imagining that nothing of his will survive. In any case his real masterpieces are probably still to come (for he is now at the height of his powers), and it is not unlikely that they will be not romance, but realism.

The man himself? What mainly strikes you is his exuberant vitality; it is in his walk, his gestures, his conversation. But with the exhilaration derived from it is a sense of restfulness. In his rooms, surrounded by fine sculpture by Mestrovic, Gaudier-Brzeska and Epstein, you are in the presence of a man of sensibility who happens also to be a man of the world and a Christian. It is a rare combination. That you acquiesce in (or at least understand) his "recommendations" is almost inevitable.

* * * * *

THIS is an agreeable change for me, that I should be allowed to write about one or two books that I have enjoyed this year without thinking whether they are good books or no. As one grows older what does one especially ask of a book? Well, for one thing, confidence in the author. As when a child reading the first page of "Rodney Stone" or "Lorna Doone" or "Barnaby Rudge," you settled down into the dining-room chair with a hole in it—settled down with a warm trustfulness in the authors that is simply touching in retrospect.

I have felt that same confidence some three times this year—I felt it with Yeats's "Winding Stair," Virginia Woolf's "Flush," Somerset Maugham's short stories, "Ah King." I do not say that these are the best books of the year, although I think that they are among the best.

The point I want to make is that, once in their hands, you are sure at least that you know what they are about. Contemporary literature seems to me, at the moment, crowded with amateurs except in a certain kind of clever feminine novel which is alarmingly professional. I have encountered book after book this year which has precisely the charm of the amateur—fresh, engaging, audacious, impertinent. You never

know what the author will be at. But the writers who are professional in the best sense seem to me surprisingly few—the writers who, if you like them at all, will not let you down. Yeats, Virginia Woolf, Maugham are fine examples of these. Yeats is surely the greatest poet alive in the world to-day. I do not know whom you can prefer; there is certainly no one in England. There is no great poet alive in France; there is Robert Frost in America. I need only say that "The Winding Stair" has many things that are exquisite and many that go to the very roots of this our disturbed modern life.

As to "Flush," I was delighted to read last week an article in the Cambridge *Granta* by, I should imagine, the great-grandson of Mrs. Leavis. This article said that once they had had hopes of Mrs. Woolf, but that now, with "Flush," the author of "To the Lighthouse" had become both comprehensible and popular, so—farewell! "Flush" seems to me perfectly done. Some people, I believe, have seen the hair of Mr. Lytton Strachey's beard shadowing the delicate page. This is nonsense. No one could have written this book but Mrs. Woolf; it is the Victorian Age in miniature.

Mr. Maugham's short stories are so well made that one is delighted by their accomplishment. The one thing that this writer always seems to me to lack is

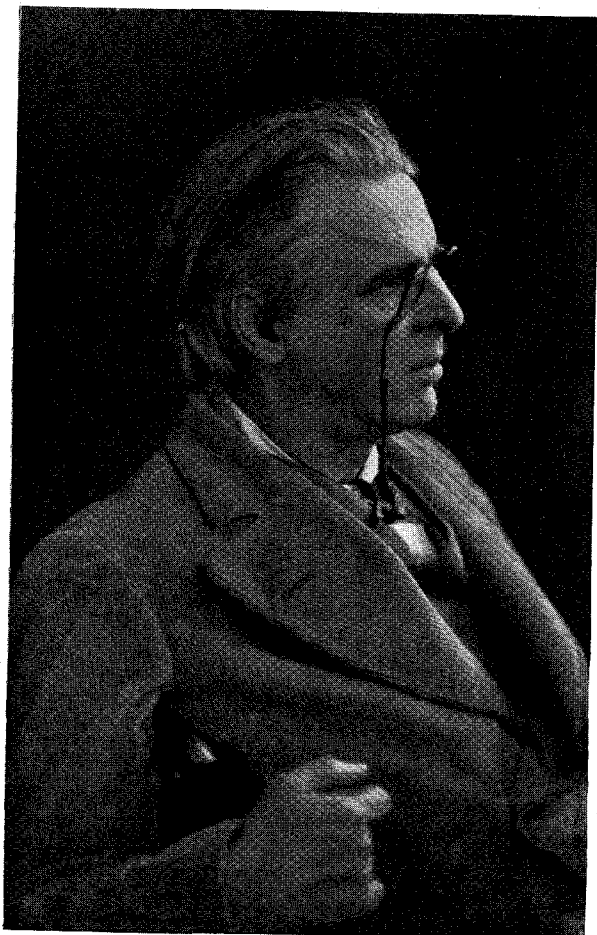
**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



By ZIEGLER.

With the publication of "Vanessa,"
in the autumn of 1933, Hugh Walpole
completed his great Herries Saga.

HUGH WALPOLE.



W. B. Yeats.

Portrait by Lafayette, Dublin.

genius ; and what I mean by that is quite clear, I think, if you read a story like Thomas Mann's "Early Sorrow." This is of course one of the finest short stories in the world, but the point in the comparison is that Mann is professional enough to know exactly what he is doing, but genius enough to do his best things without knowing why. Maugham always knows why all the time.

My fourth book would be Sacheverell Sitwell's "Canons of Giant Art." Here I am told, by those who like to speak with authority about poetry, that I am wrong. I can only say that this volume gave me hours of delight. I would hate to plunge my little penknife into the loyalties of the Sitwell family, but Sacheverell is the one of the three who is in his talent rich, generous, almost extravagantly gallant. There are some poems in the "Canons" which have exactly that largeness so generally missing from modern poetry, and he creates

picture after picture without being merely picturesque. My fifth volume would be Mr. John Sparrow's "Sense and Poetry." I would say at once that I have a very real belief in the poetry of Auden, Spender and Day Lewis. I am afraid that they will consider this condescending, but never mind—I humbly pray, as they say in churches, that having begun so finely, they will go on from strength to strength. Nevertheless there has been, in the last five years, much pretentious nonsense spoken and written about intellectual modernism, and Mr. Sparrow's is the first intelligent work bravely to say so. His book is also extremely amusing, and he has surely made Mr. and Mrs. Leavis comic figures for evermore.

My sixth book is John Collier's "Tom's a-Cold." This is far from being a satisfactory novel, and it seems to me to fail in the very direction where it should succeed—namely that it does not convince. Stories about the future are rarely convincing, from Mr. Wells to Mr. Huxley. Mr. Collier does more than not convince. He makes you sure that whatever way things are going to be, they won't be his way. Nevertheless he writes beautifully and, best of all, he is most original. He seems to me, with William Plomer, the most promising of all the new writers. He is both a poet and a humorist and he is, again like Mr. Plomer, entirely courageous.

Other books of 1933 have given me pleasure—Mr. Strong's "Sea Wall," Winston Churchill's "Marlborough" (which reminds me delightfully of Ballantyne, David Ker and other gallant writers for boys), Mary Butts's "Macedonian," and that enchanting sketch of a real man, Timothy Eden's "Tribulations of a Baronet." And there is Gertrude Stein's "Toklas."

"The Winding Stair." By W. B. Yeats.
 "Flush." By Virginia Woolf.
 "Ah King." By Somerset Maugham.
 "Canons of Giant Art." By Sacheverell Sitwell.
 "Sense and Poetry." By John Sparrow.
 "Tom's a-Cold." By John Collier.
 "Sea Wall." By L. A. G. Strong.
 "Marlborough." By Winston Churchill.
 "The Macedonian." By Mary Butts.
 "Tribulations of a Baronet." By Sir Timothy Eden.
 "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas." By Gertrude Stein.

OF GOOD FRUIT—AND OTHER BOOKS

By Osbert Burdett

Upon Mr. Osbert Burdett has fallen the mantle of Mr. George Saintsbury, but he wears it with a difference. One felt that Professor Saintsbury's judgments on wine were on the whole sounder than his judgments on literature, whereas it is Mr. Burdett's literary discrimination that one applauds. He has moreover a fine and fastidious prose, while, as Arnold Bennett so truly said, Professor Saintsbury might be as loudly positive as he liked—his style was always whispering "Don't listen."

The point of resemblance between the two men is that they represent the Tory spirit at its best. Mr. Burdett's primary concern is with the Good Life, which to masses in a machine age is little more than an interesting anachronism. In his latest book, "The Art of Living," he has remarked: "A philosopher of my acquaintance once startled his guests at dinner by stating that he thought the most useful life was that of a country gentleman who lived on his estate. So deeply corrupted had the rest of the party been by industrial conditions and by industrial ideas that they thought this opinion retrogressive." With this clue the reader will not be surprised at Mr. Burdett's first choice in this year's books. The fact that no other critic in England is likely to agree with him gives the measure of his splendid isolation—and of his importance.

His own masterpiece is, I think it will be generally agreed, "The Two Carlyles," in which not surprisingly one detects more sympathy for Jane than for Thomas. Yet some of his finest writing, as well as his most acute criticism, is in the earlier "The Beardsley Period," by far the best book on the nineties that we possess.

* * * * *

MY luck with new books during the past year has been conditioned by two circumstances which, unexplained, would make the following preferences seem unduly restricted. First of all no fiction comes my way, and secondly I have little time to read any new books that do not concern my own work in some way or another.

From those that have come my way I select a dozen, as the utmost number likely to leave any permanent impression, and this is said with no irony but simply because a comparatively high test is the only one of value, and the list itself pretends to be no more than one critic's luck of the year. The test applied to the list is, first of all, one question: Would the world be the poorer if this book had not appeared, a question that implies the book to be a contribution to a worthy subject. Secondly, whether indispensable or not, is it excellent in its kind, and has it thereby enriched its reader with imaginative or intellectual pleasure? Below these come the useful and the interesting, but here the degree of interest and use will necessarily vary with the reader, since a man cannot be a critic at all unless he believes that the three prime qualities that make a good critic—learning, judgment and courage—will, in the end, lead to agreement about those that aspire to belong to the previous and higher categories.

The book that, of these twelve, seems to me the most obvious contribution to its subject, which is humane, neglected, and worthy of attention, will surprise some readers. It is "The Anatomy of Dessert," by Mr. E. A. Bunyard. It is a book devoted to the qualities of English fruit by an expert who knows which apples for example are the best, when they are at their best and how to make the very utmost of an English dessert, that final course which went the way of wine when men ceased to be left by themselves at the end of dinner. Mr. Bunyard is a connoisseur of English fruit who writes extremely well, and is properly steeped in letters. I put his book first because it is a contribution to a great subject, for if people go wrong or become inattentive to the simplicities of life, such as wine and food, they are *out of touch with reality at its foundation*; and a judgment that fancies it can neglect the simplicities of civilised life is certain to be mistaken as it ascends to more complex matters. Like Walker's "Art of Dining," Mr. Bunyard's book is a little classic.

In the essay, A. E. Housman's lecture on "The Nature of Poetry" abides with me. His criticism was bound to be interesting, and from a man who holds his Lucretian philosophy, I did not make the obvious

objection to his test of poetry—that it should send a shiver down the spine—the objection that the test is a material one. In an age so steeped in monist materialism as ours, the test was, as it happened, amusingly characteristic. The essay moreover was to be valued for this, that Mr. Housman writes fine prose, and most of that prose the ordinary reader does not know, for it is to be found in introductions to the classics. Gilbert Murray's book on "Aristophanes" also lingers, though Mr. Murray should perhaps be considered a critic in the Romantic tradition.

On current writers chiefly, I found Mr. G. W. Stonier's "Gog Magog" excellent and useful. Were I an editor, I should certainly invoke his aid upon any writer of the Joyce, Eliot, Auden or modernist school. For the less expert there were some passages worth reading in Mr. Humbert Wolfe's lecture on "Romantic and Unromantic Poetry." The remark that much modernist verse is abject before the object had, I think, sound sense. In "The Winding Stair" (Macmillan) W. B. Yeats remains a poet even in his starkest manner. He has outstepped his past.

In biography I remember "Bramwell Booth," by Miss Bramwell Booth. There was some beautiful writing in it, and the

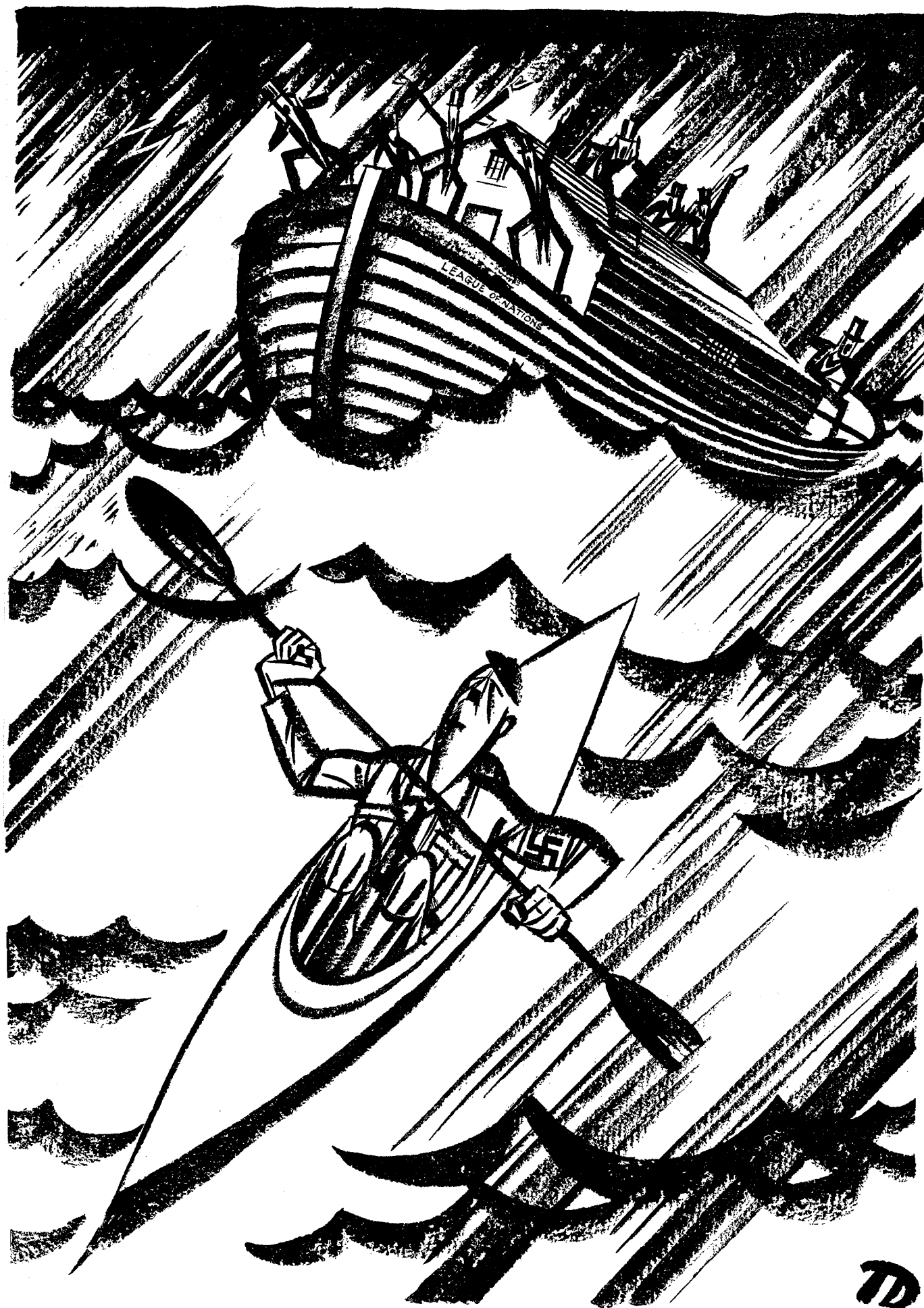
strange story of the Salvation Army and of its second and finally deposed head was one I never expected to read with interest, until her insight and style put this prejudice to sleep. Mr. H. E. Wortham's intimate Life of "Gordon" was sympathetic and discerning with its author's accustomed skill, light touch, and dash of naughtiness. I also treasure Mr. J. Lewis May's "Oxford Movement" for its insight into the lives of the Tractarians, for its mellow style, and for its argument, though he has a trick of putting a controversial preface like a dragon in the reader's path; and, because of his gentleness, is really most effective with awkward or imperfectly sympathetic characters, like his earlier "Fr. Tyrrell."

In "The Real David Copperfield" Mr. Robert Graves provided a version that can be enjoyed by those who have not enough patience for Dickens in full swing, though, by reducing the characters to life size and by extensive pruning, the Dickensian spirit is sacrificed for those who prefer Dickensia to reality. An amusing and informing essay, with a marvellous illustration (that tells the whole story) forty inches long (by Mr. Fleetwood-Hesketh) is "Ghastly Good Taste," in which Mr. John Betjeman recounts three hundred years of English architecture. The work of a young man, it is full of shrewd comment, sees our

"The Anatomy of Dessert." By E. A. Bunyard.
 "The Nature of Poetry." By A. E. Housman.
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 "Bramwell Booth." By Catherine Booth.
 "Gordon." By H. E. Wortham.
 "The Oxford Movement." By J. Lewis May.
 "The Real David Copperfield." By Robert Graves.
 "Ghastly Good Taste." By John Betjeman.
 "Modern Caricaturists." By H. R. Westwood.
 "A Tiny Seed of Love." By Sarah Salt.

1933

By Thomas Derrick



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troubles to spring from an absence of common belief, with society reduced to a swarm of rival egos, and is the most provocative book on architecture that I have met during the year. I was also informed and instructed by Mr. H. R. Westwood's "Modern Caricaturists" which covered most of Europe, the Dominions, and almost the world, with its illustrations and its criticism.

These books are too varied to suggest a common inference from the twelve. The first shows, however, that the humane tradition is not dead, but only that the sort of education we now provide wholesale is much more misleading than ignorance. For what it is worth, I suggest that the older subjects and those in sympathy with them are nearer to reality than the younger who, so vividly portrayed in Sarah Salt's diabolically life-like short stories, in despair of any creed, tend to capitulate

before appearances and think, if they are interested in the arts at all, that the acceptance of these appearances and their reflection in poetry is the only ideal to be found. I regret this in literature in exactly the same sense, and for the same reason, that I regret the increasing Americanisation of English life. But because a new barbarism is upon us I cannot see why I should pretend that the barbaric is the civilised, that the actual is the good, or suppose that art is only art when it reflects disintegration or subjectivism. I rather fancy that what divides my generation, with its richer memories, from the present is a profound philosophical difference, and that "The Waste Land," which proved a blind alley to its author, will also prove a blind alley to those who, unlike him, remain there and can admire nothing, with the happy exception of the poetry of Hopkins, that is not a fragment of its rubbish.

THREE IMPORTANT BOOKS

By Edwin Muir

Edwin Muir is a Scot, the son of a farmer, who has made the long pilgrimage from the Ultima Thule of Orkney where he was born, to the centre of literary London, where he now lives. He broke his journey at Glasgow at the age of fourteen, living and working for a long time as a clerk, and he has travelled extensively on the Continent.

His name, with that of his wife, Willa, is perhaps best known in the phrase "Translated by," for they have collaborated in many translations of German books, the latest being Sholem Asch's "Three Cities." He is also a poet and a novelist. His second novel, "The Three Brothers," is probably the most widely known.

His best work, in my opinion, is his early "John Knox," a biography which has hardly won the recognition it deserves. Here are evident the qualities which distinguish him—a deep understanding born of contact with life tempered by an ironic but kindly detachment which springs from experience and poetic vision.

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WHEN one looks back on the reading of a year all that one seems to see at first is a vast flood in which books roll like boulders, carrying one, stunned and dazed, along with them. We all read far more and far more quickly than any generation before us did; and there is no escape from this evil if one wishes to know what the world is doing and thinking except retirement to a monastery or an inaccessible island. If one perseveres one does have the consolation of knowing what the world is doing and thinking, or of knowing at least a section of its doings and thoughts which with any luck is likely to be roughly typical. But perhaps it would be a more exact analogy to say that reading matter is a river which flows more or less continuously through us, most of it leaving no deposit that can be discerned after a few months, but a small residue remaining. It is one's memory that guards that residue, and one must turn to it, while the flood roars about one's ears, to find what has remained.

As far as my very limited reading goes the residue consists roughly of four books, all of them, I think, of potential or actual value. Three of them belong to English literature, though only one is written by an Englishman; the fourth is German, or rather Austrian. They are Mr. William Faulkner's "Light in August," Mr. W. B. Yeats's "The Winding Stair," Mr. George Barker's "Alanna Autumnal" and Franz Kafka's "The Great Wall of China." I am a little reluctant to write about the last, for I assisted in translating it; but as I can claim no more credit than any other reader for Kafka's great gifts, and these alone make the book worth the reader's attention, I can see no reason for

omitting from this list what is to me the greatest name in it.

But leaving Kafka aside, three works of literary importance in one year (and I feel certain there are more; for I am going on my own very patchy reading) is surely a good average, and should help to refute those who regard this age as one of literary impotence. There is a great mass of mediocre books, it is true, and an equally great mass of bad ones, and it is very hard to see past them. These books themselves are a serious danger to public taste, wearing it away by perpetual attrition, making it year by year less capable of distinguishing the true from the false, and tending to enthrone the false in the place of the true, which has in consequence to lead an obscure and almost clandestine existence. But that is a different question; and though the present age is not so abundant in works of genius and talent as certain years in Victoria's reign, it seems to me to be more genuinely productive than the generation of Galsworthy and Bennett, with which it is so often adversely compared. But that is an opinion which could be supported only by a comparative examination, with quotations, of the literatures of these two generations.

Mr. Faulkner at any rate gives me the impression of being a novelist of greater potential power than any of that generation, either in England or America. "Light in August" is planned on the scale of a major masterpiece. The story, like Mr. Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," is that of a single doomed figure; but the quality of the imagination and the writing is incomparably superior. Mr. Faulkner's greatest gift is

a power of intense and immediate vision. When his style conveys that vision he strikes on our minds with enormous force; he seems to hurl actual people, scenes and passions at us instead of merely describing them; he uses words with the directness of an artist applying paint. But when the vision stops and he tries to whip up some substitute for it he writes perhaps more badly than anyone else, even Mr. Dreiser, is capable of doing: his badness here being commensurate to his capacity, which is considerably greater than Mr. Dreiser's. So "Light in August" is not entirely a success. To read it is an instantaneously exciting experience; it belongs in a particular sense to the literature of power; and it is clearly the work of a man of genius. But there is too much smoke, one perceives afterwards, for the flame; the memory one has of the book is of repeated bursts of incandescent splendour issuing from a black pall. The story itself resembles somewhat the vision that the young heroine sees as she enters Jefferson: "two columns of smoke: the one the heavy density of burning coal above a tall stack, the other a tall yellow column standing apparently from among a clump of trees some distance beyond the town." Mr. Faulkner's imagination has "the heavy density of burning coal"; it rises on occasion also to a "tall yellow column." That he is potentially a great writer seems perfectly clear to me, and equally clear that he has not yet mastered all his rich powers. In any case "Light in August" remains one of the landmarks of the year.

No doubt everybody will put down Mr. W. B. Yeats's "The Winding Stair" as another. The poems in it can only be compared, among contemporary work, to the best of his other poetry, and they stand the comparison. Mr. Yeats was saluted thirty or forty years ago as a great poet; he has since become one. He was a poet even at that time, but his real stature was obscured by the singing robes he wrapped round him; he has since thrown them off and shown himself in his true greatness. The strength of the purpose he has held all his life seems to have gone into his later poems; one feels a growing accumulation of energy behind them. Accordingly his intellectual passion and his poetic force have become more intense with the years, instead of weakening and mellowing; and "The Winding Stair," although in form a collection of lyrics, is really a powerful dramatic presentation of the life of the spirit as a conflict of eternal opposites. No other modern poetry with the same deep intellectual passion has been cast into a form that is so natural and inevitable. The central poem in the volume, "Byzantium," is one of the most magnificent that Mr. Yeats has ever written; and in at least half of the others he is at the height of his powers. This book would itself have made the year memorable.

"Alanna Autumnal" is a short imaginative work by a writer of twenty. It consists of alternating extracts from the diaries of a brother and sister. There are no other characters; there is little action in the ordinary

sense; and that little is conveyed parenthetically. The brother is a poet; and he and his sister are closely bound together by instinctive ties and a common affinity. She marries, is left by her husband, and dies in giving birth to her child. All these events, while necessary to the development of the action, are subsidiary, the real theme being the spiritual problems created by them. The author, Mr. George Barker, shows many signs of immaturity; but these matter little in comparison with the consistent originality of his book alike in imagination and style. Though the last reminds one a little of Rimbaud and a little of Rilke, it is doubtful whether Mr. Barker really owes anything to these writers; and if they have influenced him he has in any case assimilated what they had to give and made it his own. There are passages of youthful pedantry in the book, but hardly a sentence uninformed by living thought. The style is rapid and concentrated, and is like Rilke's a sort of poetic shorthand: "When the handle of the door turned, I knew who it was: who turned that circle of guilt and desperation." "I only ask for the trick all men have, of making danger look safe." In the description of the

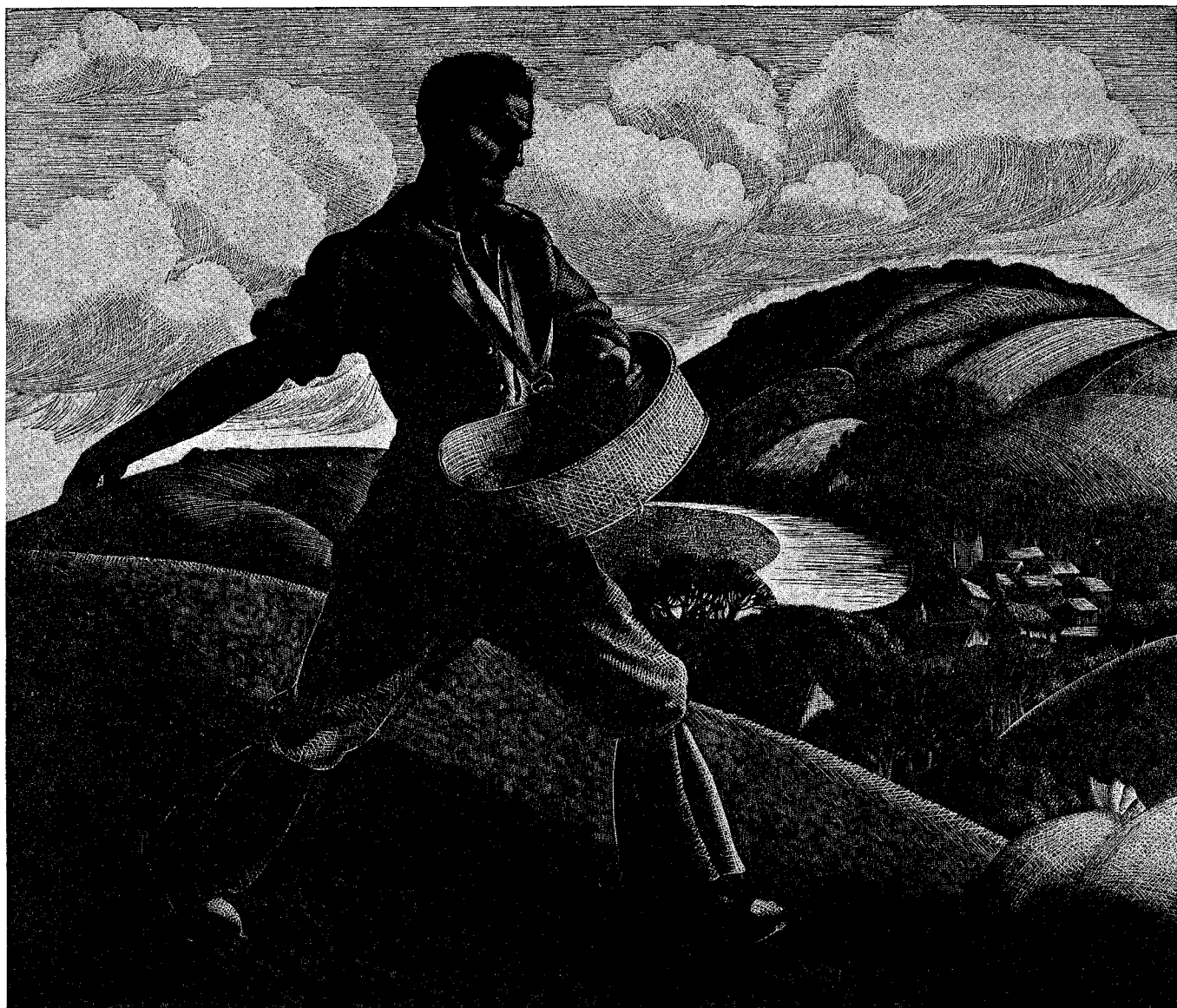
sister's death: "Her body does not detain her, only her desire." Of the brother's hopeless apathy: "Securely and unchangeably I am possessed by the men of my nation, like a museum or war memorial." The book is written in this style, and on a first reading it may easily prove

irritating. Yet there is no doubt of the sincerity of the author, a sincerity so deep that it determines the form of every sentence. Nor is there any, I think, of the depth of his intuition at its best. The book is unusual, but that is because its writer is a man of unusual talent. It required more close reading and was also more fascinating to read than any other work of prose fiction I chanced upon during the year. I did not find a single cliché of thought or expression in it. Everything the author said was said in a new way, and one feels that that is what one should expect from good prose.

"The Great Wall of China" may be described as a collection of allegories, fables and aphorisms. Like the bulk of Kafka's work they were found among his papers after his death. Almost every one of them is a little masterpiece. Kafka was a great master of form, a great psychologist, and a great mystical thinker. Allegory was the natural form his thought took, and the best even of his aphorisms fall naturally into it, as for instance: "Leopards break into the temple and drink the sacrificial chalices dry; this occurs repeatedly, again and again; finally it can be reckoned upon beforehand and becomes a part of the ceremony"—in which a most difficult thought is crystallised with perfect clarity in a sentence. As we follow his longer allegories we feel that we are apprehending the complexities of existence with an exactitude that is beyond the reach of realistic imagination or intellectual analysis. The

"Light in August." By William Faulkner.
 "The Winding Stair." By W. B. Yeats.
 "Alanna Autumnal." By George Barker.
 "The Great Wall of China." By Franz Kafka.
 "Great Circle." By Conrad Aiken.
 "Frost in May." By Antonia White.
 "These Thirteen." By William Faulkner.
 "Poems." By Stephen Spender.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



From "THE FARMER'S YEAR."
By **CLAIRE LEIGHTON**
(Collins).

APRIL: SOWING.

subject of his whole work was the mystery of existence, which he saw as both human and divine; and allegory was to him a method of crystallising part of that mystery and thus making it less absolutely featureless. Invention and thought are almost indistinguishable in his fables; and one feels that it is the justice of the thought that gives such solidity to the invention. To me his book is the most remarkable of the four I have mentioned, and his name the greatest. But I am afraid that is an opinion with which few will agree.

There have been several intelligent and brilliantly written novels published during the year, one of the best of which was Mr. Conrad Aiken's "Great Circle."

Among the most remarkable of the first novels was Miss Antonia White's "Frost in May." Mr. Faulkner's "These Thirteen" was the best book of short stories I was lucky enough to chance upon. Mr. Stephen Spender's "Poems" showed that he is a true and original poet; it is probably the most promising first volume of poetry that has appeared since Mr. W. H. Auden's a few years ago; but one feels it is more an intimation of Mr. Spender's fine gifts than an adequate expression of them. This catalogue is of necessity a very fragmentary and arbitrary one, determined simply by the books I have chanced to read, which were a small and largely fortuitous fraction of those worth reading.

MAGIC OF PERSON AND PLACE

By Mary Butts

Mary Butts is a familiar name to readers of *THE BOOKMAN*, and as I contributed an article on her to a recent Christmas number, I will not weary them with reiteration. For the qualities which distinguish her as a woman are precisely those which give vitality to her work. Her books are, in a real sense, a self-revelation. Dominating everything is a passion for the actual land of England, not in the "happy country-side" sense, but as a concrete expression of mystical and spiritual forces. She apprehends it through the great myths, through the story (with all its anthropological implications) of the Holy Grail, through the sublime incoherences of Blake and through the simple "magics" of place, through our history—and, even more, our traditions.

Nor is it a blind love, but one born of comparison and separation. Some of her critics, noting chiefly the oversophistication of certain short stories with a European background, persist in proclaiming the Mary Butts of the years abroad, the idol of the Left Bank, as the "real" Mary Butts. But they have mistaken the clues and misconstrued the synthesis. The real Mary Butts is living quietly in a Cornish village, fusing a present delight in the quietness and peace of home with the memories of the excitements and exasperations of exile, and making from them books which will live.

* * * * *

IT was a volume that came into the house by accident that enchanted not only the writer, but everyone about the place. A book, so far as one knew, that the reviewers reviled—"The Strange Death of President Harding," by Gaston B. Means. That was the work that was torn from hand to hand, read aloud in snatches, argued over, relished. A repetition—distinctly a grim thought—of Cellini's world and the designs of princes that are a deep abyss; the Renaissance world of lust and learning, piety and all the passions and all the arts, repeated in a society where a shallow culture replaces learning, with plumbing for architecture and uplift for piety. Leaving the lusts and the superstition to ferment in an intellectual squalor that had in it something childish—an ill-bred childhood. The tolerable figure being the narrator, a man with a perfect knowledge of man as the ablest and most unscrupulous of the animals. The only mad animal. And of himself as one who was worthy more brilliant masters.

An escape into the past followed—into Feuchtwanger's "Josephus." (Ferrero's "Cæsar" was unsuccessful, haunting one again with the Tammany boss.) "Josephus" may be one of those books which make an impression like hot iron, yet leave no scar behind, but on a dark spring night, with the wind rocking, striking the earth for the first time since America, drawing its violent patterns inland across the moors,

one saw, as in a theatre, "towns with towers," standing in eternal light. Perhaps—one is not sure—too like an evening in the old days at His Majesty's, with Tree in the principal part, and waking up next day to think: "It's only 'The Darling of the Gods' again." All the same, a grand entertainment.

Murray's "Aristophanes" and Glover's "Greek Byways" are better wearing, because they are the works of lovers. Testaments of two men who have gone to find the Rose. The Rose of classical scholarship men think of as grown in a sort of public garden. Not that the place is run by most effective angels in the dress of dons to head them off.

If it is not their native place, people have need of certain books

to elucidate the piece of earth on which they live. For to know it, one must have a private map of one's own in one's mind. A magic map. Made on foot and by the senses that is usually in no more than two colours, of places which are "mana" and places which are "taboo." They can overlap; and in West Cornwall you are living in a land where culture is overlaid on culture. This year two books brought out its contours. A small classic no one seems to have heard of—"The Crochet Woman," by Ruth Manning Sanders; the land seen through the glass of an exquisite imagination, the complex of stone, water, plants, air and human character

"The Strange Death of President Harding." By Gaston B. Means.
 "Josephus." By Leon Feuchtwanger.
 "Aristophanes." By Gilbert Murray.
 "Greek Byways." By T. R. Glover.
 "The Crochet Woman." By Ruth Manning Sanders.
 "West Cornwall." By H. O'Neil Hencken.
 "Texts and Pretexts." By Aldous Huxley.
 "King Edward VII." By E. F. Benson.
 "The Ludwigs of Bavaria." By E. Channon.

on the moor the Ordnance calls Selene, the Moon-Moor.

The second was Mr. Hencken's account of West Cornwall, in the County Archæologies series. For all its scientific precision, a work that makes one realise that, in the house under one's feet, in the garden, up the lane, across the fields, one is walking among the bones of the First Men. A people in the night of time whose life was a ritual and a cult of death; raising, without metal of any kind, thirty-ton boulders, houses for their dead. The peninsula sown thick with them, until out in the islands of the Scillies they stand like corn. Hints of this and memories on Greek lips—an island of women, an island of sorcerers, an island in the baths of Ocean where Kronos sleeps. A land whose after-history seems nothing but an anti-climax, whose beginning itself may have been an end, supposing Atlantis to be true record; and that what was essential Cornwall perished with it, leaving the place empty for wandering tribes to settle, the tenants of its ghosts.

Never did an unadorned style and a strictly scientific treatment do more to reach the imagination. Curiously too it helped to enhance the

isolation dwellers here feel from the rest of England. Nowhere else is one so sure that one is in a foreign land, whose significant history was over before what we call England began.

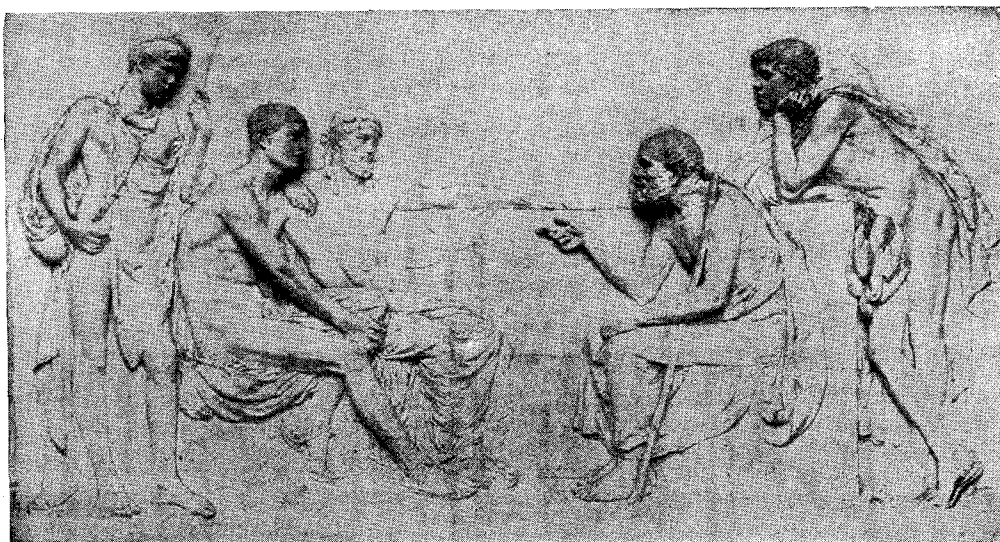
It took Aldous Huxley's "Texts and Pretexts" to give one the sense of having joined again the main stream. The most fastidious of anthologies, a peculiar kind of quintessence, strung together by a commentary. A remote book, another choice of what is most valuable in literature. Wholly individual; the last refinement of superb taste; without—and what a relief that is—one sentimental concession to anything but the best, set occasionally by way of contrast beside the flat or even the base.

It is a choice about which it might be possible to write a whole æsthetic; but for families in the country with time to remember what has happened to them, there is another kind of reading, partly a game, and which may be called "books about Kings." A game because, with regard to recent kings, their lives are a part of social history. This year there were several of them, and especially E. F. Benson's "King Edward" and "The Ludwigs of Bavaria," by Mr. Channon. Couple Mr. Benson's last book with his "As We Were," and you have two books that will be remembered.

They are that inadequate word, "moving," as well as witty, about things one can just remember, that for better or worse set the proportions of one's mind in childhood. (While in one thing Mr. Benson is unique. Engaged on the same subjects, he is strong enough not to crib from Lytton Strachey, whose eternally regretted genius is having a dreadful effect on younger writers, persuading them—heaven knows why—that their business is to be rude to their ancestors, and making bores as well as bores of themselves. Without his knowledge or his wit, it is his influence that is haunting them still, like an echo gone flat.)

Lastly, after rereading "Vathek," came Ludwig of Bavaria. A reminder that kings can be something else as well as the fathers of their people, that princely life is a means, not always a too costly means—Louis's fantasies have even paid for themselves ten times over—of allowing the human spirit to realise itself in certain

ways not otherwise possible. If one believes that the chief reason for human existence is the development of each man to the top of his capacity, then the state of a prince, among many other things, allows this



Socrates in the Market Place of Athens, talking and arguing with his Disciples.

From "The Long Journey," by Laurence Housman and C. H. K. Martin (Blackwell).

to happen; and there is much to be learned and to be enjoyed in the lives of the Ludwigs of Bavaria. Their Palace of Art which "the cursedness of things somehow turns into a palace of toys," falls on their heads and, like the fall of a pack of cards, kills them. Yet, on the knight's move, it works out all right in its own sort of reality in the end. A magic replaces the stucco, the china oranges nailed on because the trees would not grow fast enough; the empty halls where no Saint Simon was chamberlain, the bedrooms where no Madame du Barry slept; the pavilions no queen left for a scaffold. Which only a "handsome heavy man in the prime of life, with . . . magnificent enthusiastic eyes, but alas, also an ominous puffiness of jowl," abandoned, to drown himself or be drowned, because "They" would not let him play any more.

Only his people know better. When his successor arrived, with his model farms, Mr. Channon admits that Bavaria would sooner have had someone "young, fascinating and mad." Still his people know best; still they see, not in any of his *paradis artificiels*, not on the Rose Island on Midsummer Eve; but in the high passes on winter nights, in blinding moonlight, where the snow meets the rocks and the eagles scream and

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(Collins).

AUGUST: HARVESTING.

the black trees clatter in the mountain wind, and the only scent is the cold perfume of water and wind and ice—it is there they see him pass, in his gold and glass

sledge, the thin-clad boy, whose "beauty is no stronger than a flower," with boys as lovely for his postilions—the ghost of their mad king.

THE NEW TREND IN FICTION

By Joanna Cannan

Joanna Cannan was born in Oxford and educated at Wychwood School and in Paris. Oxford and France have kept their charm for her, and are the background of several of her books. Another taste formed in youth was the love of mountains; climbing holidays in Cumberland and Switzerland inspired "Ithuriel's Hour," the story of a Himalayan expedition, which is her favourite of all her novels. Like many authors, she prefers the country to the town, and is at present living twenty miles from Oxford in the Chiltern Hills: she is still however a confirmed franco-phile, and her infrequent holidays are spent in the South of France. She considers herself to be a hopeless reactionary, prefers the horse to the combustion engine, the raising of poultry to the playing of games, the cries of her guinea-fowls to the remarks of her fellowmen. She has written ten novels, but of the first three she prefers to say nothing, resenting that "the follies of our youth should be the shame of age."

* * * * *

THAT this year of grace, 1933, has produced no definite "best-seller" does not mean that from the critic's point of view it has been an uninteresting or an uneventful year. In the best of the novels which I have read, I have found an indication of the revival of the novel of action, and it is my opinion that, where the barometer of fiction is concerned, this year has brought about a remarkable change of taste. Our post-War mood has been one of convalescence; recovering from a colossal weariness, we have not wanted to be up and doing; we were sick unto death with action, and we turned to the study of the human mind. It has been a brilliant period, but it has been a comfortless one; we were sick, and in our hearts we knew it; and there are few, I think, who will regret this new vigour or grudge the more wholesome reputations which will be made.

The novel which first indicated this change to me was "Tropical Waters," which was published quite early in the year. Ronald Fraser is an author of astonishing brilliance and psychological insight, an author, one would have said, essentially in the post-War mood. In this book he created three characters, potential lovers, ripe for the usual examination; but instead of settling down to examine them, he embarked them quite ruthlessly on a series of the wildest adventures, in the course of which he did not disdain to introduce a villain of the deepest dye. It is a clever book; there is charm in it and beauty, and a keen salt humour which appeals to me; but there is also an "action-at-all-costs" feel about it, which creaks very meaningfully. Trying it on the dog, I found that the dog did not know where he was; said it was "a funny mixture." He was right, as in his way he mostly is. "Tropical Waters" is "a funny mixture"; but to the discriminating it is a delightful and a significant one.

Then luck sent me "The Gun." Mr. Forester has written several novels. They are all good but otherwise no two of them are alike, and this year he too has chosen

to give us adventures, the adventures moreover of no human being but of a gun. His task was easier than Mr. Fraser's, for the action takes place in Spain at the time of the Peninsular War; he has not been faced with the impossibility of discovering difficulties and dangers in a tamed and fool-proofed world. "The Gun" may not be a brilliant piece of work, but it is one of those books with which one feels the author must himself be satisfied, so perfectly has he done what he set out to do, so solidly has he achieved his aim.

But no other book that I have read this year has quite the same vigour as a certain first novel, Hugh Talbot's "Gentlemen—the Regiment!" You may argue that it could barely have missed vigour, recording as it does the deeds of the hard-riding, coarse-mouthed, ready-fisted, two-bottle generation which found death or glory on the battlefields of the Crimea; look again, and you will find that the greater part of the book is concerned neither with sport nor war, but with the dreams and emotions of a sensitive adolescent; and that there is vigour in that very dreaming, the old high impossible idealism that youth has lately and so sadly missed. The book is essentially English, for Mr. Talbot has given us, under the ridiculous veneer of Victorian manners, the English character, which persists under our own perhaps still more ridiculous veneer. I think that he will find himself very much at home in the reviving romanticism which preludes a robust age.

Another book which seemed to me to forecast a fine future for its author was published this autumn—"The Gowk Storm," by N. Brysson Morrison. This is not a story of action; it tells the tragedy of the three charming daughters of a Scottish manse, but here again I found a new spirit; the book is sad but it is serene; it is plaintive, not bitter; Miss Janet Beith in her story of a manse still farther north, which was published almost at the same time as Miss Morrison's, missed that spirit, resented that it rained, that the trees dripped, that her heroine bore eight



Miss Joanna Cannan.

Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman.

children. Miss Beith has power, but "The Gowk Storm" was the more mellow book. And we are going to ask for mellow books; we have scowled and stamped too long.

So there are four novels, two of them first novels, illustrating what I take to be the trend of fiction in 1933. We have made an ephemeral thing of the novel; it reflects its time, dies with its time; but there is still fiction which stands "above the lights that change and pass," fiction which, because it deals with universals, owes nothing to frontiers or fashions, and can laugh at both. This year has given us a book of short stories by one who was previously known to us only as a playwright—Luigi Pirandello; and to my mind these stories are in the class of de Maupassant's, and should outlast almost everything that has been published this year. Signor Pirandello has been unusually fortunate in his translators, who have accomplished a rare feat in rendering his perfect Italian into perfect English without losing the Italian atmosphere.

I am told that short stories are unpopular, but I have been fortunate in that four collections of merit have come my way. Hugh Walpole's "All Souls' Night" (so called because in the majority of the stories there is, if not an actual ghost, an awareness of the life beyond) was a little overshadowed by the publication of his "Vanessa," but it must on no account be missed. Dignified and charming, these stories are a sort of summing-up of Mr. Walpole's work; there is a "Jeremy" story; two tales of Mrs. Comber; the Herries country forms the wild background to a particularly hair-raising episode; we revisit Polchester and Cornwall, marvelling anew at Mr. Walpole's supreme genius for creating atmosphere; "A Carnation for an Old Man" is one of the most perfect short stories I have read.

Joseph Hergesheimer's collection, "Tropical Winter," falls very short of the standard which Pirandello and

Walpole have set, but it is interesting and a little shocking, revealing as it does the morals and manners of a certain section of contemporary American society. The fourth volume which I would recommend is "Love Among the Haystacks," in which four exquisite trifles by D. H. Lawrence are collected and prefaced by David Garnett's sensitive reminiscence.

The standard of the average competent novel rises every year; no other kind of creative work seems to produce this bulk, this backbone, of honest, satisfying yet not outstanding work. One of the best, if not the best in this class is Elizabeth Cambridge's "Hostages to Fortune," which achieved a considerable popularity, especially among women readers; dealing with the long littleness of marriage and motherhood, it missed greatness, lacking vision. More cheerful is "The Flowering Thorn," by Margery Sharp, an amusing story of the regeneration of a Bright Young Person; and a very sound, readable novel of farm life in East Anglia was published early in the year—"A Winter Journey," by Alec Brown. Another book which I enjoyed was Naomi Jacob's "Poor Straws," a solid, truthful

picture of family life in a northern manufacturing town.

The triumphant return of the historical novel is yet another indication of our new virility. "Here Comes the King" is one of the best that I have read, though one cannot but question Mr. Philip Lindsay's milk-and-water Henry the Eighth. In a class by itself stands Carola Oman's "The Best of His Family," a novel written round the life of Shakespeare. Miss Oman's fine scholarship and her ability to realise how the greatest of us are but fire and clay have given us a living portrait of Shakespeare and Shakespeare's England; she is equally at home in the theatre-land of sixteenth century London, in the Warwickshire meadows, at the court of Elizabeth or in the dim Stratford interiors. This is a valuable as well as a beautiful and an extraordinarily human book.

"Tropical Waters." By Ronald Fraser.
 "The Gun." By C. S. Forester.
 "Gentlemen—the Regiment." By Hugh Talbot.
 "The Gowk Storm." By N. Brysson Morrison.
 "No Second Spring." By Janet Beith.
 "Better Think Twice About It." By Pirandello.
 "All Souls' Night." By Hugh Walpole.
 "Love Among the Haystacks." By D. H. Lawrence.
 "Tropical Winter." By Joseph Hergesheimer.
 "Hostages to Fortune." By Elizabeth Cambridge.
 "The Flowering Thorn." By Margery Sharp.
 "A Winter Journey." By Alec Brown.
 "Here Comes the King." By Philip Lindsay.
 "The Best of His Family." By Carola Oman.

MEMORANDUM

Listen you, signing pledges and buying badges,
 And you who are taking up fearful attitudes,
 You there laying plans, joining gangs, quickly moving
 Into fortified areas, waiting your chance,
 Sending messages to old friends and young hopefuls.
 Listen! This is something you've got to remember.

You're right about the violent needs of the body,
 About the poor fish and the bait; you're right about
 The fertility of the next valley but one.
 But you've forgotten the heart, the person, the power.
 You've got to remember you're men and not machines,
 Not even that amoeba they're always talking of,
 The dear old organism adapting itself.
 Amoebas don't make friends: they won't love you,
 dearies.
 They don't even keep pet puppies like Auntie Glad.

But you, you've got to make friends, be lovers, be comrades.

It's part of the job, and it's more than part of the job.

It's the point, the purpose, the flower of all your force.

May Day's your morning, your marvel, but May without blossom

Can promise no fruit to the autumn you're working for.

If you want the fruit, it's mad to despise the flower

That will break in splendour this frozen winter of war.

WYNYARD BROWNE.



The Valley of Death

From "WITH THE GUARDS
WE SHALL GO"
By MABELL,
COUNTESS OF AIRLIE
HODDER & STOUGHTON

BIOGRAPHIES AND SOME SHORTER WORKS By Francis Watson

Francis Watson is a young man with an enormous circle of interests and a particular respect for Rabelais, as his Rabelaisian first novel, "Trinc!" and his life of Rabelais, "Laughter for Pluto," suggest. (Whether his recently-acquired beard, which gives him an air of Henry of Navarre, is another mark of respect is still an open question.)

Mainly one admires his catholicity, secondly his energy. It is this combination which has enabled him to leave a safe journalistic post in the provinces and come to London to earn his living by his pen—a proceeding hazardous at any time, but almost suicidal in this. He came with the intention of neither starving for Art's sake nor turning himself into a journalistic hack for Mammon's, and he has fulfilled it.

His outstanding gift as a critic is ability to understand the abstruse (his deep knowledge of *Surréalisme* for example) and to communicate it simply, but without distortion, to the uninitiated. The simplicity of his writing is the very opposite of superficiality.

* * * * *

OF the twenty odd departments into which the "Books Received" lists are divided in THE BOOKMAN, there appears to be a formidable number into which I have scarcely ventured in my year's reading. The enjoyment of thrillers, which are said to be the recreation of great minds, presupposes the possession both of a great mind and of abundant leisure for recreation, and I have neither. And for my politics and economics—subjects which now bulk so impressively in the publishers' lists—a certain perversity of nature has made me rely chiefly upon foreign books and newspapers. For to me Mr. Joad remains Joad the Obscure and I have come to think that our national system reads better when hauled over the coals in French than when overhauled by the Coles in English, while the most terrible of Brown Books finds me suspicious when it arrives in a yellow jacket.

These apologies made, I turn to biography, of which the passing year, I think, has produced an unusually good crop. A small and unpretentious book by Sir J. A. R. Marriott, "The Life of John Colet," shall head my list, for it does not seem to have attracted the notice which it merited. Southey may have been extravagant in calling Colet "the best and wisest of his age," for his age was abundant in such, but there was room for a biography such as this—short, scholarly, modest and unsensational—of the most important figure in an Oxford Movement that was refreshingly intellectual. Colet's friend Erasmus was dealt with this year by Mr. Christopher Hollis (who presumably had a special indulgence to transgress for the purpose the prohibitions of the *Index*). "Erasmus" is a painstaking biography of a very great man, and in spite of its Roman Catholic bias I thoroughly enjoyed it.

A very different type of book was "Champion of Liberty: Charles Bradlaugh," in which a number of enthusiasts collaborated to assemble the records of Bradlaugh's astonishing life and the tributes of his distinguished admirers. Bradlaugh was a magnificent

fighter for causes which still need defending, and this centenary volume is admirably complete.

The five-shilling "brief biographies" published by Peter Davies are uneven, as any such series must be, but there have been two this year which I should like to recommend. Dr. G. J. Renier ("Oscar Wilde") and Mr. Bonamy Dobrée ("Casanova") have chosen

subjects which can be effectively dealt with in a brief compass. The verve of the Chevalier de Seingalt's prose flags at times in his own very lengthy account of his escapades, and a capable miniature portrait is of value. Mr. Dobrée has succeeded in speeding up a well-filled life to an almost breathless pace, and he has sufficient judgment to show us both sides of the medal which the Chevalier so assiduously polished. Dr. Renier writes coolly and often wittily about a man who has excited more than his share of prejudice. Here is a characteristic observation: "He was a snob

and a climber, and society admitted him, half-heartedly, with the contemptuous tolerance it feels for those among its betters who demean themselves by adopting its standards. Society knows two virtues only: a fictitious one, birth, and a transient one, wealth. Oscar possessed neither. He had talent and a spark of genius, and wasted both in his sedulous courtship of the titled and the fashionable." That seems to me just.

Thick as autumn leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa comes the annual deluge of fiction, and perhaps it is more by chance than otherwise that one lights upon a few leaves worth preserving. But it would have been difficult to miss Miss Helen Waddell's "Peter Abelard," which received—and, I think, deserved—a most eulogistic press. Miss Waddell has already given such ample evidence of her knowledge of the period that one can sit down to enjoy her first novel with no misgiving that it may have been hastily worked up. To say that she projects herself into her period would be to declare that I know what that period was like. I do not. Nobody does. History and ecclesiastical

- "The Life of John Colet." By J. A. R. Marriott.
 "Erasmus." By Christopher Hollis.
 "Champion of Liberty: Charles Bradlaugh." By G. J. Renier.
 "Oscar Wilde." By G. J. Renier.
 "Casanova." By Bonamy Dobrée.
 "Peter Abelard." By Helen Waddell.
 "The Street of Sandalmakers." By Nis Petersen.
 "Ordinary Families." By E. Arnot Robertson.
 "Gentlemen, the Regiment!" By Hugh Talbot.
 "A Nest of Simple Folk." By Seán O'Faoláin.
 "Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown." By Lady Longford.
 "The Crusader's Key." By Eric Linklater.
 "The Romantic Exiles." By Edward Hallett Carr.
 "New Country." Edited by Michael Roberts.
 "Elizabethan Prose." Edited by Michael Roberts.
 "A Last Elizabethan Journal." By G. B. Harrison.
 "The Name and Nature of Poetry." By A. E. Housman.
 "The Tree of Good and Evil." By Sir Herbert Samuel.
 "A Communication to My Friends." By George Moore.

records give us the skeleton. A highly sensitive artist can suggest the flesh that covers it and the breath that animates the whole. If historical research should suddenly decide that Héloïse never lived, the legend would still be worth the pains of reconstructing it. Miss Waddell's book convinces me by truths which are deeper than history.

Another historical novel that pleased me was Mr. Nis Petersen's "The Street of the Sandalmakers." Again I do not claim to be convinced that Rome under Marcus Aurelius was like this. All the same it is a grand and colourful and well-composed picture. And in these days, with Hollywood bottle-parties masquerading under religious titles as Imperial Rome, one is inclined to forgive anything but blatant vulgarity. Mr. Petersen, at any rate, can see straight.

Miss E. Arnot Robertson's "Ordinary Families" is a beautiful book. The adjective may be overworked, but it is apposite. A resolute refusal to sentimentalise just where sentimentality might have been expected, an unassailable sincerity, combined with the technical ability to communicate things vividly perceived, make this novel, in spite of its somewhat loose construction, one to return to again and again. To my fiction list I would add an unusually clever first novel—"Gentlemen, the Regiment!" by Hugh Talbot, and two novels about Ireland—Seán O'Faoláin's "A Nest of Simple Folk" and Lady Longford's "Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown." Mr. Eric Linklater's "The Crusader's Key," a short story of only thirty-five pages, gave me more pleasure than many much longer books. Its theme is one which has for long asked for fictional treatment but has been denied it from scruples of artificial delicacy. Mr. Linklater was the man to deal with it, and he does so with a delicious irony that recalls the joyous days before regional politics claimed his attention.

The novels of Georges Sand make rather heavy going nowadays, but my failing belief in the reality of her characters was revived this year by Mr. Edward Hallett Carr's "The Romantic Exiles," based upon the letters and other documents left by Alexander Herzen and his family. First in Paris and then in London these Russian exiles lead the passionate lives of the heroes and heroines of the Romantic Movement, and Herzen himself occasionally surprises the reader by a grim sense of humour.

"You can work on men," wrote Herzen, "only by dreaming their dreams more clearly than they can dream them themselves, not by demonstrating their ideas to them as geometrical theories are demonstrated." The contributors to "New Country" are less politically tendentious than Herzen's circle, but they dream some exciting dreams for us. Despite the efforts of Mr. Michael Roberts to make his preface in some sort a group manifesto there is not a great deal that unites these writers. But they are attacking in their different ways problems enunciated by Wordsworth a century ago, and though those problems are still unsolved the poems in "New Country" (in particular those of Auden and Spender) appear to me the most solid and hopeful contribution to English verse that has been made since the "Lyrical Ballads." I enjoyed also Mr. Plomer's short story, "The Child of

Queen Victoria," which has since, I believe, been republished.

Mr. Michael Roberts is also responsible for an anthology of "Elizabethan Prose" which I would warmly recommend. And that reminds me that this summer the work of seven years has been completed by the publication of Dr. G. B. Harrison's "A Last Elizabethan Journal: 1599-1603," which makes frequent excursions into the country covered by Mr. Roberts's anthology. That brief experience of living which was the Elizabethan age emerges with more splendour from Dr. Harrison's remarkable day-to-day record than from the most rosily romantic evocation of the spacious days.

Of those who appointed him Leslie Stephen Lecturer for 1933, Professor A. E. Housman said, "I condemn their judgment and deplore their choice." It was a disarming opening to the address on "The Name and Nature of Poetry," and this friendly and reasonable objection by a great classical scholar to being regarded as a literary critic is what I like about the lecture. Mr. Housman begs the question, as all must do who ask themselves or the world "What is poetry?" and with a number of his contentions I personally cannot agree. But so long as one takes his address no more seriously than it was intended to be taken, it makes delightful reading, and I wish I had heard him deliver it.

Another of this year's lectures which reads well is Sir Herbert Samuel's Presidential Address to the British Institute of Philosophy, "The Tree of Good and Evil." Sir Herbert is an optimist—he himself prefers George Eliot's term of meliorist—and just as "New Country" made me think of the Preface to "Lyrical Ballads," so "The Tree of Good and Evil" has a flavour of Godwin's perfectability. There is nothing that need startle us as Godwin and Paine startled their age, but there is much quiet wisdom. Two observations I like especially: "There is no 'Problem of Evil'; there are problems of evils," and "To attach importance to mere astronomical size is a kind of cosmic snobbery."

The late George Moore was perpetually interested in himself, and at his death in January was still busy with a piece of self-revelation, since published in its unfinished form as "A Communication to My Friends." Humbly hoping that my appreciation of Moore's writings might entitle me to read a communication so addressed I did so, and found that I could still enjoy the artlessness with which his art proclaims art. Complementary to the "Confessions of a Young Man," this fragment describes among other things Moore's London debut as a novelist, and the account of the treatment of himself and Vizetelly by the library proprietors would be incredible were it not that the same libraries apply the same methods to-day. With a feeling of irony one reads: "The Censorship of the librarians has come to an end, I said to myself, and I boasted that I had served the cause of humanity."

"A Communication to My Friends" has had the distinction, surely a rare one, of being issued separately by two different firms in the year of its first appearance, for a few months after reading it in the Nonesuch limited edition I found it again, bound with "A Mummer's Wife," in Messrs. Heinemann's definitive edition of Moore's works.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



From a pencil sketch by HELEN STIEBEL.

Miss Waddell's "Peter Abelard" is one of 1933's most distinguished novels.

HELEN WADDELL

POLITICS AND LITERATURE IN 1933

By Stephen Spender

The future literary historian, looking back on the year 1933, may well point to the publication of Stephen Spender's poems as its most important event. Hitherto he had been known only from stray verses in periodicals or in "new" anthologies; he had been overshadowed by W. H. Auden and Cecil Day Lewis. Now he stands out as the first of them, as the poet in whose work emotion and intellect are perfectly fused; as one who is both sensitively traditional and penetratingly contemporary.

True poetry must always be an affair of the market-place. Inferior poets are apt either to idealise the market-place out of all recognition in order to make it conform to the standards of "poetic" escapism, or to abandon poetic utterance in favour of huckster's prose. Spender's importance is that, almost alone of post-War poets, he has succeeded in preserving both integrities.

And, to a greater degree than any poet I have met, his poetry is the reflection of his personality.

* * * * *

AT the beginning of this year something happened in Germany which has added to the political self-consciousness of almost every contemporary writer in Europe. The Hitler party came into power in February, and in March the books of writers who have had the greatest influence on European literature since the War, were banned and even formally burnt in public squares. So loud is the voice of the minister of propaganda in Germany to-day that we are already likely to forget that the real German revolution—part of a much larger world-revolution—was taking place before the Fascist party came into power, and that the so-called Nazi revolution is in no real sense a revolution. On the contrary, it is a violent arrest and stoppage of a gradual process of revolution.

The leaders of that wider revolution were not only politicians but they were also writers. There were the writers of the expressionist school—writers like Ernst Toller and Brecht; there were the official writers of the Communist party, and there were constructive and progressive writers like Thomas Mann. Whoever cares to compare Thomas Mann's recently translated collection of essays, in the volume called "Past Masters," with Mr. Wells's boosted book, "The Shape of Things to Come," will realise why it is that Thomas Mann, in spite of his bourgeois birth and his love of bourgeois culture, is a constructive writer and the most hated enemy of the Nazis, and why Mr. Wells, the self-styled revolutionary, is a dim utilitarian reactionary, who would be the mascot of any fascist party that ever came into power in this country.

Each of Herr Mann's essays is an attempt to discover some way of achieving a social revolution without destroying freedom; to discover means of bringing about the revolution with the least possible amount of bloodshed; and to mould and enrich the revolution in the minds of those who will accomplish it by making

them understand the principles of modern psychology. So Thomas Mann foresees a freer and happier world, the key to which is the greater understanding of the soul. We turn to Wells, and he prophesies a world which is only a refurbished version of our own mechanised

civilisation. Wells is entirely preoccupied with the ideals of nineteenth century utilitarianism, so it is natural that he should tolerate the idea of fascism, and that he should be intrigued by the "usefulness" of the corporate state.

Wells is not the only writer who has become more than ever politically conscious in 1933. Indeed almost every writer seems to be taking up some "attitude" to the crisis, even if it is an attitude of disgust at the thought of artists adopting any attitude. The attitude of many writers, even of very highbrow writers, is fascist in a more or less disguised form. Mr. Pound and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell unite to defend fascism in Italy, for obscure reasons, but apparently because Mr. Sitwell finds that Mussolini is good at preserving

ancient monuments, and because Mr. Pound sees him as a glorified Major Douglas. Bernard Shaw, while avowing himself a communist, was one of the first people to profess an admiration for Mussolini, and he is now admiring Hitler. Mr. Wyndham Lewis wrote a book on Hitler some years ago which is full of the frankest admiration he has ever expressed about anything, but in his recently published "One Way Song" he seems anxious to refute this. Indeed it is difficult to label any writer as definitely fascist; it is only that in many quarters one sees growing up an admiration for the *fait accompli* in Germany and Italy, and a willingness to surrender liberty to efficiency.

The Marxism of the writers who combined to produce "New Country" is much more definite. The best of the prose writers, Mr. Edward Upward, is a convinced and active communist. Two or three of the



Stephen Spender.

Photo by T. A. R. Hyndman.

others, such as Mr. Isherwood, Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Madge, might also be described as communists. What is most interesting is the uneasy relationship of their communism with their writing. For example, Mr. Upward's writing reminds one of Franz Kafka rather than of what we are accustomed to expect from proletarian writing. It is erudite, inclined to be obscure and entirely lacking in directness; its extraordinary virtue is drawn from these very intellectual qualities. Mr. Lehmann has a very delicate, contemplative talent, which is obviously unsuited to the writing of propaganda. Mr. Madge, in his most recent work, shows a preoccupation with *Surréalisme*.

Mr. Auden's communist poems are at best experiments, and at the worst they tend to become parodies of themselves, and politically they tend to verge on anarchism when they are trying most to be communist. They are never as successful as his unpropagandist poems. The truth is that being a communist does not make one politically minded in the widest sense, and many of these writers seem to have assumed that it does. But when they write about politics they only reveal that, in spite of being good communists, they have no knowledge of working-class conditions, and still less sense of international relations and of the effects of propaganda. If any of these writers is able to reconcile his political creed with his writing, it seems most likely that he will be Mr. Isherwood, who has a very direct gift of narrative and expression, and a manner of observation which is consistent with and illustrative of his beliefs.

So that the majority of these writers may really, extraordinary as it may seem, be classed with Thomas Mann in their attitude; that is, they look forward to the socialist state as their ideal, and they are experimenting with different forms by which it may be achieved in their lives and their work. They are of course removed by race and by generation from Thomas Mann, but like him they are idealistic and bourgeois. In America Mr. E. E. Cummings and Mr. Archibald MacLeish are at the head of what seems to be a growing school of writers who are aware of this attitude.

There are still purist writers who are impervious to the events of the outside world, either because they are superior to it, like Miss Stein, or because they are thoroughly inferior in every respect, like the whole

race of critics and minor playwrights and poets who yearn towards what they imagine the romantics imagined to be beauty. There are other writers who are impervious because they are concerned with "getting on with the job"; such are Mrs. Woolf and James Joyce, who continue their experiments. Mr. William Plomer also continues to write his stories in which, although there is a great deal of awareness of contemporary life, no political attitude is defined.

Mr. T. S. Eliot stands quite by himself. He is concerned with morality, but it is morality of a very superior and exclusive kind, which he is sure cannot interest anyone else. In the October number of the *Criterion*, with what I suppose to be a wry smile, he quotes a statement issued by the B.B.C. Director of Talks, about Air Bombing as being applicable to *his* kind of morality.

The italics are Mr. Eliot's own: "*The subject is not at the moment exercising the public mind, and it would be better to wait until some turn of circumstances gives it a more topical value.*" Mr. Eliot seems determined to show that he is the only one *who cares*.*

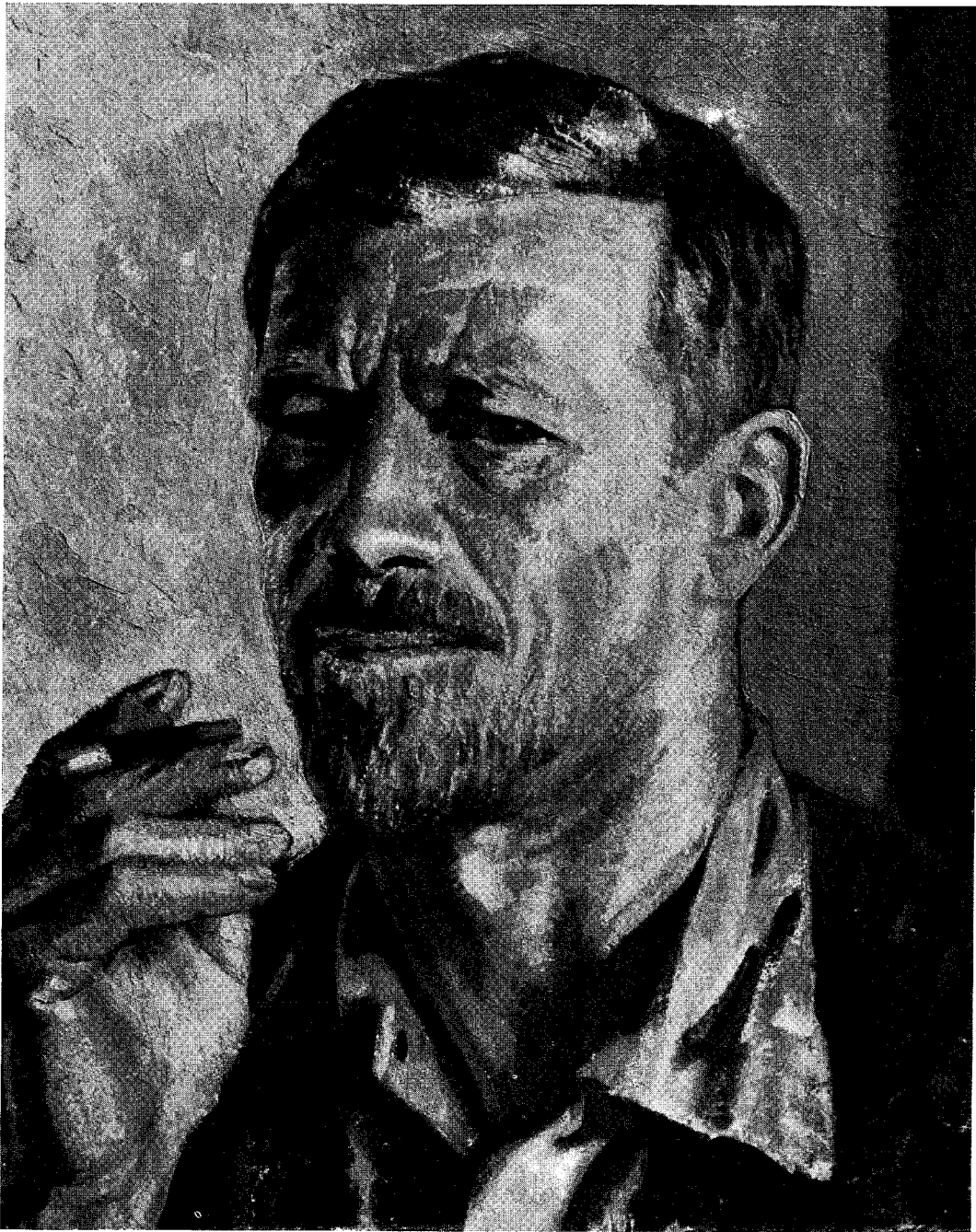
"Past Masters." By Thomas Mann.
 "New Country." Edited by Michael Roberts.
 "One Way Song." By Wyndham Lewis.
 "The Child of Queen Victoria." By William Plomer.
 "The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism." By T. S. Eliot.

Whether the attitude of any particular group of writers is important in a political sense may be doubted. It is obvious that any writer who forces his particular talent into a propagandist style to which he is unsuited is putting himself at an enormous disadvantage; and if his writing shows only his zeal and his lack of political sense, he is probably doing a disservice to the cause for which he is writing. If he wants to be an active revolutionary, he would probably do better to abandon writing altogether and devote himself specifically to politics. Or if he is determined to remain a writer, perhaps he may console himself that the socialist state will be grateful for writers who are good writers, rather than for writers who have turned themselves into Noel Cowards writing communist "Cavalcades." The popularity of that work should be sufficient warning of the quite automatic disingenuousness of any piece of writing which is purely propaganda, whatever the cause may be which it upholds.

As artists, what is most important to writers to-day is their freedom. The warning of Germany is clear enough to show them that the enemy of that freedom is fascism.

* When I wrote this Mr. Eliot's new book, "The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism" (Faber), had not appeared. In this book the relation of social creed and literature is discussed.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



From a painting by K. CLAUSEN.

Mr. O'Brien's outstanding book
this year has been "Voyage
and Discovery."

CONOR O'BRIEN.

The Political Outlook in 1933

Emphasis on the politics of 1933 will naturally vary according to one's party allegiance. Since an impartial survey is beyond the wit of man to provide, I have asked a representative of each party to contribute a summary from his own point of view. My own approach is sufficiently indicated by the fact that I believe that there still exist three parties, animated by widely different ideals.

Mr. Patrick Donner, who puts the Conservative view, is the young M.P. for West Islington, who won the seat (which was a Labour stronghold) in the General Election of 1931 on a full-blooded programme of Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference. In his maiden speech, in the May of last year, he showed himself only a year ahead of his time by drawing attention to the possibilities of the extraction of oil from coal.

In the March of this year he was one of the first of the new Members to revolt against the Government's India policy, before the publication of the White Paper, and subsequently he became honorary secretary both of the India Defence Committee and of the India Defence League. Practically all his time and energy is devoted to this work and his constituency.

His motive force in politics is a profound faith in the genius of the English people for government, and particularly the administration of backward and primitive peoples. (During his speech last February on the discovery of gold in Kenya Colony—which he has visited—he compared the Socialists to locusts, much to their annoyance.) He is a supporter of the National Government, but says that he cannot see why the disruption of the Empire should be necessary in order that the Government may retain office, and if the position is such that one of the two has to go, he would prefer it to be the latter.

FROM THE CONSERVATIVE ANGLE

By Patrick Donner, M.P.

"Argos, however, was left so destitute of men that their slaves had the management of affairs, ruling and administering them, until the sons of those who had been killed, grew up."—HERODOTUS.

THE object of this article is to draw attention to a few only of the major events of 1933, and to consider their implication. The most notable of all these, since the effects will be lasting, is the rebirth of Conservatism, both in Parliament and in the country, of which Conservative anxiety with regard to the future constitution of India is but an outward and visible sign. The India Defence League, established in the spring, and already at that date more numerous in Parliament than the official Socialist Opposition, have dared to challenge the cherished notions of defeatism and to question the firmest beliefs of Round Table philosophy.

True, this rebirth of Conservatism throughout the country owes something to pacifist propaganda, which went too far, became exaggerated, and tended to become too obviously subversive. Ireland has been the Achilles heel of the Empire, Egypt is a warning, Chinese chaos the Writing on the Wall. These events before us, there can to-day be no excuse for vacillation and breakdown of statecraft.

Impossible to comprehend the developments that really matter unless the position in Parliament is fully realised. In the House of Commons to-day the elder statesmen and the young men of thirty or thereabouts face one another on green leather benches—said to be manufactured abroad (?)—and perhaps only the latter generation understand that something wider than the Atlantic separates them. Gone are the men of middle-age, engulfed and swept away in the horror of the Great War, and even some of the few who survived are mentally tired on account of the strain of the War, and again, because of that, defeatists at heart. Yet it is not post-War youth, after all, but a few only of their immediate predecessors who are either tainted with socialism or tinged with syndicalist thought. "Argos," says Herodotus, "however, was left so destitute of

men that their slaves had the management of affairs, ruling and administering them until the sons of those who had been killed grew up." In England in 1933 the sons are growing up, as once they did in Argos, and at times they are not a little bewildered by the motives of their elders whom they watch with respect, but a respect tempered with anxiety because they see the world and the Empire being changed, and strangely shaped before their eyes, and they know that whatever mistakes the elder men make to-day it is the younger generation, not responsible for either the War or the General Strike, who to-morrow must live through the consequences of decisions now being taken.

It is many of these who to-day, after three Round Table conferences and finally the publication of the India White Paper in March of this year, are deeply anxious. They know that the safety and welfare of the illiterate majorities of our Eastern Dependencies must rely in the future as in the past, not on paper constitutions, coloured ballot boxes or a multitude of legislatures. Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for India, assured us in October that five hundred murders take place annually in a single province. Disregard of the lessons of statesmanship, failure to fulfil sacred obligations faithfully undertaken by the Crown will not secure the lives or property for which we are responsible. Respect for law depends on status, not abdication.

Faced by this situation there was in the early part of the year no alternative for the new M.P. of the younger generation but to seek consultation and collaboration in the hope that this might prove effective. But outside the few score of what might be described as the Imperialist group no body could be found in Parliament prepared to take action.

The main revolt, however, came from the constituencies, and in many places was voiced and even carried against the sitting member, as in the case of Lord Winterton, whereas in Parliament, a maze of loyalties to personalities and ideals, rather than to principle,

cemented the private members who, in varying degrees, had been elected to support coalition. It has been said that the Conservative rank and file in the Commons is "excellently drilled." Their personal loyalty to the leaders of National Government must needs be considered both admirable and impressive, but how much more worthy of respect if devoted to issues, creeds, principle, greater (perhaps even more majestic) than mere personal devotion.

Outside the ranks of the India Defence Committee no Parliamentary group exists to-day where the older and the younger generations have so completely fused for the purpose of preserving the threatened strength and unity of the Empire. In it alone men politically think in the same language, work for the same goal, and no outside or personal consideration has so far once emerged. Elder statesmen are there, some of the ablest of the middle generation, Lord Lloyd and Lord Wolmer, to mention only two. Lord Lynton is in the middle thirties, and there are a score or more younger than that.

What of other sections, other creeds? The Hastings Conference exposed the hollowness of Labour's big drum, which the mouthings of Mr. Lansbury did nothing to alleviate. The moderate men of political Labour are genuinely apprehensive of lawyer-politicians and the revolutionary caucus of the Socialist League. But their fears were of no avail. The Labour-Socialist Party did not flirt with the idea of dictatorship at Hastings; the Executive undertook to consider seriously for the space of one year the merits of a proposal which, if accepted, would, given a single Socialist victory at the polls, put an end to Parliamentary Government and destroy the Constitution as we know it to-day. The Socialist Party has always professed to represent the "masses" and the "workers." If that claim had ever been true they would not now be considering the merits of a dictatorship by an unrepresentative minority of extremists. The Conference at Hastings is of importance in that it exposed the *borné* minds of political Labour. It showed our Socialist politicians in their true light, as men so out of touch with actualities and the times in which they live, that they were not even aware that the days of revolution from the Left are over in Europe, and that modern revolutions come, when they do come, from the Right.

The practical business men of the Liberal parties, like

Mr. Runciman, remain in the Government. The others, together with and under the leadership of Sir Herbert Samuel, still blunder in the dark and narrow alleys of free trade dogma. The fact that when in Parliament he is surrounded by young men more interested in Ottawa and the consolidation and development of the Empire has not yet apparently occurred to him.

So much for the House of Commons. In the background a restive Europe. Germany, demanding the right to rearm, has left both the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference. In the frenzy of their emotion men like Lord Cecil of Chelwood by such statements as, "If the League fails war is certain," have done their utmost to create both panic and crisis where there is no call for either. The calmness with which Germany's withdrawal from Geneva has been accepted throughout the world is sufficient to show that though the League of Nations may now be either temporarily or permanently disabled, no crisis whatever has arisen where this country is concerned. If anything, Germany's withdrawal has clarified the situation as everyone now knows her true outlook and position, and the first step to the solution of any problem is surely a clear understanding of the situation.

Many Conservatives have never had any illusions as to what Geneva can do. The League's futility when Italy bombarded Corfu and again when Japan quite naturally restored order in Manchuria dispelled these if they ever existed. To Professor Laski and the dated darlings of the League of Nations Union alone did there seem any reason why at Geneva a lighted candle stuck in a turnip should ever be mistaken for the dawn of a new civilisation. The Four Power Pact was not concluded at Geneva and international agreements whether they ultimately prove of value or merely scraps of paper can be arrived at outside the League of Nations. Their success does not depend upon being signed in an expensive building at Geneva largely subscribed to by British money but of which the windows alone have been made by English workmen.

In conclusion, Mr. Baldwin can probably rely, India apart, on the loyalty of the massive Conservative legions in the House of Commons. But many a cohort would feel less anxious and offer their support a great deal more enthusiastically if only the Cabinet would relax their efforts to hustle the East.

THE LIBERAL PARTY DURING 1933

By Seaborne Davies



Seaborne Davies.
Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Seaborne Davies, the same age as Mr. Patrick Donner, is a convinced and ardent Liberal. He is a prominent figure in Liberal circles in Wales (he is a native of one of the Caernarvon Boroughs), and was a member of an active group of young Radicals in London before the last General Election. A fluent speaker, both in English and Welsh, he is in frequent demand on platforms in London and in the Principality, and though he has always refused invitations to become a Parliamentary candidate himself, he has given much service to Liberal candidates. He headed the Law Tripos at Cambridge in 1927, and last year he broadcast a series of lectures on law. He also conducted a course for the unemployed at Camden Town. His main interest is in university life—perhaps the most important field at the present moment.

IT is a very cold modicum of comfort that a Liberal can derive from the events of the past twelve months. The most optimistic of partisans, wearing the rosiest-hued party glasses, must see that the prospects of the Liberal Party for the immediate future are dull and cheerless. We are still in the throes of our prolonged civil war. It is no longer a bitter struggle but a war of attrition on all fronts. One section of our army has surrendered completely in all but name to the enemy. Whilst still preserving the old and honourable title, the Simonite "Liberals," although threatened in several cases by Conservative opposition at the next election, enjoy themselves hugely in abstracting the fuses out of Liberal shells before they are fired. The main and "official" section of the party is attempting desperately to consolidate its present weak position and to maintain the semblance of an attack upon the enemy. It is fighting with the Liberal standard at its mast-head but with the White Flag at half-mast. This section is under the command of a very loyal, persistent, and mechanically-efficient leader, but being more suited to the post of Director-General of Supplies he does not make a very inspiring Field-Marshal. Our greatest genius on the tactics of attack and advance, although in fine health and fettle, has retired to his tent to write books, and only emerges to cast an occasional eye on the defences of his Liberal redoubts in Snowdonia. It is now clear that he no longer regards himself as a member of the official Liberal host, but he does fire a periodical salvo of three guns, preferably off a Jewish or Free Church platform, to cheer the friends of Agriculture, Public Development, and Fair Play for Germany.

Under these circumstances it is only natural that the party should be losing many old adherents and attracting but few new ones. The decline would be very much greater but for the fact that the other "Progressive" party on our left still shows its now traditional preference for woolly talk rather than for definite planning and action. At the moment the drift from the Centre is, probably, more towards the Right than the Left.

The Liberal Ministers who resigned from the Government just before the last Christmas number of *THE BOOKMAN* went to press stated categorically at the time that "the constructive measures, national, Imperial, and international, which the Liberal Party will itself lay before the country, will be stated in due course." As yet there seems to be no indication whatsoever that this promise is to be fulfilled. In its series of reports issued between 1924 and 1929 the Liberal Party did present the country with a series of constructive proposals. They are now in cold storage and are only propounded vigorously by Mr. Lloyd George on his rare public appearances. Mr. Comyns Carr and Professor J. M. Keynes in the course of the year have suggested methods of dealing with the unemployment problem, and Sir E. D. Simon has been active on the housing problem. But the Liberal leaders who promised us "constructive measures" in 1932 are silent, and no suggestion has emanated from any quarter that they are organising any "brain trust" to produce such proposals, as Mr. George and others did during the last decade. Apart from two comparatively unimportant reports issued by committees of the National Liberal Federation and the

Women's Liberal Federation on the working of Unemployment Insurance and the effects of unemployment on the health, the character, and the home surroundings of the unemployed person, there have been no indications of any sustained endeavour to forge new policies. We have heard a great deal about "fundamental Liberal principles," but we have seen few definitions of them in terms of modern social needs. As a consequence, the recruitment of masses of university students to the ranks of the party, which was such an encouraging feature of the years 1925 to 1930, has practically ceased. The cessation of hard fighting for constructive proposals, combined with the treachery at the General Election of some of the leading figures in the Young Radical group, has dealt the Young Liberal movement a devastating blow.

Within the ranks of the official party differences of opinion have been forcibly expressed during the year on the question of the exact location of the Samuelites in the House of Commons. The Welsh and Scottish Liberals have strongly urged the party to cross the floor of the House and to range itself in definite opposition to the Government. The National Liberal Federation has also ratified this demand, but in softer tones than the trumpet blasts of the Celtic fringe. The Federation was more inclined to leave the time and manner of the crossing to Sir Herbert Samuel and his Parliamentary colleagues. It is very unlikely that a better opportunity for doing so gracefully and impressively will present itself than was given at the time of the resignations over the Ottawa agreements.

The failure of the Parliamentary party to heed the behests of the Liberal rank and file in this matter is but another instance of one of the most fundamental causes of the disruption of the party, namely, the lack of discipline within its ranks. The Liberal Party has always allowed its Parliamentary representatives a much freer hand to do as they please than the other two parties. That may be more consonant with Liberal ideas, but it is quite clear that the liberty has long been abused and become a disruptive licence. The Liberal cohorts in the country have in the main been always on the side of the angels, but their representatives in the House have exposed them to ridicule and contempt by their complete disregard of their wishes. If the Liberal Party is ever to become a force in the country again the question of Parliamentary discipline must be thrashed out in the councils of the party. In politics there is not much hope of party progress if one leg is on the straight and narrow path and the other on the broad and tortuous road.

Sir Herbert Samuel and several of his lieutenants in the House deserve great credit for having shown great diligence in their attendance to their Parliamentary duties. They have maintained a far more effective surveillance over the Government's proposals than the Labour remnant in the House. Considering the quality of His Majesty's present Opposition that should not prove itself a very difficult task. The Labour leaders in the House can always produce heat but the production of light gives them much greater trouble. Sir Herbert Samuel's difficulty lies with heat rather than with light. Nevertheless he is to be congratulated on his faithful services in the House and on the fact that he

has more than once in the present Parliament induced the Government to change its measures to some slight degree.

The efforts of the Parliamentary party, however commendable, have not had any marked effect on public opinion. An ardent young Radical, Mr. David Keir, made a gallant intervention on behalf of Radicalism in the East Fife by-election. It was, confessedly, a propagandist fight which he waged, without an organisation and with little support from his party, but it was a keen disappointment that he should have accompanied the Scottish Nationalist candidate at the bottom of the poll and lost his deposit. His ability, his courage, and his cause deserved a better reward. At Altrincham the Liberals had an excellent candidate in Mr. P. M. Oliver of Manchester. There had been no Liberal candidate at the General Election but Mr. Oliver's poll of 15,000 compared very well with the 18,000 votes cast for the Liberal candidate in 1929.

Death claimed some prominent figures in the party during the year, notably Lord Grey. We have not the space here to discuss his contributions to foreign and domestic politics. He was idolised by one section of the party as the perfect embodiment of Liberal principles. Another section, on the other hand, regarded his annual emergences from retirement to address the "Liberal Council" as the most provocative obstructions to the attainment of party unity between 1922 and 1929. Mr. J. M. Robertson combined his literary interests with a rare zeal for Liberalism, and served the

party not only as a Member of Parliament for twelve years, but also as the Chairman of its Publication Department from 1915 to 1927. Sir Tudor Walters was a stalwart Liberal whose knowledge of the building industry was so authoritative that we could ill afford to lose his services during the period of extensive slum-clearances which we have been promised for the near future. Sir Charles Starmer was a robust Yorkshire Liberal who, as the head of a group controlling thirty newspapers, assured due publicity for a healthy Liberalism in the North.

The greatest comfort for Liberals is derived from the trend of world affairs during the past year. The enemies of Liberalism have been indefatigable in manufacturing shells for Liberals to fire at them. The continuance of the commercial depression, the failure of the World Economic Conference, the ruinous effects of political and economic nationalism and tariff walls, the continued gravity of the unemployment problem, the deepening of the class-war, the armaments situation, the frustration of League activities, all present Liberals with shells to fire as a prelude to an attack on the forces of social disorder.

Unfortunately, there is no indication that our General Staff is well provided with the necessary artillery to fire these shells, or that it is organising its resources to provide for the deficiency. But more serious still is the fact that there seems to be no accumulation of material for building the New Order when the forces of disorder have been scattered. Will 1934 bring forth greater Liberal activity?

WHAT LABOUR HAS ACHIEVED

By Oliver Baldwin

The name of Oliver Baldwin is one which is apt to provoke heated discussion. By the exercise of some curious logic, people who do not know him become angry and resentful because the son of a great Conservative statesman is a Socialist. Others become even more angry because this one-time Guards officer is a Pacifist. Still more cannot understand why a man who has been imprisoned by the Bolsheviks (as he was in 1921) should sympathise with Russian aspirations. Consequently he is attacked for quite irrelevant reasons on equally fantastic occasions. Even the fact that he is a playwright, an author and a translator somehow indicates dilettantism to the political, as his political activities betray an immature pose to the artistic.

The Oliver Baldwin of legend is a being so completely mythological that it is quite unrecognisable to those friends who know so well his courage, his kindness and his charm, and who look to him pre-eminently as the leader for the next decade—who see in him all his father's strength and integrity combined with an even wider vision and a more all-embracing charity.

It is characteristic of him that in the preface to his new book, "Unborn Son," he should have written:

"If I have been assertive, it will be with reason.
If I have been sentimental, it is my failing.
If I have been unkind, I deserve no forgiveness."

and that in the text of it he should have given so simply his political creed: "My object in public life is to see that the vast mass of the people in this country get enough to eat, are decently housed, sufficiently clad, have congenial work, and access to those forms of recreation and knowledge that they prefer. That is the 'patriotism' I advocate. To me it is the primary material duty of public life and expression, and anything that stands in its way I oppose."

* * * * *

THE events of 1931 destroyed the respect for authority that used to be felt by members of the Labour Party towards their central office, but by 1932 they had, as a result of their "Pride's Purge," inspired the local parties with fresh enthusiasm. Nineteen thirty-two has shown head-quarters that a truly democratic party can exist without commanders-in-chief, and can win battles even as its forbears did at Inkerman.

In the party a great deal of overhauling has been going on in the direction of party machinery and programme, while the National Executive (by means of

its Advisory Committees of Experts) has been hard at work on detailed policies for Currency Reform; Banking and Finance; Land and Agriculture; Transport Organisation; Electricity Supply; Slum Clearance; Foreign Policy; Colonial Affairs and Industrial Reorganisation. These policies have been and will be presented for approval and amendment at the annual Labour Conferences.

Educational Conferences have been held all over the country during the past year, in order to make known the party policy to active supporters and general sympathisers. The result of this has been that more

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



By **IVAN OPFFER.**

OLIVER BALDWIN.

Labour meetings were held last year than ever before, and over one hundred and fifty thousand pamphlets were sold.

A great deal of attention has been paid by the party speakers to the threat of Dictatorship against Democratic principles both abroad and even at home, and much of our propaganda has been directed towards exposing the claim by the National Government of increased exports being due to their policy, whereas anyone knows that our departure from the gold standard, and the consequent ability of lower currency countries to purchase from us, was responsible for this—a departure from the gold standard which the National Government was originally formed to prevent.

The party's peace propaganda continues to be popular, especially among women, and its constant exposure of the slum menace even moved the Tory press to a sympathy that had never before been experienced.

In its literature department the party has lately amalgamated the *Labour Magazine* (6d. monthly), the *Industrial Review* (monthly) and the *Labour Bulletin* (the monthly publication of its research department), into one periodical, attractively produced at threepence.

During the past year a definite and systematic attempt has been made to organise youth under a special organising secretary, who has been responsible for the founding of League of Youth branches all over the country. This movement has had the support of an entirely new periodical called the *New Nation*, which has been produced somewhat after the format of the *Spectator*.

The October Party Conference at Hastings decided to embark upon a definite "Victory for Socialism" campaign which will be in full swing during the new year. For this purpose more speakers than ever are giving their services in all parts of the country, and £50,000 is to be raised over a period of two years, which will be spent entirely upon propaganda literature for free distribution. The bulk of this money will be found by the local parties on a quota basis, and they will be responsible for the issue of all such literature within their own areas.

There are already three hundred and eighty-four Parliamentary candidates in the field for the next General Election, which is an increase of one hundred and thirty for the actual year, and many others are about to be adopted.

The individual membership of the party is also going up, and over one hundred thousand new paying members have been enrolled during the past two years. A great increase in sympathisers has been noted among classes we have never reached before—chiefly among university undergraduates and the younger white-collar workers. There will continue to be an increase in followers as young men reach the voting age, from the children of those many thousands who have changed their political allegiance since the War and consequently brought their sons and daughters up on Labour principles. We are glad to report that several place-seekers and capitalist-interested persons have left the Labour Party and returned to their natural homes in the majority party that goes by the name of "National."

The events of 1932, while not having the effect on the party some of us would desire, has nevertheless moved

the party to suggest that a future Labour Cabinet formation must be taken out of the hands of the Prime Minister and vested in the Party Executive. Should this become accepted when the time comes, there is no doubt that there will be a preponderance of Trade Union members in the Cabinet, probably to the exclusion of Socialism in any time.

Sir Stafford Cripps's very true warning to the party that a future Labour Government would be faced with sabotage and organised panic on the part of the vested interests, has brought down on him the wrath of those who introduced the Emergency Powers Act to prevent sabotage and panic on the part of the working classes, which was only to be expected. What must be comforting to those vested interests is the thought that the Trade Unions refuse to envisage such a possibility, and imagine that capitalism will be only too glad to give way to a saner system without any hesitation. The attacks of both sides on Sir Stafford Cripps have been made in fear lest his suggestion should mean dictatorship, which from a Socialist would be indefensible, but from a Governor of the Bank of England would be perfectly normal. The by-elections during the past year have shown four gains for the Labour Party, but nothing so overwhelming as that at East Fulham, where a seat that had been Tory since the War was won for us for the first time by a majority of nearly five thousand.

Reports from the constituencies, especially in the north, tell us that the voters are returning to their 1929 allegiance, and while it is too early yet to be certain of a definite swing over, the reports are encouraging for us when we realise that an increase will start from a basis of seven million voters which were polled for Labour during the second "Norman" conquest of 1931. We shall however still be at a disadvantage, owing to the one-man-three-votes which still pertains in our democratic country, and the peculiar system of allowing Ulster two parliaments to do the work of one county council.

As things are at present, it appears that the Labour Party must be prepared to face an attempt at a continuation of "National Government" that may even appeal for support on a fear of inadequate defence services. It is certain that otherwise it will have to face a pure Tory appeal on the grounds that unemployment, not having been cured by the present tariffs, can only be cured by more tariffs. If this appeal is to be launched in earnest it will include taxes on food. Since the people of this country are quite capable of voting for cuts in their salaries and then grumbling at their inability to make both ends meet, it is quite possible that they can be stampeded into voting for dear food. It also seems to me that we shall never get rid of the tariff claim to cure unemployment until it has been given all it wants in the way of subsidising bad workmanship and taxing the necessities of life. The Labour Party would welcome a definite Tory opposition on those lines, and even if it did not meet with success at such an election, it would certainly stand a great chance at the one after to attain that majority in Parliament which it needs to carry out the transformation of a selfish form of society into one not only more human but also more intelligent.

Economics and Foreign Affairs

If Collin Brooks is to be summed up in one word, that word must be "zest." Perhaps it may partly be accounted for by his ancestry. Of Lancashire and Westmorland stock, with a Scots grandmother, a Welsh grandfather and a French great-grandmother, he describes himself as a "temperamental mongrel." Now, at the age of thirty-nine, he is the author of twenty-two books—twenty of them in the last five years—thrillers, psychological novels and books on finance. He has fought through the War, won the M.C., run a theatre in Italy, written economic articles for the *Manchester Guardian*, acted as musical critic for the *Liverpool Daily Post*, organised for the League of Nations, been assistant editor of the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Financial News*, lectured extensively from the age of seventeen on topics ranging from "The Dramatic Art of Robert Browning" to Tariff Reform, and is now the financial editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*.

He is the most energetic man I know. When, for relaxation, most of us would sit down to read a "thriller," he sits down to write one. He prefers to have four books, each on a different subject, all going at the same time, so that he will always feel in the mood for writing one of them.

My first memory of him is when, as a very raw junior, I was handed over to him for training in journalism and, timidly entering his room, found him and another colleague in a positive spate of discussion on the Gold Standard. His fervour was almost theological and his erudition academic. When it was over he turned to me and, with hardly a pause, commenced an equally vehement and instructed argument to prove that Hamlet did not delay in killing Claudius. At the conclusion of this *tour de force*, he sat down to write a leader on the vexed question of Trams v. Buses as the better means of municipal conveyance. And then the evening was only begun . . .

THE ECONOMIC IMPLICATIONS OF 1933

By Collin Brooks

IT is more than possible—it is probable—that posterity will look back on 1933 as the year which opened the last phase of the world revolution. The opening of the first phase I would place about 1905 or 1906. The second dates itself at 1914 with tolerable certainty. The third phase probably opened in the mid-months of 1929. And the last and present phase began in March last.

It is difficult to survey and comment upon a world economic revolution without appearing to display a political bias. In viewing 1933 and endeavouring to assess its significance, I am aware of no such bias. Each of us knows whether or not he or she likes or dislikes the new shape which things are taking. Each is either sufficiently interested (as some might say, sufficiently ingenuous) to attempt to help to mould the moving event, or sufficiently distracted by other sides of life to be completely indifferent to any economic change that does not mean utter chaos and ruin. All, in estimating or commenting upon event, are susceptible to personal prejudices of one kind or another. I make that commonplace observation as a disclaimer of any partisan motive in this diatribe. Whatever prejudice informs my judgment will be the inevitable prejudice which arises from traditions, associations and temperament; it will not be the prejudice, as far as I can ensure it, which arises from any desire to forward this or that trend to my own gratification.

The years around 1905 saw the beginnings of a tremendous advance in Great Britain towards the abandonment of the older individualism, and a movement forward to female emancipation. The War years disturbed the whole economic balance of the world, and left the creditor-debtor relationships between nations completely changed and the relations of workers to industry completely changed. The influx of female labour and the return of demobilised soldiers to industry at a moment when mechanical efficiency was beginning to diminish the demand for man-power, and the shattered finances of consuming States were balking an immediate advance in consumption, wrought more confusion than

was realised for a year or two after the disruption. That phase tailed off in the attempts of Mr. Norman to apply financial aid to weakened peoples in the hope that trading power would regain its old force. Those attempts were beaten by a number of circumstances which have been too often discussed to need rehearsal here. The departure of Britain from gold, after the use of Franco-American credits, in 1931 and the creation of a National Government intent upon economic regimentation by tariffs and quotas, and upon the achievement of the equivalent of economic nationalism for the Empire, led us directly to the calling of the World Economic Conference in London in the present year. How far such a concourse would have been successful had the United States retained some of its old stability is an open question. With the collapse of the American banking system on the day of Roosevelt's inauguration, the abortiveness of the Conference was assured in advance.

In surveying the year, we may place these events in the forefront of our significances. The post-Ottawa trade treaties began to take shape. The trend in England towards nationalisation of key activities received a substantial impetus. The World Conference proved a fiasco. America passed from crisis to crisis, like a child in convulsions, and is not yet—as this article is written—at the end of her agonies. In Europe, German Nationalism having created a situation of extreme political uncertainty, culminated its disturbing activities in an abrupt withdrawal from the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference. And behind these events on the time-riband, the process of British trade recovery went steadily forward. By October it was possible for the President of the Board of Trade to speak of complete recovery before the end of the year, at the very moment when the President of the United States was speaking contemptuously of "the accidents of international trade," as if international trade were something akin to a tolerated interruption of life rather than its essential economic basis.

Where actually do we stand? Where are we going?



WHEN HER MAJESTY WANTS TO KNOW
THE TIME.

From J. M. BARRIE'S
"PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS,"
Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM
(Hodder & Stoughton).

Is the British recovery a genuine recovery, or is it but a false advance caused by factors that are precarious and temporary?

As a nation we stand thus. The major signs of recovery are consistently good. Our adverse balance of trade—for what such an “imaginary” is worth—is not only reduced but promises to be replaced by a credit balance. Unemployment has been reduced through the year. The taxation yield is rising. The Budget promises to show a surplus. The credit of London as a world-lending centre has been thoroughly restored. The heavy industries are no longer sunk in a slough of despond; they are making headway—slowly but perceptibly. Rail traffics expand. Shipping is less idle.

This recovery has been achieved, as far as one can analyse it, entirely by the application of artificial expedients devised (and as I personally think legitimately devised) to meet abnormal conditions.

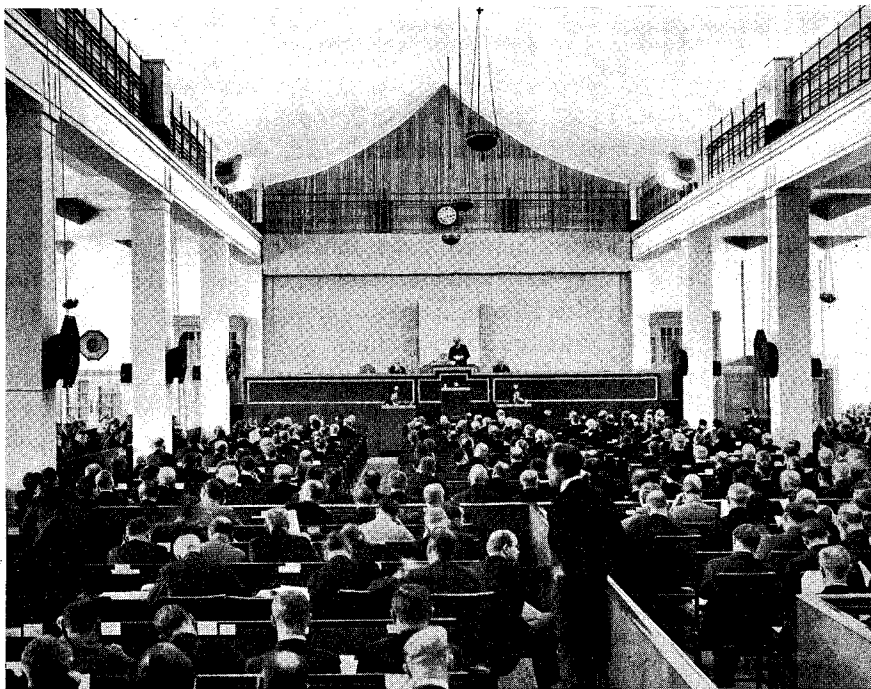
Ottawa was derided as a crushing disappointment. The fuller perspective does not justify that derision. The Ottawa agreements themselves were not satisfactory, but they have made possible a succession of small trading agreements—with Germany and with the Scandinavians, and later with the Latin-American countries—in which the special interests of the crippled heavy industries have been furthered. Having as it were satisfied the “sterling family” at Ottawa, we have been able to translate into trading benefits the associations of the wider “sterling convoy.” In other words, in a world of currency chaos we have at least been able to cement by firm agreements the good-will of those nations whose currencies have attached themselves to our own. It is not a great achievement. In a normal world it would even be a retrograde achievement. But in an abnormal world it is a considerable achievement.

As an annexe to the progress of bilateral trading bargains, we have managed to begin the long and painful process of unfreezing foreign exchange. Much of the distress in this country has not been caused by inability to trade in certain quarters, but by the inability to bring home the profits of trade. By the Argentine Bond Trust, created in October, we have found a way of releasing such frozen profits. Again, the expedient from the angle of sanity and normality is clumsy and bad, but from the angle of actuality—and statesmen

and traders must take their world as they find it—it is to the good.

These things are the second—or even the third—best, and are used only because the first best was denied to us. That first best was the restabilisation of currencies. It was denied to us because President Roosevelt, facing his own most difficult national problem, dared not stabilise the dollar when the world was called to an economic conference which was meaningless unless stabilisation was virtually its first objective.

The significance of Roosevelt is this: That until March, 1933, his nation was still following the world tradition that the creditor must be the first consideration, because if credit, which means confidence, goes, all goes; but Roosevelt has adopted the interest of the debtor. The paradox of Roosevelt is that while he is a debtors' man within the United States, he must be a creditors' man in his external relations.



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald opens the World Economic Conference.

In America farmers, householders, traders were all handicapped by finding that debts contracted at one price level were unpayable at a different price level. To bring back the payable level the codes of Johnson were devised and—with varying success—enforced. Their primary object was to increase purchasing power. In the achievement of that object they failed. The

whole machinery of credit inflation was brought into use, and that also failed. The credit poured out by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was soaked into the ground and had no appreciable effect.

The gold-buying policy was intended to achieve what Johnsonism had failed to achieve. That too has failed. Inflation is the inevitable next step.

Let us assume then that 1933 will bring in its train first dollar inflation, next a period of currency wildness with the gold nations off gold, and finally a world restabilisation at new parities. (That, or the complete ruin of civilisation, are the alternatives.) What of the old economic world will have been lost in the process?

The major thing which will have been lost is private enterprise. In Britain to all intents and purposes it is already lost. Marketing schemes; quota schemes; national boards, like the electric “grid,” the B.B.C., the totalisator, the London Transport Board; and the growth of large all but monopolistic units like the I.C.I. and the Unilever combine—these give us a trading world as far removed from free-competitive capitalism as the wildest reformer of 1900 would have imagined possible.

Restriction schemes on output under Government fostering and control are already with us, and in the new world will increase. (They will grow more and more acceptable, and of this growing acceptability 1933 has given us an odd example. It was not Government but members of the industry who suggested during this year that the brewers should be allowed a given quota of production, and pay a flat and directed amount of revenue to the State.) The trend is showing itself everywhere. Governments impose national quotas, and competitive industrialists, like the Lancashire and Japanese cotton manufacturers, try to hammer out market divisions of their own, with import quotas to be agreed and honoured.

If restabilisation is to come, it will only come after agreement that the undulations—and much more the cycles—of foreign exchange values must be controlled. Since in the last resort it is trading position which sets the international value on a currency, and since a world

managed currency is still far in the future, the fair assumption is that stabilisation will be accompanied by a series either of tariff agreements or quota agreements. Trading positions will be “planned” by attention to consuming capacity, and the division of consuming capacity will be planned after the national need of a home market has been protected.

To this—whether one likes the prospect or not—the economic chaos of 1933 seems to be resolving itself. The achievement may be thwarted by two things—political disruption either in Central Europe or in the United States. War in Europe is abhorrent to the peoples, but it is, and will be for some time to come, dangerously attendant upon political antagonisms, themselves reflexes of economic rivalries. A Balkanised America is by no means an impossibility if Rooseveltianism fails completely before a stabilising level is reached and agreed. Of these possibilities one can but say—*absit omen*.

PEACE ROUND THE CORNER

By Vernon Bartlett

Vernon Bartlett is known chiefly as a voice—a voice of authority, clear, quiet and dispassionate. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he has created an intelligent interest in foreign affairs among the British public, and that that public trusts him as the best man to supply the new demand. His most famous broadcast has had world-wide repercussions, and it is significant that the vast proportion of letters which he received on account of it expressed the hope that he would be made Foreign Secretary.

It was Bartlett who “did” the Paris Peace Conference for *Reuter's*; who, joining *The Times* in 1919, was its special correspondent in Switzerland, Germany and Poland; and who later studied conditions in Rome. Then, after work for the League of Nations, he travelled all over Europe once again for the B.B.C., as an impartial observer, personally meeting all the famous figures of international politics.

As a broadcaster he has a unique position, as he has unique ability. As a man this very ability gives him a modesty amounting almost to self-distrust, and this public position leads to private self-effacement. The highest tribute to him is that those who know him have an even greater faith in his *ex cathedra* pronouncements than those who do not.

* * * * *

THIS article will be less gloomy than most that deal with the state of Europe, and not because it will appear at that very depressing time when everybody is supposed to feel well-disposed towards everybody else and cheerful about everything. It will be less gloomy because, in my humble opinion, there is much less to be gloomy about in the European jumble than most people seem to believe. Even though Germany has decided to leave the League and has in fact left the Disarmament Conference for the second time, I doubt whether we are any nearer war than we were a year ago, and each crisis solved, or in some cases even postponed, without fighting makes fighting much less probable.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-three has been an alarming year because in it we have had to face up to a few facts, and that is seldom an agreeable occupation. We have known all along that Germany could not be kept indefinitely on a lower footing than the other Great Powers. While nations still maintain large military forces, their influence in world politics continues to depend upon the number of tanks or submarines, the efficiency of men and equipment at their disposal. That Germany should be content to be weaker in a military sense than any one of her neighbours except Denmark and Austria was hardly to be expected. Nobody in fact did expect it, but there were all sorts of delays in the process of reducing other armaments to Germany's level, and each delay has

made the defeat of moderate democracy in Germany more probable. A year ago a wonderful phrase was discovered to assure Germany “equality in a regime of security,” which was so vague that nobody knew what it meant, beyond the fact that it did not involve the immediate reduction of a single gun to bring that equality nearer. It did however bring German delegates back to the Disarmament Conference—just a few weeks before, owing in great part to the previous failure of that same Conference, Herr Hitler became Chancellor of the German Reich. And the inevitable sequel to his success has been that he wanted to accelerate progress towards military equality with the other Great Powers, while they wanted to retard it. He made stirring speeches about his desire for peace: British and French statesmen replied by reminding him of the speeches made in Germany glorifying war and declaring it to be the stuff for the troops. As indeed it is, although there is a fairly general reluctance to abolish the troops in order to abolish war.

Before the signatures were dry on the Versailles Treaty we knew that one day we should come to the crisis when Germany would threaten to build up her armaments because the other countries hesitated to cut theirs down. That hesitation is natural enough, since it is so much easier to destroy armaments on the command of a group of victorious nations than on the command of one's own reason. But civilisation is nothing more than a series of conquests over natural

instincts, and the German gesture of impatience—this striding out of the Disarmament Conference—may rather surprisingly encourage our reason to overcome our instincts. It may, in other words, help us to face up to the fact that the only alternative to a Disarmament Convention which Germany can and will accept is the ruinous and hurried preparation for another world war.

That does not sound very cheerful. The encouraging feature however is the growing number of people who realise that there are only those two alternatives, and who are in favour of following the first of them. The greatest danger has always been that, when the inevitable crisis came, the French, possibly with ourselves as allies, would seek to crush Germany again in the pretence that they were crushing out the military spirit. Such a step would have made war improbable for a few years to come, but inevitable as soon as Germany,

made more militaristic than ever in her history, became strong enough to fight with the least hope of success. The danger that we should try to cure Germany's neurasthenia by kicking her, as the Americans say, "in the seat of the pants," seems now to be

relatively small, and it is a subject for rejoicing that so difficult a cross-roads should have been crossed without disaster.

And think for a moment how greatly Germany, unwittingly and generally unwillingly, has welded the other European nations together. In the hope of keeping Austria independent, France and Italy have found themselves co-operating for the first time since the Peace Conference. France would like Dr. Dollfuss to be a mascot for the democratic ideas of the French Revolution, while Italy would like to dress him in a black shirt; but both would hate to see him "go Nazi." For the same reason the relations between Italy and the Little Entente are now, if not cordial, immeasurably better than they were a year ago. Russia has become almost an ally of Poland, a friend of France and, by dropping her claim against Rumania for the return of Bessarabia, the associate of the Little Entente countries. Turkey and Greece, in their turn, have become so friendly with each other and with their neighbours that it will soon be impossible to separate the Danubian Federation group from the Black Sea Locarno group of nations. At no time since the War have we been anything like so near the United States of Europe.

Most of that progress is the result, not of a rush of reason to the head, but to a sinking feeling in the stomach—Germany may start another war: what can we do to be saved? But, as already suggested, that fear might so easily have taken the form of kicking Germany while she is down instead of planning to stand together against the day when she shall be on her feet again. Though the League of Nations is more maligned now than at any other time in its existence, its preaching that there must be "pooled security," that countries must hang together if they do not want to hang separately, has influenced policies more than most people expected or yet realise.

The greatest problem now to be faced is this: fear has led countries to band together against a potential foe; have we the courage and the statesmanship to disarm that potential foe by talking things over with him and by making a real sacrifice to remove those

of his grievances as are justified? Every war ends with a peace conference: why not have one without a prelude of fighting? However clumsily the Germans may have behaved since Herr Hitler came into power—and they have certainly been amazingly



Germany welcomes Hitler.

successful in alienating sympathy—they have good reason to complain against the delay in giving them equality of rights with other powers. Or rather Europe has reason to complain, for Europe, and not Germany alone, suffers if that inequality, prolonged and emphasised, leads to another war. And it will do so unless many more of us are sufficiently pro-peace to risk being called pro-German.

As a matter of fact the present glorification of war in Germany would suggest that that country will need the sternest control of any in Europe, but no restrictions can be imposed upon a country without arousing resentment (in other words, the danger of war) except by a committee of equals. And this article is, or is intended to be, optimistic because I believe that by 1934 the Governments, as well as the people they represent, will have woken up to the fact that, while any sacrifice would be worth while to maintain peace, all that is needed is the sacrifice of a little of that national prestige which at present makes international action against an aggressor state an uncertainty. The more international obligations we accept, the less the probability that we shall ever have to fulfil them.

Wireless, Science and the Arts

Manning Jacks, who writes of the year's broadcasting, might be called an "extra-ordinary listener" in that he has reduced listening from the sprawling proportions of an occasional hobby to the compact precision of a scientific study. As he has endeavoured to obliterate the artistic irrelevancies of personality from his critical approach, it would be hardly becoming of me to obtrude them in an introduction. He must speak for himself.

BROADCASTING IN 1933

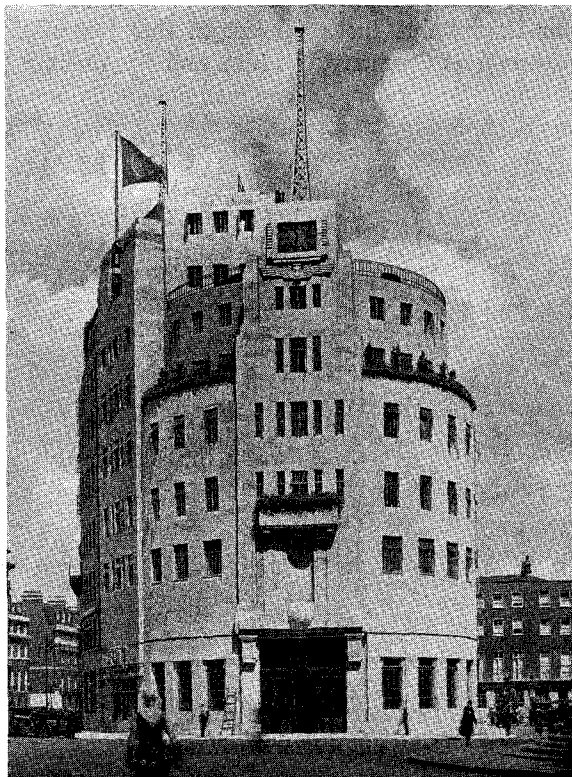
By Manning Jacks

THE issue of the five millionth wireless licence and the tenth anniversary of the British Broadcasting Corporation happened to coincide in the autumn of last year; by now the number of licence-holders is nearer six million than five, and the rate of increase is maintained. "The wireless," which was originally a toy and then later an expensive luxury, is now almost a necessity in the average home, while the absence of any sign of slackening in the demand does prove that no mistake was made in rating the public taste at a reasonably high level.

The distribution of these millions among the different counties raises some interesting questions. Why for instance should Hertfordshire, with a proportion of one wireless licence to every five inhabitants, lead the way when the adjacent county of Middlesex, ten times more densely populated, stands last but seven in the list of English counties? Hertfordshire, though becoming suburban, is still mainly rural; the fact that it also has within its boundaries the two London transmitters at Brookman's Park has a bearing on the matter, for the whole county lies in the area of very strong signals from these transmitters; good reception, that is to say, is obtainable with the cheapest kinds of apparatus. This service area, as the technical phrase has it, likewise covers Middlesex; but Middlesex, on the other hand, contains the largest single industrial area in present-day England—the recently-developed district of Park Royal. Perhaps this very fact may supply one answer to the question: highly industrial areas, contrary to expectation, may not be those with proportionately the most listeners.

At all events two notable advances have been made in the broadcasting service during the year now ending. The opening of the new high-power twin-wave West Regional transmitter at Washford Cross, near Watchet in Somerset, has enormously improved reception conditions in South Wales and the West Country. By taking the transmitters farther away, a site unscreened by neighbouring mountains was obtained on the south

side of the Bristol Channel, and so the mining valleys in the Principality and the hill farms of the west can now hear better than in the days when they had to rely on the nearer but weaker local stations at Cardiff and Swansea.



Broadcasting House.

The second technical advance is actually the more important one; this consists of the impending replacement of the Daventry National transmitter, generally known as 5XX, by a new transmitter on a site near Droitwich. A brand new station with about five times the power of the present one is now being built, and will soon be providing a more robust service of higher quality than that hitherto given by Daventry National; this familiar but aged friend, which was the first of Britain's high-power transmitters, remains in commission for about another six months.

These then are some of the things that the licence-holder gets for his ten shillings a year: let us see what happens to the rest

of the money. The figures are accessible, the finance surprisingly easy to understand, and yet comparatively few people know much about either. To begin with, the Post Office takes one shilling of the licence fee for the business of issuing and renewing licences, tracking down "pirates," and combating the ever growing menace of electrical interference. Thereafter the Treasury gets its share, about three and sixpence; fivepennyworth more is income tax; and the B.B.C. voluntarily relinquishes another sixpence as a contribution to the national exchequer. The total amount received by the Government is therefore five and fivepence, leaving four and sevenpence for the B.B.C. Profits on the sale of publications ancillary to broadcasting bring the latter figure up to five and tenpence, which is the B.B.C.'s income per licence. The expenditure of this amount is allocated as follows: Half a crown for programmes, a shilling for their transmission, a shilling for standing charges and a shilling set aside for capital expenditure; leaving a fourpenny balance to cover the cost of B.B.C. administration, the B.B.C.'s share of its

contributory pension fund and the fees of the governors.

In a retrospect of the broadcasting programmes one naturally harks back to the King's Christmas Day message, which was made audible, thanks to co-operation in foreign countries, throughout the civilised world. The programme served also to inaugurate the Empire broadcasting service, and may be taken as marking the greatest broadcasting achievement to date. Closely rivalling it for complexity was the relay of the elaborate ceremony of Franklin D. Roosevelt's inauguration as President of the United States on March 4th. This was an all-day broadcast from thirty-eight different points which involved the use of aeroplanes to carry a commentator as well as an army of radio reporters on the ground, who followed the new President about for hours; parts of this programme were picked up in Europe and re-broadcast in England, Germany, France and Holland.

Reverting to England, at the New Year there occurred the now notorious broadcast comment on the armament expenditure of another nation in a programme to which such comment was scarcely relevant. This resulted some weeks later in a parliamentary debate on the constitution of the B.B.C., and the desirability of closer control by the Government. A widespread feeling was made manifest that public opinion was strongly opposed to any tampering with the B.B.C. monopoly by party politicians, and the significance of Mr. Winston Churchill's campaign against the B.B.C. will be remarked in this connection. The Corporation had steadily refused to allow the broadcasting of Mr. Churchill's personal views on a subject of national importance—namely India—and the latter resented it; the contents of the Government's White Paper were however presented and explained in a series of three important talks by Sir John Thompson at about this time.

To widen the listeners' horizon a series of talks on the situation in various European countries was given

by Mr. Vernon Bartlett while he was actually visiting their respective capitals; and the extension of two-way conversations over the Atlantic at the time of the World Economic Conference deserves to be recorded.

Later in the year a trend towards the new nationalism was clearly perceptible in the shaping of the autumn talks programme, and an attempt was made to body forth Sir Stephen Tallents's inspiring conception of the "projection" of England; England, note, not Britain, as if boldly to acknowledge the continued existence of the English nation. Broadcast speakers were found to portray and explain the English national character, and to describe the English country-side, while lamenting its disappearance beneath the hand of the speculative builder.

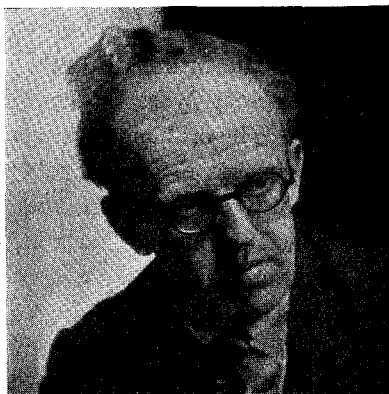
The Empire service has evoked an extraordinary response and, during its first year's working, several important changes have been introduced. It was found for example that the programme designed for West Africa, for reception there towards nightfall, was being received in New Zealand, and the Antipodes found it disconcerting to hear such announcements as "This is London Calling the West African Zone" coming across the breakfast table in Auckland. The previous Empire Zone programmes for Africa, Canada, Australasia, etc., have therefore had to be replaced by consecutively numbered transmissions; moreover the timing of these has been slightly altered to obtain listening conditions best suited to the time of day in the various Dominions and Colonies.

One event of outstanding importance is of recent occurrence: a courageous broadcast talk by Mr. Vernon Bartlett on the Saturday night after Germany's exit from the League of Nations proved once for all the uncanny power that broadcasting has to form public opinion.

SCIENCE OF THE YEAR

By C. P. Snow

C. P. Snow, who is just twenty-eight, is one of the most brilliant of the younger scientists. Seven years ago he started research and went to Cambridge as a research student in the summer of 1928. He began to work on the structure of molecules, on which he has been ever since, though he has progressed to much more fundamental aspects of structure during the later years. He has also done something on the application of molecular structure to biochemical problems.



C. P. Snow.

He got a Senior Scholarship of the 1851 Exhibition in the June of 1930, and a Fellowship of Christ's College, Cambridge, in the December of the same year.

But perhaps the most interesting thing about Mr. Snow is that he is almost as interested in writing novels as in science. His first book, "Death Under Sail," appeared last year, and was generally recognised as one of the best "thrillers" of 1932. His first serious novel came out last July, anonymously—the much-discussed "New Lives for Old," which critics attributed to nearly every scientist but the right one.

He is at present at work on another serious novel—but here he is concerned with science.

SCIENCE is progressing at a greater and a greater rate. There never has been such a time. With atomic physics reaching towards the height of its achievement and biology somewhere near the beginning of an immense advance, we can count ourselves lucky to be alive and lookers-on.

It all grows more perfect ; great discoveries are being made every year, facts are being patiently accumulated, the laboratories have never been so active. In the outside world, perhaps, disconcerting things are on the move ; the German journals are thin stuff nowadays ; German is to be heard in most of the English laboratories ; there are sinister proofs of a force science has not had to reckon with for four hundred years. But science goes on. The spectacle of the world becomes more hopeless. But science goes from strength to strength. If the collapse comes, the perfection of science will have an irony as well as a pathos. For if we were old enough to use them, the applications of science could now have made us a civilisation beyond our dreams. Instead, they may help in the collapse. And our consolation will have to be, as we talk to keep our courage up while the world is toppling about our ears : " Well, we were too young to use it. And anyway science could never have been enough by itself. But viewed without any regard to its use, as though it were a self-contained activity, it is the most complete product of the human mind. Externally it has been disastrous ; internally it is magnificent."

Looked at in that way, science can be very satisfying. It is spreading wider and deeper, and the sheer extent of it is impressive. The most casual glance back over this last year gives results which capture the imagination for hours. Not that 1933 has been quite such a marvellous year as 1932 ; but, as it is, it provides enough excitement to extend this article indefinitely. And so the topics dealt with have to be in the nature of samples. They are, I hope, something like the best samples of their year, but there are plenty more where they come from.

There has been one discovery of the first importance. A new fundamental particle of matter has been discovered. For a generation we have been able to think of all matter as made up of two kinds of ultimate particles. We have got used to the electron, the unit of *negative* electricity, and the proton, the unit of *positive* electricity. The shock of finding that matter consisted of nothing but these electrical particles has long since passed away. And even those to whom elementary classical physics is as mysterious as Chinese have often heard of the way in which these electrons and protons form the *atoms*. For every atom in our universe is formed on this pattern : in the middle there is a nucleus of *positive* electricity, which carries nearly all the weight of the atom, and circling round the nucleus, in something the same way as the planets revolve round the sun, are electrons, units of *negative* electricity. That is, as it were, the universal pattern. Atoms only differ in the number of particles in the nucleus and the number of electrons outside it. Hydrogen, the simplest and lightest atom, has one proton forming the nucleus and one electron revolving round it. The negatively-

charged electron is only $\frac{1}{1840}$ times as heavy as the positive proton, which is thus responsible for the mass of the hydrogen atom. All the other atoms we know are built up in this way, with increasing numbers of protons (and thus increasing mass) in the nucleus as we go from helium to uranium, and an increasing number of electrons in the orbits outside. And so the difference between any atoms turns out to be simply a difference of number. They are made from the same stuff in different amounts. That is why transmutation is possible—and in a year or two we shall see some very interesting transmutations in the laboratory. Until a few months ago, it seemed certain that every bit of matter in the universe was built up of protons and electrons and nothing else at all.

In February a new unit of matter was found to exist. By a long series of very careful and beautiful experiments, Blackett and Occhialini in Cambridge discovered that, for periods which are less than a millionth of a second, a *positive electron* can reside in our world : that is, a particle which is as light as an electron, but which has the same charge as a proton. There has been nothing like it before. From the point of view of our picture of the universe, it is a cardinal fact. In the practical world, the positive electron is not of much significance, for, as soon as it comes in contact with an ordinary negative electron, its short life is over. *Both the positive and the negative electrons disappear*. They annihilate each other and leave nothing but radiation. Mass dies and energy is born in its place.

And thus, since our universe happens to be made up of positive protons and negative electrons, this new particle seems an aberration. Yet it is probably only an accident that our atoms have positive protons and negative electrons. Now that Blackett has shown us a positive electron, it seems equally possible that the arrangement might have been the other way round. And indeed there is no reason why in some far-off region of space a universe should not exist made of matter that would be identical in every way with matter as we know it—only the nuclei might be negative and the electrons positive. We could not distinguish such a universe from our own, except by a rather drastic accident. For if this universe happened to approach ours, both would disappear. The two patterns of matter would only reveal themselves by a mutual annihilation.

Nothing else during 1933 has been as fundamental as Blackett's discovery. In fact, something would be very wrong if ultimate particles were discovered every month ! But there has been a very striking discovery, which is going to loom large in the future of chemical physics. That is the study of *heavy hydrogen* through the preparation of *heavy water*. The ordinary hydrogen atom, as we have just seen, consists of one planetary electron and a nucleus made of a single proton, which has unit positive charge. Now if the nucleus has added to it one proton and one electron, which carry charges, one positive and one negative, in equal amount, the result will be : the nucleus will still have unit positive charge ($2-1=1$) but double the mass of the proton. And the resulting atom, still having only one electron

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



By IVAN OPFFER.

EINSTEIN

outside the nucleus, will be exactly like the ordinary hydrogen atom except that the mass of the nucleus is 2 instead of 1 (in terms of protons). This atom is called an *isotope* of hydrogen of mass 2, and for convenience is written H^2 (ordinary hydrogen is H^1).

Isotopes of many elements have been discovered during the last twenty years. That is, most elements consist of several types of atoms identical in all properties except mass. But the isotope of hydrogen was not suspected until 1932, and it has only been possible to make a start on its practical effects during this past year.

Washburn in New York discovered that water which has been used in electrolytic apparatus contains a high proportion of the isotope (i.e. as well as the ordinary H^1_2O molecules in the electrolytic water, there is an appreciable fraction of H^2_2O). This idea, acted upon by G. N. Lewis with all the resources of the University of California, has produced a stock of *heavy water* (H^2_2O) from which the investigation of H^2 will gain its material. No doubt we shall see H^2 substituted for H^1 in a variety of chemical molecules ($H^2_2SO_4$, CH^2_4 and so on) and the study of these *heavy hydrogen* compounds will clear up a great many of the puzzles that still exist in molecular physics and chemistry. *Heavy water* itself, incidentally, has some interesting properties. It is probably poisonous: and given unlimited money it would be a method of murder almost beyond detection. For physical methods of very high refinement are necessary to distinguish between H^1_2O and H^2_2O . It would be quite beyond the powers of Dr. Thorndyke and Philo Vance, even if they formed a pedantic collaboration. I suspect we shall find *heavy water* in detective stories before very long.

In biology a great deal of significant work has been done, but unfortunately there is not space enough to mention much of it. There is one discovery however which must be touched on, for it seems full of implications in our general intellectual standpoint. That is the isolation of the "organiser" by Waddington and the Needhams in Berlin. In the development of a

living creature through its stages in the egg, it has always been a problem—what makes it take on its complex shape as a living creature, after all? Why shouldn't it become something much more simple? There have been all manner of naïve vitalistic answers to these questions; usually the solutions are no better than Aristotle's. But while the naïve vitalist chatters: "You must consider the organism as a whole," experiments have been going on. It has been found that if the embryo is taken at a stage when it is still undifferentiated, and certain cells removed, the creature does not develop any further. "The creature" is really a misnomer, for the thing has no properties. If the cells which have been removed are injected in another part of the embryo, the normal growth goes on. If various other living materials are injected, growth still goes on; in time the creature grows head and limb-buds all in their proper order. What is this mysterious "organiser" which is necessary if the millions of identical cells are to take shape into the different parts of the living creature? For a long time, of course, it was thought it must be a piece of living matter. Waddington and the Needhams have, however, shown this year that a perfectly ordinary chemical substance can act as the "organiser"; if this substance is injected into the mass of cells at the blastula stage, head and limb buds appear exactly as in ordinary growth. Waddington and his colleagues learned what part of the embryo is necessary for its development; and they have learnt how to replace that part by an ordinary chemical compound, which some day we shall have in bottles in the laboratory. The more we think of this discovery, the more avenues it opens. For the vitalist's was as usual a helpless, hopeless explanation, while this puts the possibility of action in our hands. Some day we shall alter these embryos to suit ourselves. And go perhaps further than that.

There has been so much done during the year—but a month nowadays is more packed with results than a year in the nineties. And there is no sign of the advance getting near its end.

THE THEATRE IN 1933

By Norman Marshall

Norman Marshall has a reputation for versatility in the theatre. One of his earlier interests was the British Drama League, which he served as critic and as adjudicator. Here the hall-mark of his attitude was enthusiasm for the drama as a communal force. At the same time he was doing some brilliant "highbrow" productions of modern plays at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, and making a reputation as an advanced young producer.

He then turned to opera, produced Handel's "Julius Cæsar" in London, and was concerned in other musical productions before returning to Cambridge, this time as lessee of the theatre, and presenting a short but notable season, in which five plays, including Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions," were given their first performance in England.

By this time it was the theatre theatrical rather than the drama as an idea which was dominating him. He came back to London and produced a musical comedy for Sir Oswald Stoll, and is at the moment at work on a revue for the West End.

His swift emphatic gestures, theatrical in the most ordinary conversation but with no suggestion of pose, betray the man of the theatre, and when he is absorbed in his work one would take him for a temperamental Frenchman rather than for the reserved Scot that he is.

IT is years since "the six best plays" contained quite so many obvious faults and crudities as these six plays. It is also years since they contained quite so many positive merits. The explanation is that melodrama has suddenly burst in upon the theatre again. The neat, brittle little drawing-room comedies have been swept from the stage in a blast of invigorating fresh air, and actors have suddenly found themselves beginning to act again instead of merely repeating the banalities of everyday conversation in purely restrained tones. Playwrights are no longer attempting to be self-sufficient. They are at last providing their actors with real material, and relying upon them as collaborators in creation instead of attempting to reduce them to the level of mere reciters of lines. In the writing of all these six plays there is a breadth and exuberance which during recent years has been very rare on the West End stage.

But most of these playwrights, in their newly discovered enthusiasm for the theatre theatrical, have allowed melodrama to get the better of them at times, mistaking mere staginess for genuine theatrical effectiveness. It is a strange spectacle, for instance, to see Mr. Somerset Maugham, the most accomplished writer of high comedy which this century has produced, suddenly reducing his audience to a state of giggling embarrassment with a scene of utterly unconvincing melodrama, in which a girl prays God to "send father potty." Mr. Maugham, having apparently thoroughly enjoyed himself with this scene, then decides to go one better, and gives us the crudest sort of boggy-boggy stuff in which Death, in the inevitable green spotlight, holds a completely pointless and fatuous conversation with the chief character. This is the sort of scene which amateur playwrights do quite nicely in the one-act plays they write for their local dramatic societies, but it comes most curiously at the end of a play even more savagely satirical than "For Services Rendered." There are other points in which "Sheppey" is weakened by too melodramatic a manner, particularly in the entire absence of light and shade in the characterisation of the boy and girl. No redeeming feature is allowed to either of them. Their selfishness and callousness is stressed so insistently that at times the result is almost farcical. The play is full of the exaggerations and overstatements of a very angry and bitter man, but the spectacle of Mr. Maugham raging against stupidity and meanness is an exciting and invigorating one, worth quite a number of his technically impeccable comedies. There is line after line in this play so fiercely effective that on the night I saw it the audience often took a second or two to recover from the mercilessness of some of the lines, and then broke into applause.

Another play which owes both its effectiveness and its weakness to melodrama is "The Green Bay Tree." When it was first produced, several of the critics, while praising that play, expressed the opinion that it would have a very limited run, as only a certain number of

people would find much interest in characters so abnormal and unpleasant as the two chief figures in this play. But these critics overlooked the quality of sheer excitement in the clash of personalities, in the conflict for the possession of the weak-willed Julian between his fiancée and the elderly dilettante who had adopted him. Yet this would have been a far finer play if the author had not to some extent sacrificed subtlety of characterisation to mere theatrical effectiveness. One was shown the intense possessiveness of the man, but not the real reasons for it, which, by making the character more sympathetic, might have weakened the melodramatic effectiveness of the play. The author should at least have resisted the temptation to let melodrama have its end at the head of the play, with its unconvincing murder, followed by more boggy stuff in which a death-mask glowed in the darkness.

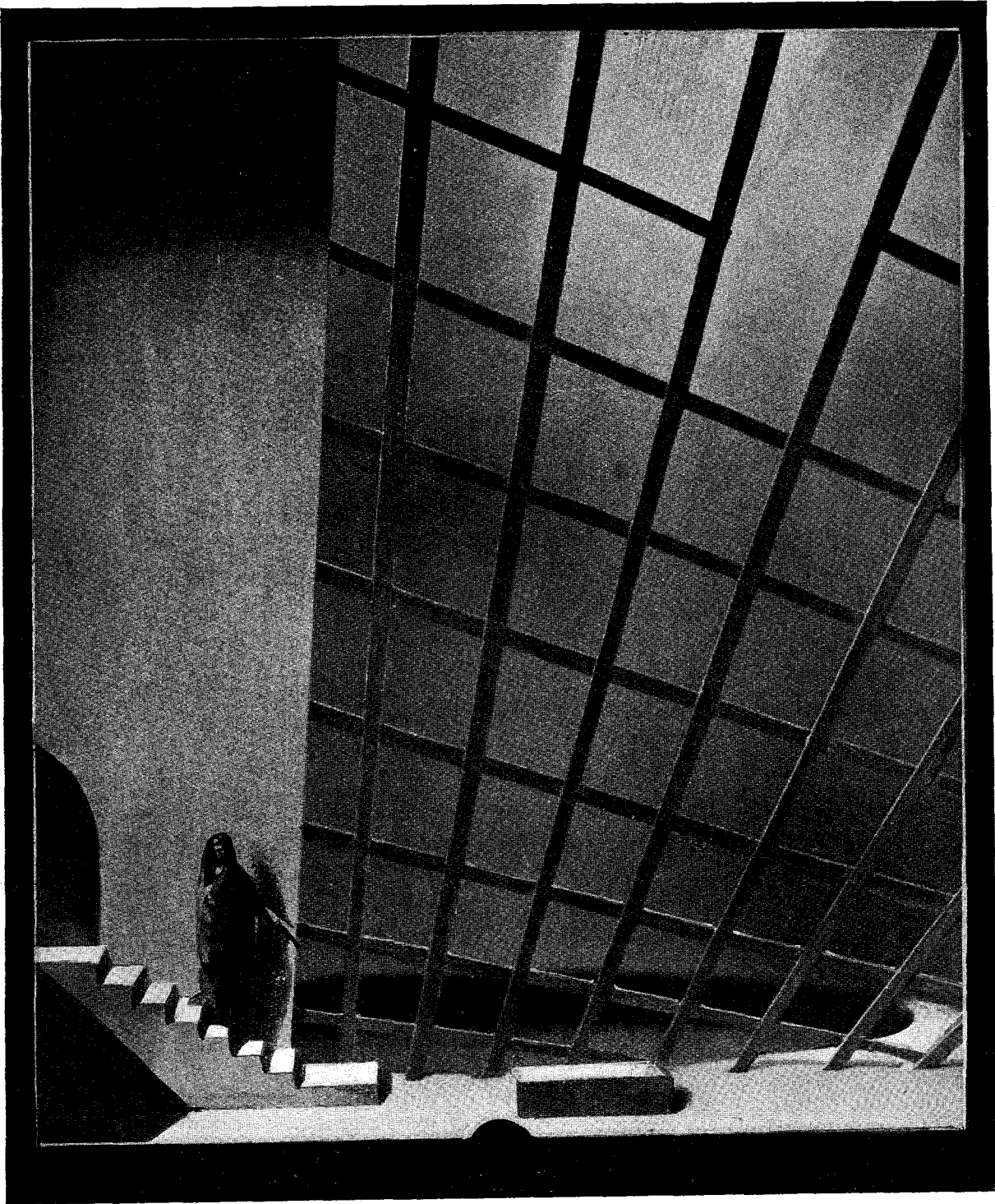
"Richard of Bordeaux."
 "The Green Bay Tree."
 "The Lake."
 "The Late Christopher Bean."
 "Sheppey."
 "Eight Bells."

Even more stogy in its faults than either of these plays is "The Late Christopher Bean." The handling of the story is exasperatingly ingenuous, full of improbabilities, with a fairy-tale ending in which Gwenny, the maid-of-all-work, after fighting throughout the play to retain Christopher Bean's portrait of herself, which she refuses to part with even for five thousand pounds, is discovered to possess no less than seventeen more masterpieces by Christopher Bean. To the great delight of the audience, who have been trying to suppress an uneasy feeling that it *was* rather silly of Gwenny to be sentimental to the tune of five thousand pounds, it is announced that she has not the same sentimental feelings about these seventeen masterpieces, and that they are worth at least forty thousand. The curtain falls to great applause and a general feeling of relief that it is possible to be both soft-hearted and rich. The staginess of the play is increased by the fact that for melodramatic effect the other chief characters are mere personifications of meanness and greed, although in performance Miss Louise Hampton and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, by the brilliance and intelligence of their acting, give to these characters a reality which was entirely lacking in the author's conception of them. But in the middle of all this theatricality the author has surprisingly achieved in his portrait of Gwenny a piece of work so exquisite that the effect is like coming upon some lovely masterpiece hung among the rubbish on the walls of a provincial art gallery. One could forgive any play much more than the cheerful and undeniably effective nonsense of "The Late Christopher Bean" for the sake of a single character as fine as this, in which Miss Edith Evans gives the outstanding performance of the year.

The best, and at the same time the most imperfect of these six plays is "The Lake." The last act is woolly and repetitive, failing in the end to make its point with sufficient clearness, while most of the second act is given over to a feebly comic representation of a wedding reception, and as in "Sheppey," one is at times embarrassed by the author's intense dislike of certain

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933

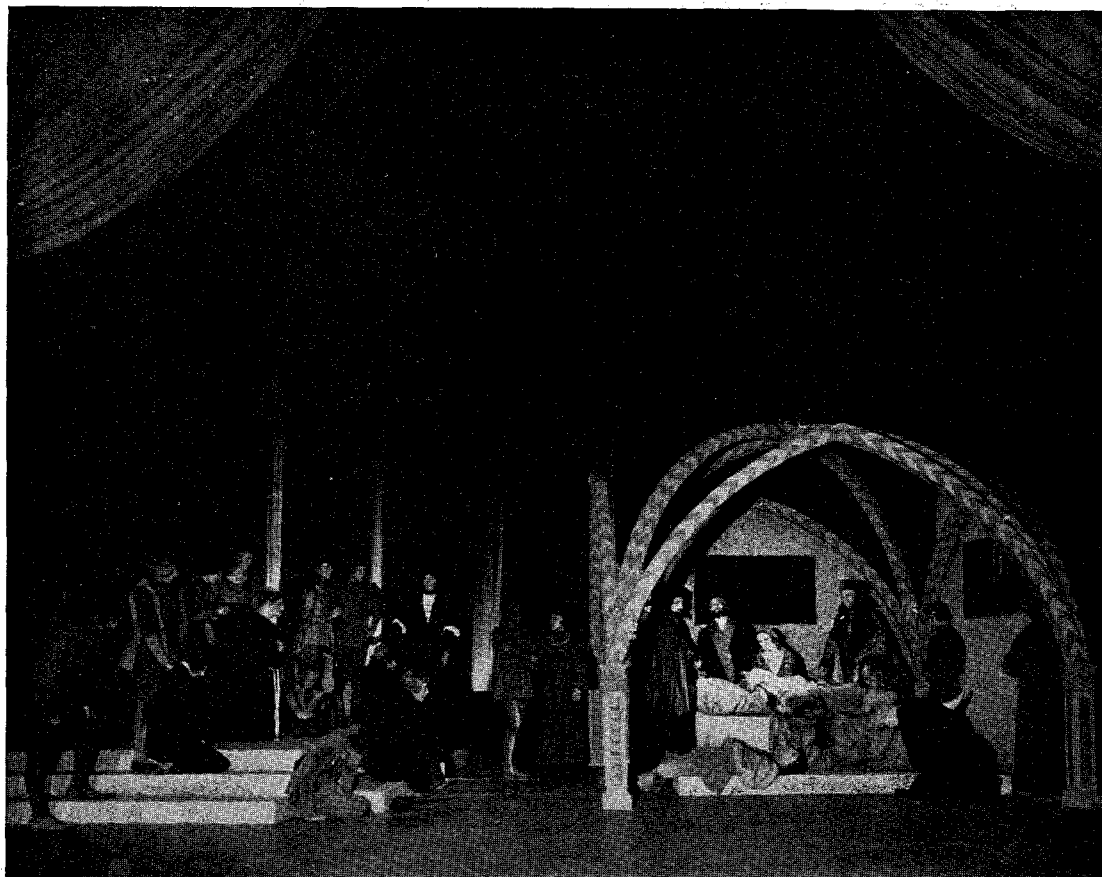
SOME STAGE SETS OF 1933



From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).

KATA BENEDEK, BUDAPEST.
SET FOR THE PRISON SCENE
IN GOETHE'S "FAUST" (PART I).

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



*From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).*

THE TOMB SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."
Designed by Aline Bernstein, (United States).



*From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).*

IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT."
Produced at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, 1932,
by Peter Godfrey. Setting by John Shelley.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



*From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).*

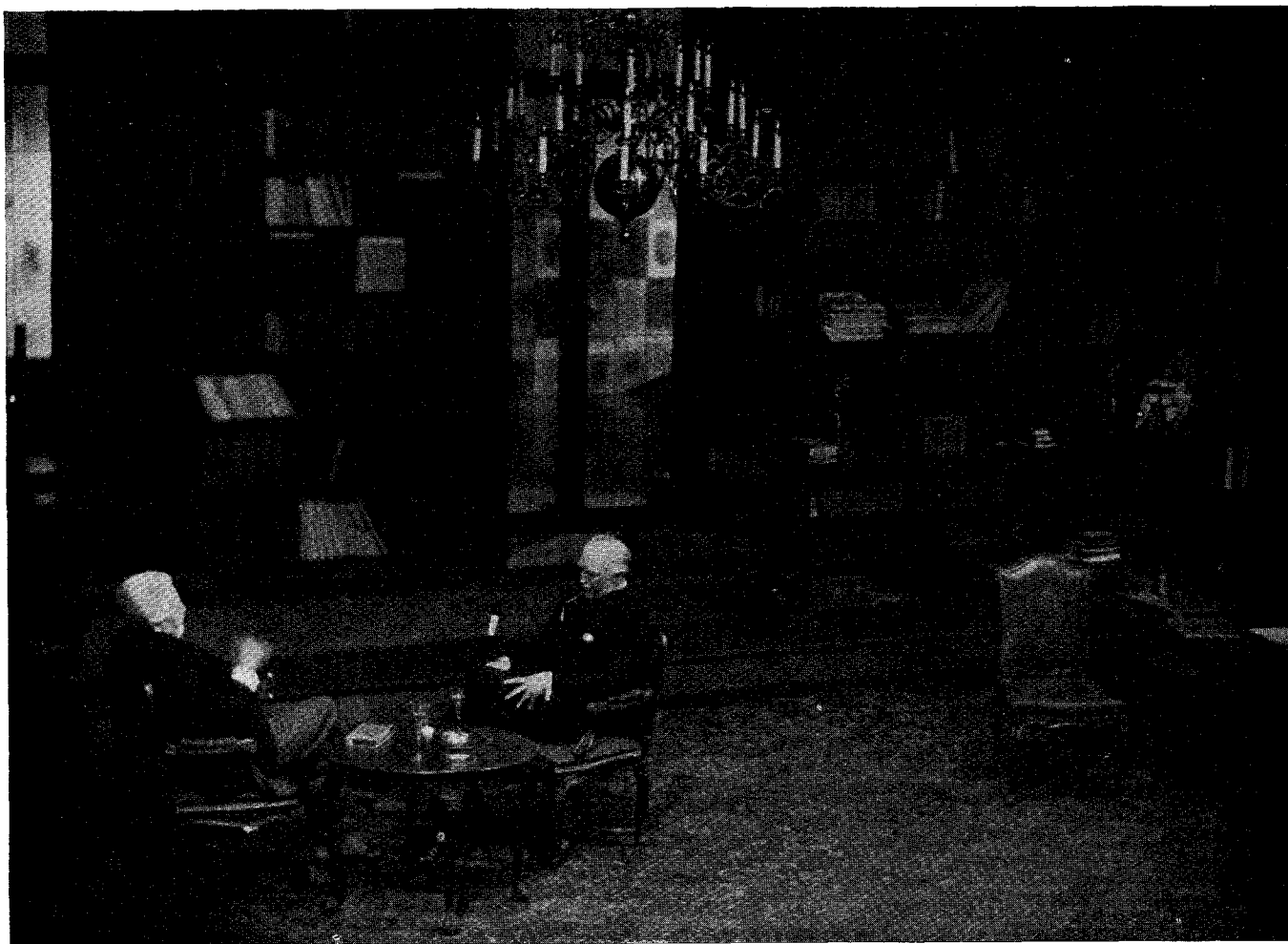
**SETTING FOR MEYERHOLD'S PRODUCTION
OF "ROAR CHINA," AT THE MEYERHOLD'S
THEATRE, MOSCOW.
(Photo: Temarin.)**



*From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).*

**THE CAMARGO BALLET SOCIETY. "JOB"
(BLAKE'S VISION OF THE BOOK OF JOB)
ARRANGED AS A MASQUE FOR DANCING.**

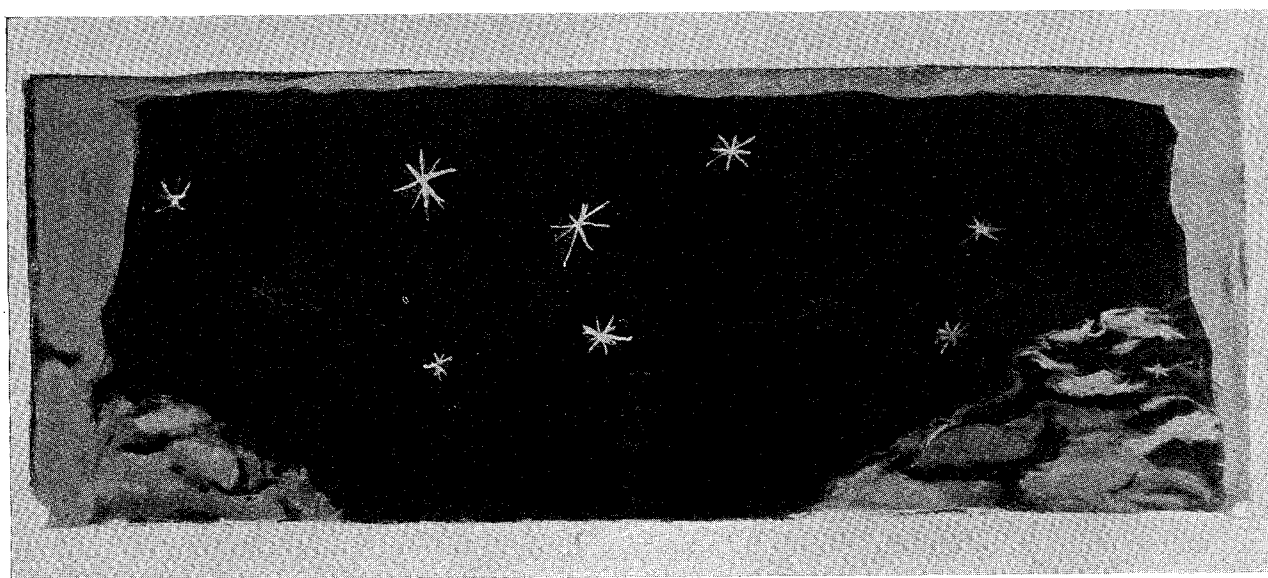
**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).

**NATURALISTIC SETTING IN THE PRE-WAR STYLE OF
THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE, FOR G. HAUPTMANN'S
PLAY, "BEFORE THE SUNSET," AT MAX REINHARDT'S
DEUTSCHES THEATER, BERLIN.**

(Photo: Atelier Jacobi.)



From "SETTINGS AND COSTUMES
OF THE MODERN STAGE."
By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
and LEE SIMONSON
(Studio).

GEORGE BRAQUE.

Setting designed for the Ballet, "Les Sylphides."
(Collection, Serge Lifar).

characters revealing itself too plainly, but the play as a whole has a depth of feeling and an emotional intensity such as is seldom achieved upon the stage.

"Richard of Bordeaux" would probably be a more popular choice as the best play of the year, but it seems to me to be no more than an extremely competent piece of historical reconstruction by an author with an instinctive and unerring sense of the theatre, and the gift of writing lively and natural dialogue. In performance it owes a very great deal to a production which gives the fullest value to every merit of the play, while toning down its crudities and passing over its weakest passages with the least possible emphasis. Thus the play's sentimentality, its uninterestingly obvious characterisation and its moments of embarrassingly obvious comic relief are far more obvious in print than on the stage, where Mr. Gielgud in his production has developed to the full the finely dramatic clash of

wills which is the play's most exciting quality. With his very lovely stage pictures given to the play a great air of glamour which is further enhanced by his own performance, which is definitely in the grand manner.

For the sixth place on the list, "The Brontës" and "The Sleeping Clergyman" were obvious candidates, but the first seemed to me never more than a piece of sound, workmanlike playmaking, while the second takes a great many scenes to state a platitude about heredity, although it is admittedly stated with the author's usual unfailing sense of the theatre. More than either of these I enjoyed "Eight Bells." Here is pure melodrama at its very best. Into its three acts it crams the maximum amount of excitement without ever for a moment outraging probability or relying on mere puppets instead of human beings to carry forward the action. It deserves a place among the six best plays of the year on account of its tremendous virility and its magnificently theatrical qualities.

THE CINEMA IN 1933

By Oswell Blakeston

It is difficult to write anything about Oswell Blakeston, because he has spent most of his short life trying to avoid a label. Yesterday he was working in movies and founding a film society for the London proletarian, and to-day he is writing personally involved poems. He has composed a two movement sonatina for the organ, has designed book jackets, writes art criticism and (under a pseudonym) articles on comparative religion.

His greatest achievement, I think, was to make the film "Light Rhythms," with Francis Bruguere. It was the first "absolute film" made in England. There are no actors except two beams of light, and there is no story except the plot of emotions induced by luminous rhythm. It was admitted to be one of the furthest reaches of cinematic art; it has been shown all over the world—and it was made for £20.

Another of Oswell Blakeston's surprising motion pictures was "I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside." This was the first attempt to make cinematograph criticism of cinema, which could take its place in news-reel theatres together with other visual translations of journalistic columns of print. This little cinema essay (which caused several demonstrations in Parisian theatres) showed, among other structural points, a new angle on the compensatory illusion, on which the cinema depends very largely for its popularity; actors in the film were revealed dissociating themselves from the audience and leaving the cinema in disgust!

He is an assistant editor of *Close-Up*, the only magazine devoted entirely to cinematograph æsthetics, experiment and development. Of his books, the most individual is "Few Are Chosen," which consists of photographs and text used experimentally in new apposition; the photographs are entirely emotional (that is, they supply the effects usually produced in literature by imagination and metaphor), while the text is a study in understatement, being "photographic" in the ordinary sense of the word.

At the moment Blakeston is writing detective novels, with a collaborator, under the name "Simon." This list may give the reader some idea of the not inconsiderable achievement of a young artist still in his early twenties.

* * * *

FOR the serious student of cinema art, who is interested in the medium because it is capable of exclusive effects, the most important event of the filmic year will probably remain the Parisian exhibition of sculpture shaped for movement; for example, white sticks are slotted in a designed base so that they can vibrate against grey panels, while black sticks are immobile against white rectangles, or grooved tablets are tilted to provide kinetic relations of coloured balls. This movement sculpture, which is mostly by Alexander Calder, is significant because it indicates that the *avant-garde* of the arts are being slowly driven towards the dynamicism of the creative cinema, which alone can be used to portray ultimately this contemporary phase of Western culture.

However, whatever joy the few may take in these portents of dynamic to-morrow, our concern must be the achievements of cinematic to-day, which are practically all to be found in that class of entertainment film, both dramatic and comic, which is interpreted by

professional actors. So let us begin by offering sincerest congratulations to everyone who helped to make "She Done Him Wrong."

A very interesting monograph might be written about national responses to different colours; the greens, yellows and scarlets of Mae West's personality took America by storm, and consecutively the intellectuals of Paris. Parisian literary gentlemen, who are "in the movement," have compared Mae West to every historical adornment of the theatre from Sarah Bernhardt to Mae West; while English audiences have reserved their enthusiasm for the slate greys of a Madeleine Carroll.

Mae West came to the screen this year first in a small rôle in "Night After Night"; and goodness had nothing to do with it, as the lady herself would say, because Hollywood selected the magnificent Mae only after she had hyperdynamised Broadway. To get the right *flair* in the universal colours of her first play, "Sex," Mae did a ten-day stretch on Welfare Island;

she estimates that the publicity was worth a million dollars. She followed "Sex" with "The Pleasure Man," "The Drag" and "Diamond Lil"; she wrote, cast, staged, directed and played star rôles in all these productions—but the police continued to look after her publicity, helping closing down one or two of her shows. Mae retaliated by writing a novel, published by the Macaulay Company of New York, which she called "Babe Gordon"; but for the second edition the publishers sponsored a title contest, and they chose "The Constant Sinner" from four thousand six hundred and seventy-three suggestions. Then "Diamond Lil" was issued in book form; and it was this story that was used for Mae's first starring picture, "She Done Him Wrong." In passing it might be mentioned that Mae has just finished a new book which she has called "How to Misbehave."

In some cinemas in America "She Done Him Wrong" has been rebooked as many as five times; unfortunately it is related that Mae refused to work on a percentage basis and insisted on a straight salary; she made about fifteen thousand dollars out of the picture, whereas she might have raked in about one hundred thousand.

The Parisian intelligentsia, by their warmly immediate acceptance of Mae, came near to justifying the mind-café-poem racket; for the real importance of entertainment talkies must lie in the sight-and-sound presentation of personalities. Of course the story is important, but it is better read unless it is "put over" by "performers"—that is by people who can stand unashamed in arc lights and give a thrilling audience-projection. Again, the much discussed art of cutting strips of film means nothing if the visual changes are simply from one Russian non-actor to another in a similar attitude, inspired by railway signals and signposts. But the worthwhile magic, the wonderful moments of movies are given us by such as Garbo and Dietrich. Consider even this year's shoddy "Song of Songs," in which the incomparable Marlene walks across a crowded station set, keeping our attention, like a hovering bee, in the midst of every distraction.

Without performers, both screen and stage turn to wretchedly sordid affairs in which busily ageing women are parted from fortunes, which they have worked so bitterly to separate from others, to keep themselves important for themselves, and in which character actors stretch out shaking hands for sticks of grease paint in order to gain two lines of print in a theatrical paper. Let the exhibitionists be happy if they can afford their pleasures, but do not let us be fooled into going into

their cinemas even if they have bought the work of the very best writers. In the cinema the play is most certainly not the thing; the cinema is a question of intensification and magnification, together with the magic of crystal-gazing.

Indeed this is not the first time that I have been entangled in this controversy with regard to the prime importance of personalities in the dramatic cinema; naturally it is a controversy which infuriates ardent cinéastes who like to think that *montage*, camera angles and trick lighting can build into importance any artists in any situations.

In the *Architectural Review* for January, 1933, I wrote:

"One day a bored film producer will make a talkie with a 'synthetic star.' The head of the star, for shots of medium size, will be supplied by one model, while eyes, nose and mouth, for large close-ups of revealing detail, will be the photographed features of famous beauties. Whenever the 'synthetic star' is shown in long shot, it will be contrived that her face is in dim light, or turned from the camera, or that she is



A B.I.F. Film.

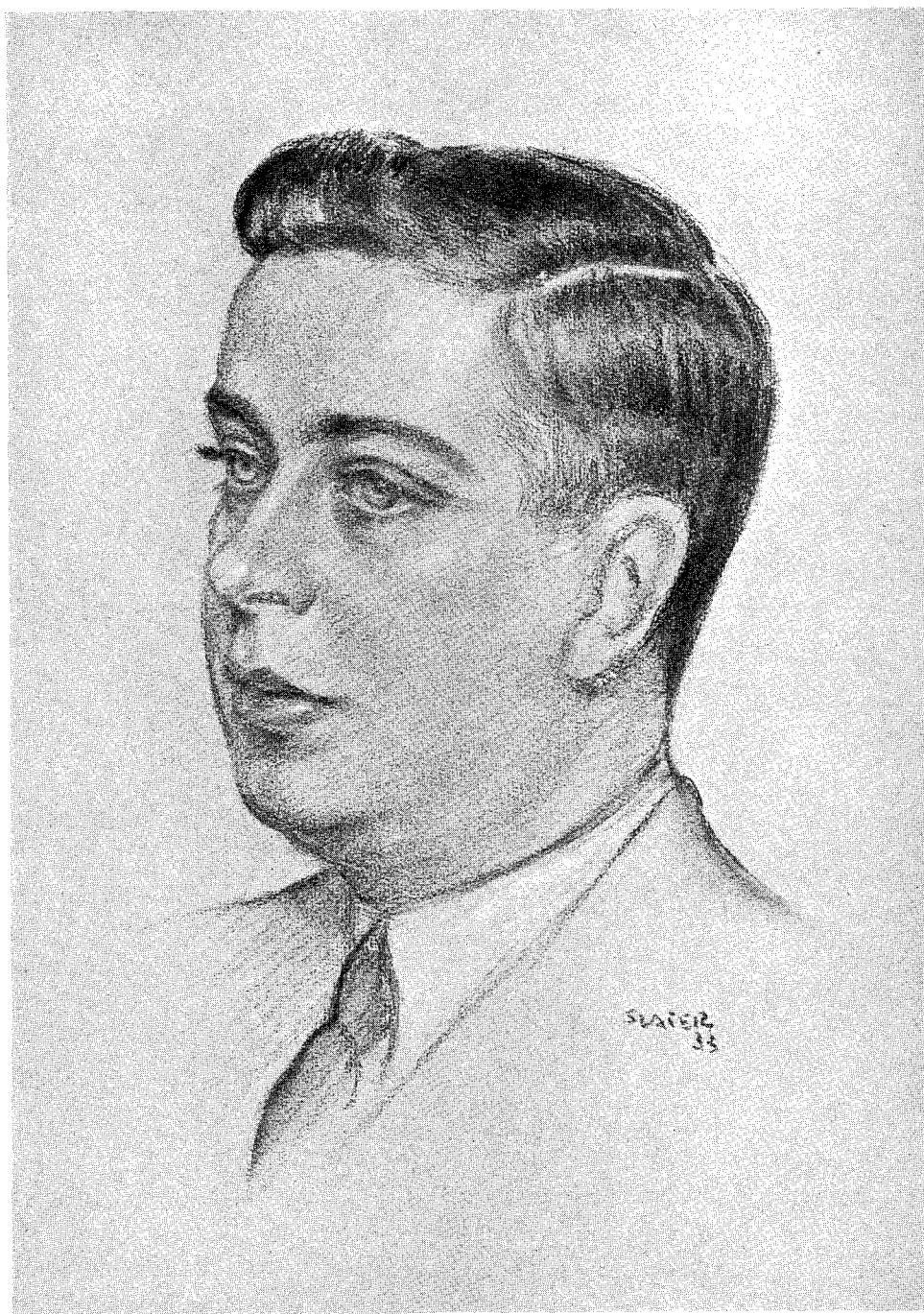
A Scene from "Contact."

merely walking away from the camera; on such occasions yet another lady, a dancer with distinguished grace, will pay her contribution to the myth. Legs and hands will be drawn from the most exquisite sources. The voice will be the enchanting one of a renowned *diseuse*. When the finished talkie has been mounted, such will be the skill of the cutter's scissors, it will appear that one lady is playing the entire rôle. Then, should the public hail the 'synthetic lady' as a great personality, as the most glamorous being the screen has ever known, it will have been conclusively proved that there is no such thing as film acting." But till such a searching test has been made, I shall continue to fly the banners for "She Done Him Wrong."

Our censor miserably snipped a lot of the West flavour from her first starring picture: yet what he did allow us of it still provided us with a hundred per cent. picture. Lowell Sherman, that splendid craftsman, has seen to it that the settings, with the beds of gilded swans, are slap in the best tradition of robustness; and the supporting artists, in the music-hall scenes, deserve many individual words of praise.

Competing with "She Done Him Wrong" for the year's first class honours was the Four Marx Brothers's "Horse Feathers"; all the joy of the *surréalistes* is in this picture, in which the brothers behave as everyman would like to behave were he not the victim of taboo. Some time ago I wrote in an article: "All the Freudian tricks of transference and such belong,

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



From a drawing by FRANK SLATER.

John van Druten's play, "The Distaff Side," in which Dame Sybil Thorndike is acting, has been one of the popular successes of 1933.

JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

without fuss, to the cinema. If a character is thinking intensely about somebody else, the person thought about may be shown quite simply in the room fulfilling some action actually to take place in the future. If a character deserves a special background, he may be dragged, in close-up, from his natural surroundings and placed against some future or ideal emanation of his spiritual significance." It is in these terms that the Four Brothers Marx understand cinema.

"International House," with W. C. Fields and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, was delightful because it was influenced by the Marx Brothers. Fields is shown in one shot leaving the Joyce's bedroom and pacing the balcony, while the Joyce's husband, in the house next door, takes fevered shots at him. "Ah!" cries Fields in disgust to his would-be murderer, "you can't hit a moving target, eh?" George M. Cohan's "The Phantom President" also has a lot of real fantasy of the Marx brand.

Both these pictures came from Paramount, who certainly can reach for the laurels on recommendation of their year's releases. Their "Night of June 13" was the best propaganda picture that I have ever seen.

It told the story of a man on trial for the alleged murder of his wife; several of the neighbours could have cleared him, but they had their own petty reasons for not doing so. The punch of the picture was enough to induce the right-minded spectator to rush from the cinema, buy a bomb and blow up the first section of suffering humanity which he encountered—after all, it is a mistake to blow up the people who are having a good time!

Among the year's others of merit were: "Contact," the air travelogue by Paul Rotha, the brilliant designer; "The Crime of the Century," which broke its ingenious plot for five minutes to allow the expert to spot the guilty; "The Penguin Pool Mystery," which starred Edna May Oliver; "Make Me a Star," which played some tricks with the neglected sound-recording apparatus; "Under Cover Man," which whipped up excitement; "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing-Sing," which was a handkerchief melo; "Rome Express," which was quite good for England; and there were wise-cracks from James Cagney and Lee Tracy; and Lionel Barrymore continued to exhibit the simple faith that he has only to put on a property beard to play a part "in character"!

MUSIC IN ENGLAND

By Basil Maine

Basil Maine is known variously as the music critic of the *Spectator*, as the author of the definitive work on Elgar, as a broadcaster who has given over one hundred talks on music, as a novelist, as a lecturer, or as the "creator" of the rôles of "The Orator" in Arthur Bliss's choral symphony, "Morning Heroes," and "The Narrator" in Honegger's "King David."

* * * * *

A SURVEY of even so little as one year of music in England is as formidable a task as a contribution to the "In My Time" series, so thick and fast has been the procession of events. And when, because of a loss by fire, the Editor required from me a second article on the year's music, I was appalled by the prospect. For, after having written the first article, I felt that I was entitled to forget 1933 and its music, like a general who, having put down one rebellion, feels that it is time to press on to the next encounter in the campaign. Especially as the year 1934 promises to put London in the centre of the world of music, and English music appears to be coming into its own.

Impatiently then I turn again to the past or, rather, to my diary wherein are a few notes to help me to recall some of that multitude of notes which have gone to constitute the year's music. Nineteen thirty-three began with a two weeks' season of Winter Promenade concerts, which in spite of misgiving, proved as popular a success as the summer series. The programmes followed familiar lines, except for the introduction of a Handel concert at which the famous Sheffield Musical Union sang choruses from "Messiah" and also from a number of operas such as "Rinaldo," "Lothario" and "Atalanta." The concert also enabled Londoners to pay tribute to that veteran choir-trainer, Sir Henry Coward, who conducted his chorus in the operatic excerpts.

The event of February was the production of Vaughan Williams's Pianoforte Concerto at a B.B.C. Symphony Concert with Harriet Cohen as soloist. It is possible that I was at fault in expecting something quite different,

something with the grandeur and nobility that the Tallis Fantasia and "Job" (in different ways) express. The fact remains that I was disappointed in the concerto, in spite of Miss Cohen's zeal and integrity in her interpretation of the solo part. And a second hearing of the work during the Summer Promenade Season did but confirm this impression, especially with regard to the first movement.

The visit of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra about this time enabled us once again to revise our standards of orchestral playing. When this famous body first visited England, the public was surprised and shocked to find how far behind the English orchestras had been left. Since then London has formed two orchestras which can take their places in the first rank; so that this time we were not wholly unprepared for the excellence of the Berlin players. Nevertheless, under Furtwängler, their ensemble, their beautiful technique, their musicianship, again excited the highest admiration. But Furtwängler's readings met with little agreement: between him and the majority of London critics there is incompatibility of temperament. Except when he plays Tchaikovsky.

As for the actual playing, I would not undertake to say that the B.B.C. Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Orchestra are a little better than the Berlin Orchestra, or not quite so good. At one period there was a danger of the B.B.C. Orchestra being overworked; but its general level is very high, and now the London Symphony Orchestra has been called in to give some of the B.B.C. studio concerts. As for the L.P.O., it always shows itself to be a fine and sensitive instrument

whenever Sir Thomas Beecham is in charge. How then can the three bodies be compared? When I was in America two years ago, I was invited to hear the Boston, Philadelphia and New York orchestras on three successive days and then was interviewed and asked to place them in order of merit. What I said of those three, I say of these three orchestras—they are in the same class while manifesting different qualities. Let those who wish to settle the point by a system of points and goal averages, go about it in their own way.

On February 17 an important work was added to the repertory of English chamber music—Arthur Bliss's Clarinet Quintet. It was given its first performance by the Kutcher String Quartet and Frederick Thurston. The work, I find, is a more comprehensive conception than the composer's Oboe Quintet. Compare the last movements of each for instance. There is no entertaining "Solo Dance" for clarinet as there is for oboe. The finale of the Clarinet Quintet goes deeper. And the same is true of the score as a whole. The conflict and self-dividing of Bliss's earlier period have been left behind. This is a seemingly effortless composition, full of music's natural beauty. Towards the end of the year Bliss has added yet another to his list of chamber works, a sonata for viola and pianoforte. (Incidentally, chiefly as a result of Lionel Tertis's fine achievement as a viola player, an increasing number of works have lately been written for this instrument by English composers.) Meanwhile, Bliss's largest (and I think, finest) work, the choral symphony, "Morning Heroes," is gradually gaining ground. It is regarded by many choral societies as a work by which their attainment may be judged. Among those whose enterprise has led to a successful performance of this work are the Norwich Philharmonic, the City of Birmingham Choir and the Bristol Choral Society. The B.B.C. also gave it for its Armistice week concert and part of the work has been given at Bournemouth and at the Three Choirs Festival at Hereford.

The mention of this last event excuses a departure from a strict chronological order. This year the Meeting (the two hundred and thirteenth) was held in the most agreeable of the Three Choirs' towns. It is always the custom for the Cathedral organist to undertake the main burden of conducting, and it was Dr. Percy Hull's misfortune to be checked by severe illness in the preparation for this festival. Spite of this, however, he bore the weight of his responsibilities with great courage and secured admirable performances of "Elijah," the B minor Mass and Brahms's "Requiem."

The fact that the Mass raised questions and controversies indicates that Dr. Hull is not content to play for safety. But there was no doubt about the vitality of his interpretations. Sir Edward Elgar conducted beautiful performances of his "Gerontius" and "The Kingdom." Among the works specially composed for the Meeting were Dr. George Dyson's "Voyage of St. Paul to Melita" and Dr. Martin Shaw's "Sursum

Corda," the words of which were specially written by Laurence Binyon. The latter work impressed me by its straightforward and agreeable vocal writing. One other memory of this Festival remains: Sir Edward Elgar and Bernard Shaw disagreeing as to Mendelssohn's powers of orchestration and debating the point over a cup of tea and a full score of "Elijah," while a few of us sat round in a pleasant Hereford garden.

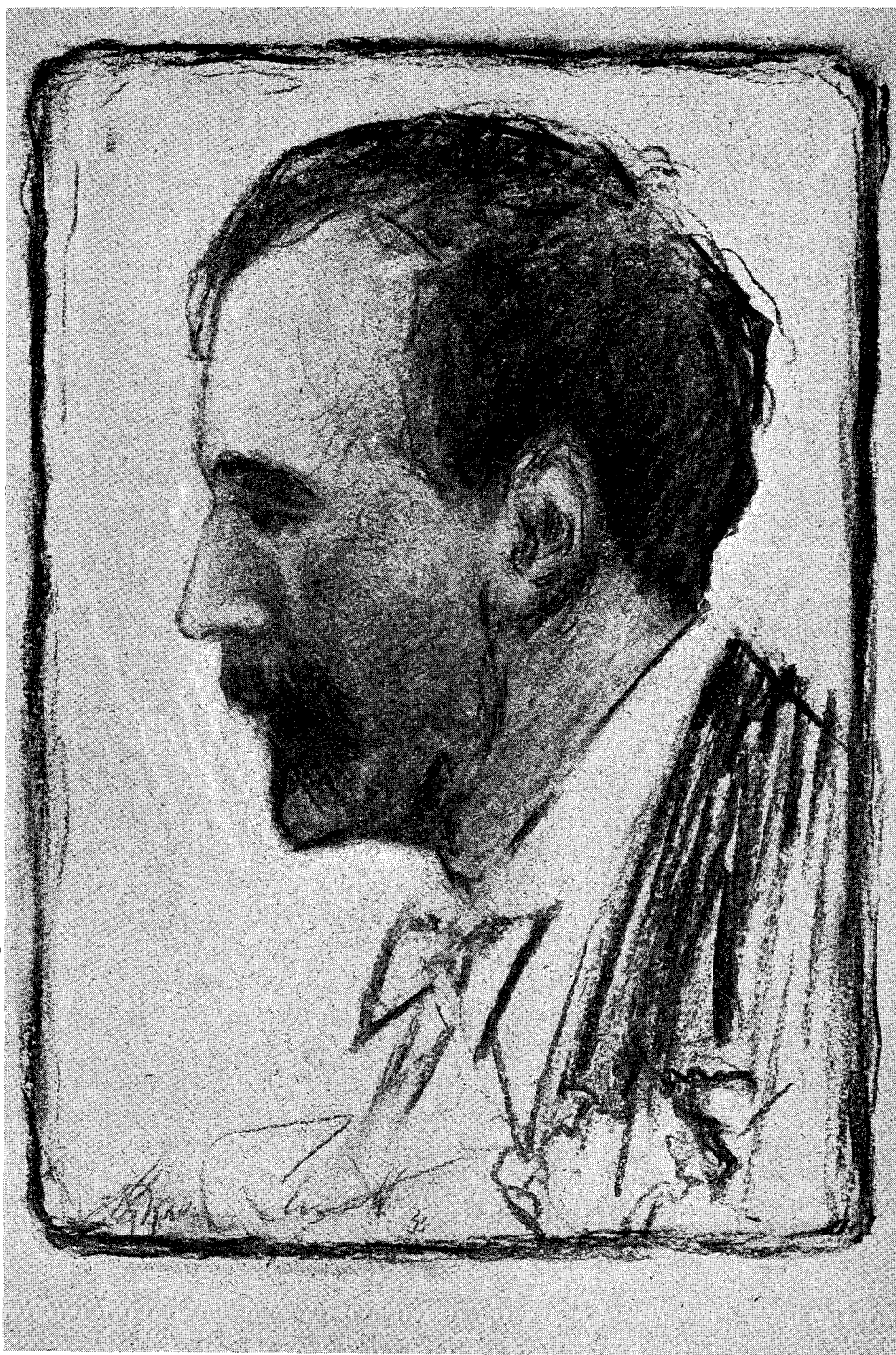
With the rest of the main events I must deal in summary fashion. The Covent Garden Opera Season need not detain us, except to plead for better management if ever another season is given. The Covent Garden public is shamefully treated by those who profess to cater for it. And I am not thinking only of the stage-productions. For instance, those parts of the auditorium which are occupied by the less wealthy and more enthusiastic section of the public are a disgrace—a matter for great surprise when one considers the names of those who serve on the Syndicate and the progressive ideas for which they stand.

The Summer Promenade Season was an even greater personal triumph for Sir Henry Wood than usual. After a serious illness he carried through the arduous programmes with a spirit which cannot but be admired, and then went immediately on to the Sheffield Festival (revived after twenty-two years) and there conducted Mahler's colossal Eighth Symphony in which the Sheffield Choir lived up to tradition. At this concert, the chorus-master, Dr. J. F. Staton, conducted the Choir (and the London Philharmonic Orchestra) in the finest performance of Kodaly's "Hungarian Psalm" that I have ever heard.

At the beginning of autumn, opera and talk of opera were much in the air. A newly-formed company, the Metropolitan, having given a Wagner Festival at Streatham Hill and Golder's Green, started out for the provinces, met with difficulties, modified its Wagnerian policy and, living from hand to mouth, bravely persevered. The Vic-Wells Opera Company opened its season with as good a "La Bohème" as I have heard anywhere. Albert Coates was conductor. Since then Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow Maiden" has been re-introduced from last season, and the same composer's "Tsar Saltan" has been added to the repertory and enthusiastically welcomed. Ballet, too, flourishes at these theatres, as it has also done at the Alhambra, where Massine has added to his fame by dancing his company through two symphonies, Tchaikovsky's Fifth and Brahms's Fourth. In the latter case, the choice of music was difficult to understand. To any other symphony the ballet would have run as fleet.

The year then has been a miscellany of experiences which have left one with no very definite sense of direction. This however is clear: English composers, knowing they have in the B.B.C. a willing and not impecunious godparent, have never since 1920 been more creative and to greater purpose.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**

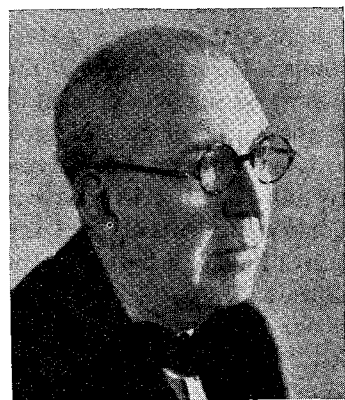


By HOWARD SMITH.

SIR HENRY WOOD.

ART CRITICISM OF THE YEAR

By Frank Rutter



Frank Rutter.
Photo by Hugh Marr.

Mr. Frank Rutter, who reviews the best art books in 1933, has had an unusually wide and varied art experience. He has been art critic of the *Sunday Times* continuously since 1903; in 1905 he raised the French Impressionist Fund which presented Boudin's "Port of Trouville" to the National Gallery; he was Curator of the Leeds Art Gallery from 1912 to 1917; he was the founder, and for many years the chief organiser of the Allied Artists' Association, which used to hold exhibitions in the Royal Albert Hall and later at the Grafton Galleries; and after the War he founded and edited, in conjunction with Osbert Sitwell, a quarterly entitled *Art and Letters*, which may one day be regarded as the Yellow Book of the twentieth century.

Books by Frank Rutter include serious studies of such old masters as "El Greco" and "Richard Wilson," a judicial history of the modern movement, entitled "Evolution in Modern Art," a very popular book on "The Poetry of Architecture," and two volumes of reminiscences, "Since I Was Twenty-five," and his new book, "Art in My Time."

* * * * *

WHETHER it be due to the general economic condition or to other causes, there has been a great falling off in both the quantity and the quality of the art books published during the past year. There has been a fairly normal output of the usual small monographs "How to do" this or that; but these are of little interest to any but very elementary students, and the supply of volumes with any real importance has been exceedingly meagre.

As regards excellence of illustration and fine production generally, there has been nothing better than Dr. Thomas Bodkin's "Hugh Lane and His Pictures," published for the Government of the Irish Free State by the Pegasus Press. This deals principally with the thirty-nine Continental paintings of the Lane Bequest—now at the Tate Gallery—all of which are superbly reproduced as full-page plates. Dr. Bodkin's text includes a biography and appreciation of Sir Hugh Lane, but in the main presents a formidable array of evidence showing that Dublin, rather than London, has a moral, if not a legal, right to these pictures. It is ancient history now that, owing to a technical illegality in the codicil to his last will, the British Government has retained these pictures, but nearly everybody who enjoyed the friendship of Lane—as the present writer did—is convinced that his intention was that these pictures should be added to the magnificent collection of modern art in Dublin which it was his chief life-work to accumulate. The will made by Lane leaving these pictures to the British National Gallery was never regarded by Lane—or by his most intimate friends—as anything more than a threat, a lever by which to move the Dublin municipality to build the kind of art gallery which Lane justly thought his collection deserved. It is a thousand pities that the moral and artistic issue is obscured by political strife, and every lover of justice must hope that these supremely fine examples of Manet, Renoir and other French masters will eventually be restored to the country to which they rightly belong.

Dr. Bodkin's book is in a class by itself this year, and has no real competitor as regards size, scope of

illustration and splendour of format. Unfortunately it is not available for the ordinary reader, and a smaller and cheaper edition might be useful propaganda.

Of other art books, three in particular deserve special attention, one dealing with the short but intensely romantic life of a modern artist, one with the philosophy of the extreme modernist movement, while the last deals in a most illuminating manner with the technique of ancient Greek sculpture.

- "Hugh Lane and His Pictures." By Thos. Bodkin.
- "Henri Gaudier-Brzeska." By Horace Brodzky.
- "Art Now." By Herbert Read.
- "The Technique of Early Greek Sculpture." By Stanley Casson.
- "Artists at Work." Edited by Stanley Casson.

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska was killed in action at the age of twenty-three, but his work at the Victoria and Albert Museum and at the Tate Gallery remains to prove that he was one of the most remarkable and highly gifted sculptors of his time. His intimate friend, Mr. Horace Brodzky, has written an excellent critical biography, shrewdly distinguishing between what in Gaudier's work was merely of ephemeral experimental interest and what is of permanent value. He gives us a most vivid and understanding portrait of the artist's personality, and relates the vicissitudes of a short career crammed full with hardships, utter poverty, privation and romance. Born of the French artisan class, Gaudier, a penniless youth of eighteen, was contemplating suicide when he met in Paris a Polish lady of good family, twenty years his senior, in a similar desperate condition. Mutually attracted, though not in the usual way, they decided to join their fortunes, or lack of them, and adopt each other as brother and sister. Henri Gaudier became H. Gaudier-Brzeska; Sophia Brzeska became Miss Gaudier-Brzeska. This strange couple came to London in January, 1912, and in little over two years Gaudier won fame, though not fortune. Till he was killed in 1915, few of Gaudier's London friends knew that the devoted woman who mothered him was not really his sister. She only survived him a very few years. This is the dramatic story which Mr. Brodzky relates in his deeply interesting book.

Mr. Herbert Read's "Art Now" is difficult because the author approaches his subject by way of Continental metaphysics and psychoanalysis, and too many of his pages are obscured by a sesquipedalian jargon

unintelligible outside a class-room for specialists. For example :

"Parallel to this line of approach, and on the principle that ontogenesis repeats phylogenesis . . ."

It would have been kinder, and certainly better English, to have written "that the evolution of the individual repeats the evolution of the species."

When Mr. Read comes out of the clouds and discusses particular artists he is often most helpful and illuminating. He is happily inspired when writing of Gauguin, of Munch the Norwegian, and many others ; but his theorising sorely tries our patience and rarely gets us any further. The bankruptcy of his efforts to justify *surréalisme* and other strange forms of abstract art, is patent in the following passage :

"An increasing number of people find in certain works of art, which in the strict sense have no æsthetic appeal, a certain satisfaction which is neither intellectual nor sensational, but which must therefore be subconscious."

How we become conscious of a subconscious satisfaction is not explained. An alternative theory is that this "certain satisfaction" has no more real existence than the new clothes of Hans Andersen's Emperor. Mr. Read's book is generously illustrated with a profusion of photographs of good, indifferent and thoroughly bad paintings and sculptures.

It may be doubted whether a metaphysical explanation of art ever leads anywhere, a far more helpful and reliable guide to art-appreciation is to consider paintings and sculpture either as decoration or craftsmanship. It is the latter aspect that Mr. Stanley Casson deals

with in his erudite but deeply fascinating book on "The Technique of Early Greek Sculpture." His line of research has been to learn the methods in order to appreciate the aims of sculptors, and he makes a close investigation into their tools. He shows how the introduction of a new tool reacts on the development of a style ; how by tracing the effect of certain tools antique sculptures can be dated with reasonable certainty. Well and efficiently illustrated, this book can be strongly commended not only to students of Greek art, but to every reader who desires to gain a better understanding of the craft of sculpture.

Mr. Casson unhappily is far less successful in his volume of dialogues entitled "Artists at Work," but that is not so much his fault as that of some of his interlocutors. Mr. Albert Rutherston is his "star turn," whose remarks on painting are at once eminently sound, frequently witty and always instructive. Mr. Rushbury is also helpful and enlightening in his talk on etching and engraving. But in the dialogue on sculpture with Mr. Dobson, we are simply suffocated by jets of hot air. It is pretty bewildering when Mr. Dobson expounds his gospel :

"Take one or more shapes—say, an egg and a match-box—and place them together in relation as things in three dimensions. If these forms, even the egg and the matchbox, are so arranged and assembled that they produce beauty—and by that I don't mean physical beauty—then that result is sculpture."

This is bad enough, but it is still more staggering when to this effusion Mr. Casson replies : "Yes, I see."

THE BEST BOOKS ON RELIGION

By Rev. R. Birch Hoyle

The Rev. R. Birch Hoyle has been included by an informed critic in the first half-dozen modern theologians, owing to his wide knowledge of contemporary theology and philosophy. His chief studies have been on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, on which doctrine he contributed the monumental article to Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." His recent book, "The Teaching of Karl Barth," was regarded as the pioneer work that gave the proper perspective for an English understanding of the most influential Protestant teacher in Europe to-day.

* * * * *

"RELIGION is the relation of man to God, as revelation is the relation of God to man" is Dr. Garvie's statement of the twofold relation implied in the word "religion" ("The Christian Belief in God," p. 31). This quotation is useful as a guide in the embarrassing task of selecting the six best books of 1933 on this topic. If Dr. Garvie had more fully stated his own views, instead of supplying so copiously the views of so many other theologians (allowable, since he was compiling a textbook), his own book might have headed this list. That place we assign to the late Dr. Söderblom's Gifford Lectures. The chief reason for this preference is the historical survey of religion which starts with primitive man's training in religion, and passes on to the methods of *Yoga*, devotion, and introspection in early Indian religions, and by way of Buddhism, with its "devotion" (*Bhakti*), proceeds

to the moral fight against evil in Zarathustra, and Socrates, till religion culminates in revelation in Jewish history and in Jesus Christ. Combined with wide learning there is the *élan vital* of a soul "very sure of God," and this lends distinction to the Swedish savant's book.

With the American professor, Dr. Lyman, we start with the psychological analysis of religious experience as it "functions creatively in personal and social life," and its "notes" are a sense of friendship with God, marked by inner power, increasing insight and in-

tegrity of personality, and a perennial attitude of wonder. The emphasis is laid upon man's growing awareness of God, and religious knowledge is examined and compared with scientific methods of inquiry. The values, goodness, truth and beauty (to which Dr. Garvie would add utility) are "intuited," but are then tested by reason so as to explore the rational grounds for religious

"The Living God." By Archbishop Söderblom.

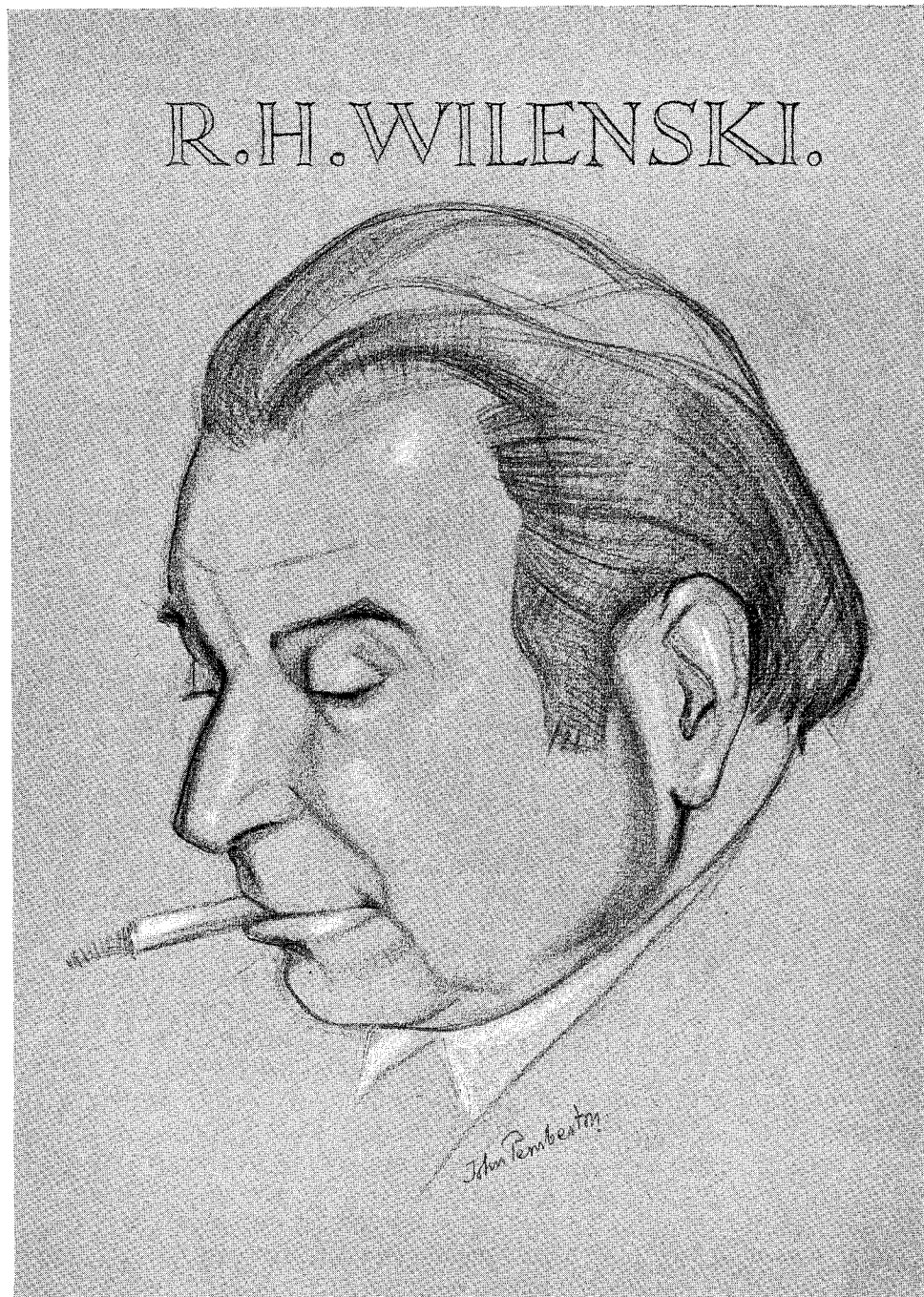
"The Meaning and Truth of Religion." By Eugene W. Lyman.

"The Epistle to the Romans." By K. Barth. Translated by Sir Edwyn C. Hoskyns.

"The Person of Christ." By L. W. Grensted.

"Christ in the Silence." By C. F. Andrews.

"Can Christ Save Society?" By A. E. Garvie.



From a pastel by JOHN PEMBERTON.

This provocative art-critic
has just published a book
on "English Painting."

R. H. WILENSKI.

beliefs. Naturalism, Pantheism, Theism are examined in turn in the light of the latest views of the universe, as interpreted by science and evolutionary theory. Man and his ideals, as he faces the universe, are described, and this leads to the view of God as both within and beyond the universe, "working out His purpose" to create "the Beloved Community" where love is supreme. The defect in the book is that so little stress is laid upon the Divine coming, in revelation to man.

The famous book by Professor Karl Barth, which "dropped like a bomb-shell on the playground of theologians" (to quote an eminent Jesuit divine), has been faithfully translated into English. This series of meditations (it is not a commentary in the usual sense of the term) stresses the absoluteness and transcendence of God, and the inability of man to know God unless God "reveal Himself" to man. And even that revelation is broken, owing to man's sinfulness: he knows "only in part," the "Perfect" never being seen in this world of space and time. The trenchant language of Dr. Barth pierces all human self-esteem and cows the spirit of man until it sees that its sole hope is in God's grace manifested in and through judgment. As a prophetic voice, and as a thoroughly disturbing reminder that man is not as God, along with fearless application of Pauline thought to the world's present unrest, this English version stands forth conspicuously as *the* book on Biblical knowledge this year.

With Professor Grensted we are on earth again, and inside the Christian conventicle. Here an accomplished theologian and psychologist seeks to explore the mystery of the Person of Christ as revealed to Christian experience. The angle of approach to his theme is put thus:—"We assume that the Christian experience, as here defined, involves living and personal surrender (to Christ). What must be said of the Christ, who has made such a surrender possible and triumphantly self-vindicating in its results?" This echoes the hymn:

"The Love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones knew."

But the argument passes from description of the first century Christians' experience of Christ, to the repeated experience of Christ made by Christians in all the succeeding generations, and from this religious testimony infers the divinity of Christ. Psychological scrutiny of that united experience is blended with a thorough knowledge of modern philosophy, but Jesus is "above our heads," for *His* experience "passes

knowledge" and bows the converted soul into worship. The book is notable not only for the profound and reverent attempt to penetrate into the "mystery of God, manifest in flesh," but as an expression of the influence of the Oxford Group Movement—the leading religious event of the year—upon the theologian. In Christ there is "creative forgiveness," and God's revealing work is the central core of Christianity.

Mr. C. F. Andrews's book, like the previous one, deals with the Christian experience of the Saviour. Here we meet with the devotion of the lover whom Christ has won, and the intimate colloquies of the Beloved speaking through the Upper Room talks as given in John xiv-xvii. The religious spirit is displayed before us with a singular purity and a marvellous range of interest. The genius for friendship which distinguishes Mr. Andrews is traced to the new, loving vision of mankind which has come to him "in the silence" of the "inner chamber" where Christ has been revealed as living, bright Reality,

"More real to faith's vision keen,
Than any earthly object seen;
More real, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the closest, earthly tie."

Apart from the intensity of religious experience which makes the book so valuable, there is a style that of itself can charm and convince, so transparent is it in its sincerity and gladness. He avows that

"The inward certainty of the spiritual presence of Christ in my own life cannot possibly be put down to imagination, for it has gone deeper into character itself and changed my whole nature. Without it I should be a different person to-day."

Dr. Garvie's challenging title raises the question whether the spirit of Jesus Christ can create a soul within the vast corporate bodies, such as combines, nations and races, comparable with His power, as with Mr. Andrews's and Professor Grensted's themes, to "change" the nature of individuals. The complex factors operating in the worlds of industry, politics, and international relationships are acutely analysed, and the challenge they present to the chances to develop human beings to their best and highest estate is forcibly, even passionately stated. By contrast, the Christian ideal and the way the Christian conscience may be quickened, so that it may moralise and Christianise institutions, are effectively presented. The goal, then, of religion is seen to be "a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

* * * * *

With this article the review of 1933 concludes, but on subsequent pages will be found the usual "Brief Chronicles" of the month, which have become so widely discussed a feature of the monthly BOOKMAN that I feel they should not be omitted from this larger and more general number.

After the Brief Chronicles comes a Miscellany containing a short story by T. F. Powys, an article for travellers by Wyndham Lewis, a discussion of a Brontë problem by one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, a poet's opinion of critics, a publisher's opinion of booksellers, and many other matters.

And, at this point, the Editor may retire.

H. R. W.

Brief Chronicles : Art

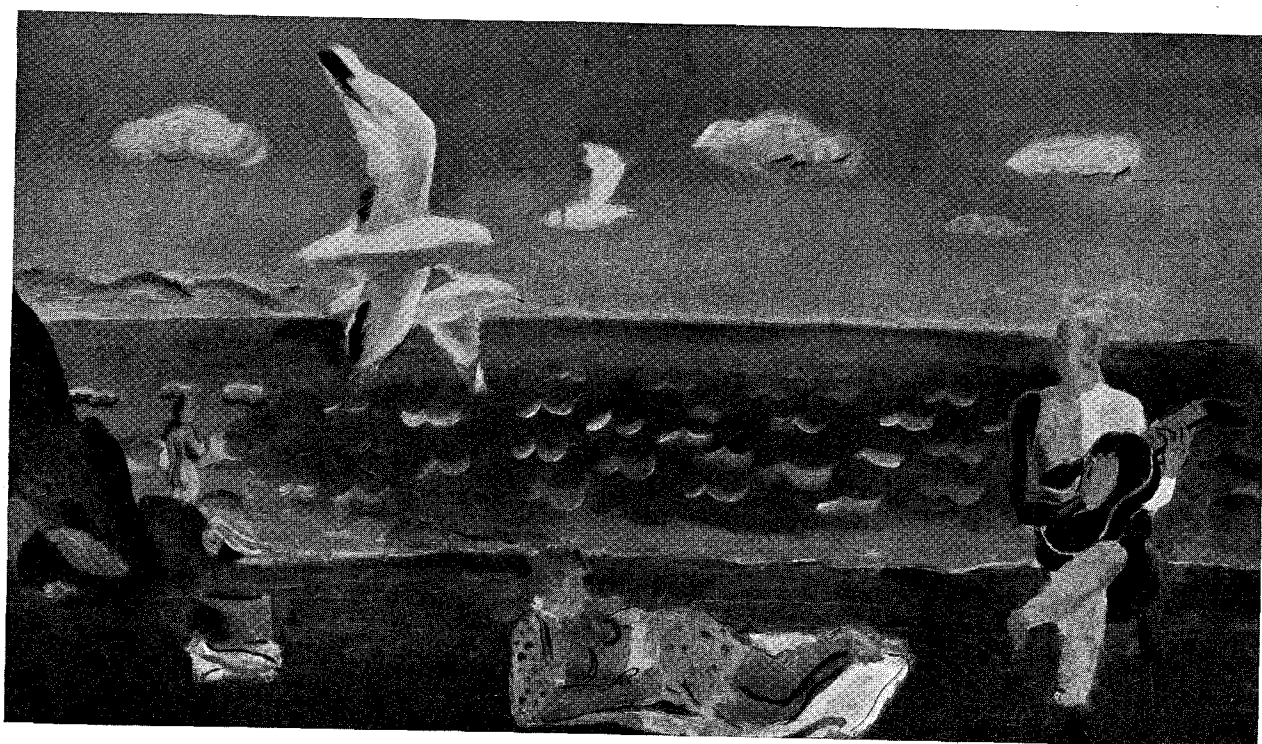
"CHILDISHNESS" IN CONTEMPORARY ART

By Geoffrey Grigson

AN exhibition of paintings by Mr. Victor Pasmore, which has just been held at the Cooling Galleries, exemplifies very well what has been one of the essentials of the art of our time. Whether good or bad in themselves, there was about some of these paintings a *naïveté* of vision, a simple, childlike and charming quality. This has been well called painting with the innocent eye; and it was just because the painter's eye had become vicious and muddy instead of innocent, that painting sank so far into academic and popular dullness during the last century. Not only the outward but the inward eye must be innocent. Appearance must

must have influenced Klee powerfully, I imagine, as well as many others; and for his own purposes he has emphasised and strengthened his childlike vision, controlling it in a witty, intellectual manner. Deliberately Klee has remained the child-artist. Others, starting from much the same place, have retained the innocent eye, employing it for ends far more deeply and strongly emotional.

The point I wish to make is this only—that recovery of the innocent eye, not just for its own sake, was essential if art was to recover from being an academic, imitative and distracting form of make-believe. The academic artist sees a cow and paints it as that cow.



"Seashore," by Victor Pasmore.

Exhibited at the Cooling Galleries.

be innocently apprehended, as well as all that hides within appearance. This innocent quality belongs to much folk art and to primitive art (though the latter is usually more organically vital, produced more by the inner vision).

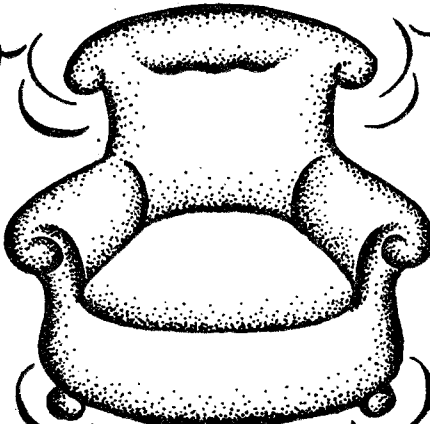
In our time therefore painters, in rediscovering the need and value of imaginative innocence, have been much encouraged by studying those kinds of art which the intellectually superior, who feed on the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, call "uncivilised," "crude" or "childish." The German, Paul Klee (whose first English exhibition opens in London on January 17th), has found self-encouragement in this way to an extreme degree. The deeper vitalities of primitive art, the direct charm of German folk-paintings, the clear colours and unfamiliar yet organic shapes found in much of the art of American Indians—these, among other elements, such as the influence of Matisse, have gone to the making of his own style and vision. The paintings of Rousseau

The innocent artist sees a cow and paints it as cow, a cow shape which belongs to his picture. It may be a Jersey, a Red Devon or a Black Angus, but its colour only interests him, not as part of the verisimilitude of a landscape, but as an element in his picture. He has no interest in making the cow so cow-like that the farmer's wife would be prepared to milk it; which would be dull, and in the intellectual sense truly childish. There can be no doubt that this recovery of clear vision answered a deep need of our time, and that it has been most valuable.

It has not of course always taken, or at least, as I have said, preserved a childlike form. Rousseau and Matisse, or the conscious-child Klee and Picasso are far apart from each other, though all have seen as innocently.*

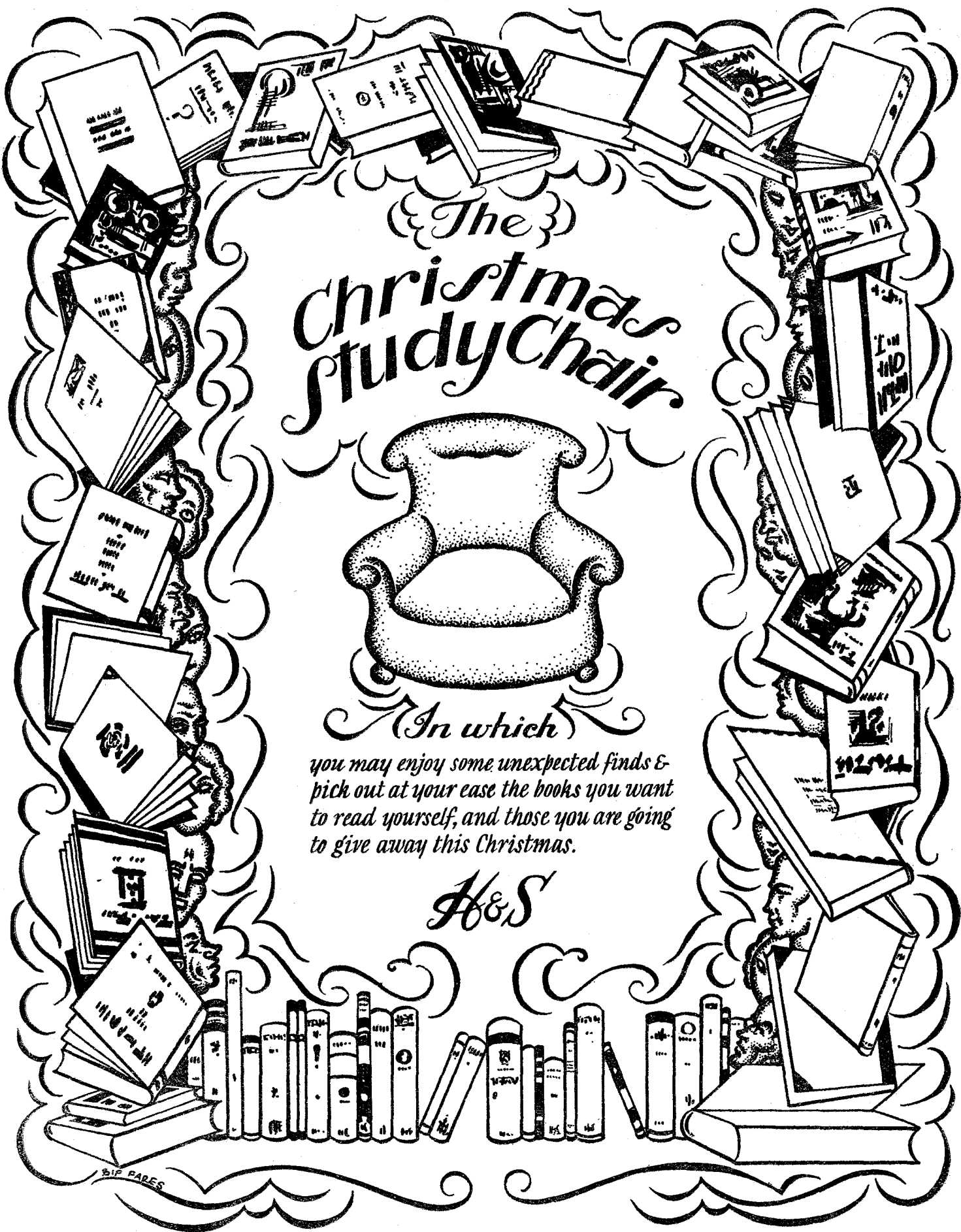
* What appears to be an independent and clinching development of the same inevitable type of vision can be seen in the delicious paintings of Yasuo Kuniyoshi, a Japanese artist brought up in America. (See "Yasuo Kuniyoshi," by William Murrell (1922) and "Modern American Painters," by S. M. Kootz (1930).)

{The}
**Christmas
Study Chair**



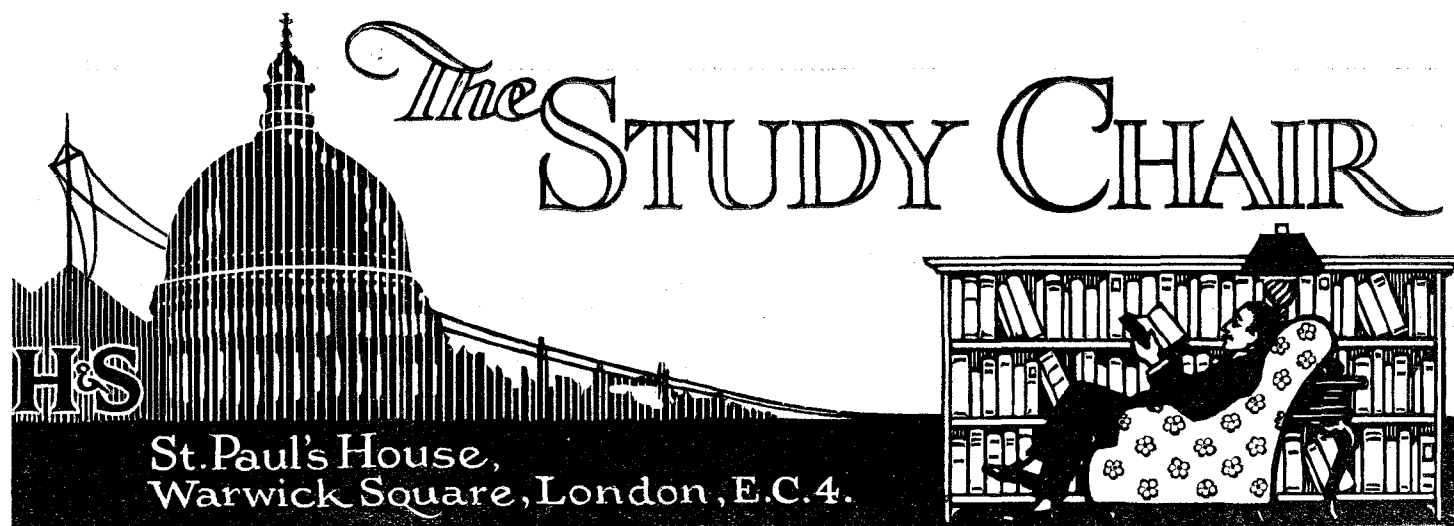
In which
*you may enjoy some unexpected finds &
pick out at your ease the books you want
to read yourself, and those you are going
to give away this Christmas.*

H&S



To the reader (This means you). Please do not be alarmed by the time-table effect on this page and on page 11. Both pages are set out to show you as concisely as possible the most famous series which are published under our imprint. They are all books of proved worth. They are always (or very nearly always!) stocked by our good friends, the booksellers. Are you quite sure that your special selections are on your library shelves?

Price	Religious	General	Fiction
8/6	THE MOFFATT NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY Matthew. By T. H. Robinson, D.D. Luke. By W. Manson, D.D. John. By G. H. C. Macgregor, D.D. Acts of the Apostles. By F. J. Foakes-Jackson, D.D. Romans. By C. H. Dodd, D.D. Philippians. By J. Hugh Michael, D.D. The General Epistles. By James Moffatt, D.D. Colossians, Philemon and Ephesians. By E. F. Scott, D.D. Hebrews. By T. H. Robinson, D.D. <i>(Other volumes in preparation)</i>	See the Outline of Religion for Children on page 8	
7/6	ARTHUR MEE Arthur Mee's Story Book. Arthur Mee's John Bunyan. The Children's Hour. Arthur Mee's Book of Everlasting Things. Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare. Little Treasure Island. (2 vols.) Arthur Mee's Hero Book. Arthur Mee's Golden Year. Arthur Mee's Wonderful Day. Arthur Mee's Children's Bible. One Thousand Beautiful Things.	REAL ADVENTURE My Mystery Ships. By Admiral Gordon Campbell. Sailormen All. By Admiral Gordon Campbell. Endless Story. By Captain Taprell Dorling (Taffrail) In Quest of the Sun. By Alain Gerbault. Portrait of a Chinese Lady. By Lady Hosie. Fear, and Be Slain. By General Seely. For Ever England. By General Seely. Smoke on the Horizon. By Admiral Usborne.	OMNIBUS BOOKS The Four Adventures of Richard Hannay. By John Buchan. Dr. Thorndyke's Case Book. By R. Austin Freeman. The Night Watchman Omnibus. By W. W. Jacobs. Having Fun. By Denis Mackail. The Hanaud Omnibus: Inspector Hanaud's Investigations. By A. E. W. Mason. The Four Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. The Oppenheim Secret Service Omnibus. The Oppenheim Omnibus—Forty-One Stories. The War Stories of Sapper. Four Rounds of Bull-Dog Drummond. By Sapper. The Best of O. Henry. Selected by Sapper. More O. Henry. Introduced by Jas. Hilton.
5/-	<i>for Christmas</i> PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham, 2/- and 10/6 net. Re-told by May Byron for Little People, with pictures by Arthur Rackham, 2/6 net. PETER PAN AND WENDY Illustrated in colour by Mabel Lucie Attwell, 10/6 net. Re-told by May Byron for Boys and Girls, with pictures by Mabel Lucie Attwell, 6/- net. Re-told by May Byron for Little People, with pictures by Mabel Lucie Attwell, 2/6 net. In Hodder and Stoughton's Yellow Jacket Library, 2/- net. THE NURSERY PETER PAN Illustrated by Kathleen Atkins, 1/- net.	LIFE AND LEISURE The Leisure of an Egyptian Official. By Lord Edward Cecil. The Charm of Birds. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. The Vanished Poms of Yesterday. By Lord Frederic Hamilton. The Days Before Yesterday. By Lord Frederic Hamilton. Here, There and Everywhere. By Lord Frederic Hamilton. Romantic Cheshire. By J. Cuming Walters. Wanderings in Anglo-Saxon Britain. By Arthur Weigall.	<i>for Christmas</i> MORE O. HENRY 100 more of the Master's best stories Introduced by JAMES HILTON <i>The Present which will please everybody</i> 1,128 pages. 7/6 net
3/6	MORRISON OF WELLINGTON The Ever Open Door; The Wind on the Heath; Highways of the Heart; The Gateways of the Stars; Flood-Tide; The Footsteps of the Flock.	By LORD DARLING A new volume after the style of A Pensioner's Garden entitled AUTUMNAL LEAVES 5/- net	A. E. W. MASON Uniform Pocket Edition. Leather, 5/- net each IAN HAY Uniform Pocket Edition. Leather, 5/- net each POPULAR NOVELS 255 titles to choose from. Books by John Buchan, O. Douglas, R. Austin Freeman, A. E. W. Mason, Joseph Hocking, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Sapper, Margaret Pedler, Dornford Yates, etc.



No. 36

DECEMBER

1933

The Wheel Has Come Full Circle

Forget your turkey and crystallized fruits for a moment; forget your aunts and uncles and cousins and connections, and just take your ease with me for a while. I can take you to a land of many colours and mighty deeds. I know the way. I will tell you what sort of country to expect. If you do not like the sound of it, stay behind and come on the next excursion. The sun shines on them all.

But, first of all, a word about the new factor in this world of ours, which has been reflected so strongly in the books of 1933. The wheel has come full circle and is once again taking us upwards in a spiritual revival. It is no longer a question of "Are we or aren't we?" It is a fact. The pseudo-modern with his witty cynical pose of atheism is hopelessly out-of-date. His topsy-turvy heyday was yesterday. For instance, the best seller to-day is the book of a spiritual revival movement, the Oxford Groups, who are already active in forty-two countries, have helped to fill the churches in South Africa and Canada and keep them filled, and are now rousing London and England.

Then the prize of \$20,000, the greatest prize ever offered for a novel, was won by a young Scots lady with a deeply spiritual and sincere story of a Scots minister, and its really remarkable sales prove that this time at any rate the publisher's choice was good. And John Buchan's new story is founded on the idea of a selfless service to others and a search for a leader who will save the world from destroying itself. Or again, Susan Ertz, who has hitherto confined her attention to problems of modern life, has amazed even those who know her well by re-telling in a most sincere and powerful novel that epic of religious faith and endurance, which led to the foundation of Salt Lake City by the Mormons, or "Latter-Day Saints." Coming at this time, it seems to bring home more acutely than ever the realisation that

nothing is impossible with the courage, co-operation and endurance brought into being by a great faith.

Yes, the signs of the times are there for those who can read them. Charlie Andrews, Stanley Jones, A. J. Russell, Leslie Weatherhead, the late Samuel Chadwick and Woodbine Willie, Grenfell of Labrador, Hugh Redwood, Toyohiko Kagawa and other men of the Spirit are being read from end to end of the

country and right through the Dominions. It is amazing how keen the hunger is for their message.

But there is a thorn in the flesh. The parsons are reading less. At any rate, they are buying so much less than they did five, ten, fifteen or twenty years ago, that we are lost for an explanation. Even if they, like everyone else, are making greater use of libraries, even if they lend their books to each other, even if they are spending less time in the study and more in their evangelising work, there yet seems to be a discrepancy between what they used to buy and what they buy now. I should be really glad if some parson could either explain or refute this accusation.

I suspect it is chiefly a matter of £ s. d., because books specifically written for ministers are necessarily rather expensive in consequence of their limited appeal. But in that case, why should not the lay people in the congregation who want to give their clergymen some Christmas gift make up a parcel of books? I know of instances where this has been done and been greatly appreciated; and other cases where the parson has assured me how much he would appreciate such a helpful and needful present. If you like the idea, why not make it your own responsibility to see that your congregation actually carries it through? If you just say "What a good idea! I wonder why we don't do it?" of course nothing will happen—except that you will have lost an opportunity of giving a great deal of pleasure.

CONTENTS

- Page 2—Some famous Hodder & Stoughton Books.
- Page 3—Editorial.
- Pages 4 & 5—History, Biography, Travel, Belles Lettres and Something for the Children.
- Pages 6 & 7—A Review of the Autumn Fiction.
- Pages 8, 9 & 10—Religious Books; An Outline of Religion for Children.
- Page 11—More Reminders and a new alternative to Christmas Cards.
- Page 12—The Critics proclaim five great novels of 1933.

Concerning 'General Books' which, being interpreted,

For the purposes of this magazine, "General Books" may be defined as including anything which is not fiction and which is not of a religious nature. And "General Books" is a term of pretty wide application as used by the firm of Hodder and Stoughton. Indeed, it is our boast that we use it in a wider sense than any other publisher in the whole world—at any rate, in this year of grace, 1933. For the truth of the matter is—and here we are letting you into a publishing secret—a publisher's list is bound to be largely a matter of luck. However far he plans ahead—and we have already some excellent books in mind for 1937—he cannot control the speed at which the books are written. But this year there is no over-lapping, there is no superfluity in any one type of book, as far as we are concerned. In short, we have been lucky and we are going to follow the golfer's precept and "play on our luck" for all we are worth.

SIR JAMES BARRIE AND MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

First of all, then, we have the great pleasure of announcing that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has now brought up to date his *Inclusive Verse* by adding sixty-two new poems written between 1925 and 1932. The new *Kipling Inclusive Verse* can be bought in cloth or leather, India Paper, or Library Editions, at 25/- net or 35/- net.

Secondly, in answer to demands from all over the world, we have produced a new edition of *Sir James Barrie's Collected Plays*, printed on India Paper, so that the *Collected Plays* can now be obtained in a Library or India Paper Edition (cloth, 21/- net; leather, 30/- net).

The orders from the booksellers prove that these two books will be, even more than ever before, the favourite gift books for this coming Christmas. And we will only add how proud we are that the two most honoured names in contemporary English literature should be associated with our imprint.

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE

From the point of view of the student of history, the most important event of the year must be the publication of the correspondence between Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, which has been edited by Mr. Guedalla in two volumes ("*The Queen and Mr. Gladstone*," 25/- net each volume). Only in the light of these letters can the drama of the last half of the nineteenth century be seen in its true and full perspective. And, incidentally, it is a very different perspective from that which has come to those who have taken the "popular biography" approach to the period.

The Editor has had an extremely difficult task in choosing his material, but he must surely have been repaid by the tributes given to his work by the reviewers. As publishers, we know that critics are rarely at a loss for adjectives: and yet, it is almost unbelievable how often they have used the word "brilliant" to describe the work of Mr. Guedalla. Never can there have been such unanimity among a select band of learned men.

WITH THE GUARDS WE SHALL GO

Yes, there were great letter-writers among the Victorians: and they were not limited to the ranks of the Ministers of the Queen.

Take the case of Colonel Strange Jocelyn, for in-

stance, whose letters are the basis of the Countess of Airlie's new book, "*With the Guards We Shall Go*" (15/- net). He was a perfectly ordinary God-fearing Officer in the Guards—but I doubt if any Guards Officer to-day would keep up such a correspondence. His letters home give a first-hand and memorable account of the confusion and waste of the Crimean campaign and Lady Airlie has used them with great skill and judgment.

This book is publishing late, and will be a welcome Christmas present for anybody interested in the ways of the nineteenth century.

A LIFE OF JOHN HAMPDEN



But perhaps you are looking for a good biography. In that case you cannot do better than buy Hugh Ross Williamson's "*Life of John Hampden*" (12/6 net).

Baxter once described John Hampden as "having the most universal praise of any gentleman that I remember of that age." And yet, in spite of the popularity of the seventeenth century, honest John Hampden has had to

wait 100 years for a new biographer.

But at any rate he has been most excellently served by Mr. Williamson—and here we are asking you to believe not only ourselves (men of little account!), but the united opinion of the world of letters.

The *Saturday Review* is speaking for all the critics when it writes: "Mr. Williamson writes well, with clarity, with colour, with economy of words, above all with historical accuracy."

Such praise is praise indeed for the first big book of an author not yet thirty-five years of age! And if you want to be a little ahead of the clock in the literary world, our advice is "Watch Williamson."

A FAMILY OF TRAVELLERS



As a nation we do, I suppose, our fair share of travel but, unlike other nations (and I am thinking especially of the Germans), wear rotten photographers. And who wants a travel-book without illustrations?

But whenever Michael Mason wan-

ders into our office from the ends of the earth, carrying with him the journal of his latest expedition, we never worry about the illustrations, for his wife is one of the finest photographers who ever went a-wandering. Which is all a way of saying that "*Where Tempests Blow*" (18/- net), by Michael Mason, is the travel-book of the year. No, I know you won't take a mere publisher's word so easily as that, although you will certainly fall for the book as soon as you see it in the bookseller's shop. But the first Press

means everything except Theology and Fiction

opinions will take a deal of beating. Just look at the leading reviews.

"Some of the most superb photographs of wild landscape that have ever been published.... The charm of ease and intimacy.... A very perfect book."—*Observer*.

"This is a sheer joy. Unusually beautiful photographs."—David Larg in the *Daily Telegraph*.

"The best travel book which I have read for some time."—Geoffrey Grigson in the *Morning Post*.

"Thrilling reading, and the pictures are among the best published in travel literature for some time."—*Daily Mail*.

"Its pictures are more than ordinary photographs—they are works of art."—*Reynolds's Sunday News*.

And now that you have had the work of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mason guaranteed, so to speak, from such unimpeachable sources, you will forgive us, we hope, if we mention that Michael Mason's sister Violet has also written a book called "**The Land of the Rainbow**" (10/6 net). Poland is the subject of her book; and she very soon dispels the idea current in England that Poland is all corridors and partitions.

Poland is admittedly the most dangerous "war centre" in Europe to-day, and this would be a splendid present for anybody who is interested in understanding the European situation. Incidentally, it is illustrated with some beautiful etchings by the famous Polish artist Zofja Stankiewicz.

SAILORMEN ALL



And now for two books of the sea by two men known to the whole world for their daring and complete indifference to danger.

Admiral Campbell of "**My Mystery Ships**" fame has retold in "**Sailormen All**" some of the great naval engagements of history and found their parallel in the actions of the Great War. And you do not need us to tell you that Admiral Campbell with his breezy style will give untold pleasure to every lad who is proud that he was "born British." But you may like to know that we are publishing his new book at

7/6 net in the first instance in the same format as the famous "**My Mystery Ships**" series, which you will find listed on page 2.

Alain Gerbault's new book "**The Gospel of the Sun**" (10/6 net) stands in a different category. As you have probably read in the papers, he has again left France on a lone voyage to the Pacific, and this new book of his gives in much more detail than his famous best-seller, "**In Quest of the Sun**," the reason why he is returning once more to his beloved Tahiti. Behind this book lies the personality of the world's "lone voyager," the man who has discovered the secret of Loti and Stevenson and is setting his sails for the Pacific for good.

SAFARI SAM AND ANDREW SWAN

When the last issue of "**The Study Chair**" was published, Safari Sam had not yet made his debut. But now, Safari Sam is making hosts of friends. Everybody likes this "laughing philosopher of the wilds," as the *Evening News* calls him. And if you want to spend an hour or two in the wilds of Africa, you had best follow the German Count's example and throw in your lot with "**Safari Sam**" (10/6 net). You never know

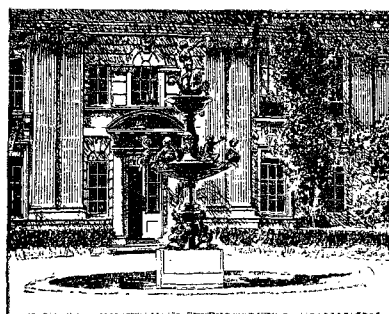
what he'll say next. Didn't he liken marriage to "taking a shot at your first lion"? "It's quite a thrill, but you're in dangerous country!"

And meanwhile, "**The Remarkable Story of Andrew Swan**" (12/6 net) is still in demand, too. But then everybody likes to know that desert islands really exist in real life, even if they are encountered within the pages of a book.

IN ENGLAND NOW

But it's time we were back in England, for we want everybody to be happy and we have been on the high seas or in distant lands for six books running now. And in this connection, we have for you two books which are absolutely original.

"Original" is certainly the word which you would apply to "**A Country Holiday**" by Arthur Davenport and "**This Was England**" by Horace Annesley Vachell. In "**A Country Holiday**" (8/6 net) you will learn thousands of country secrets; and you will be introduced to many a man whom you have long been wanting to meet. *John o' London* sums up its charm when it says that "'A Country Holiday' will whisper to you a thousand intimacies of field, wood, and river, so that you may go into that world which is the countryside, not as a stranger, but as a freeman."



"**This Was England**" is equally original. Indeed, we are willing to bet that you will not find a better bedside book published this year. You simply can't dip into it without finding something to please you. The reviewers who were the first "dippers-in"

just could not stop quoting the book. And even the ladies' page editors looked through the book for new (or rather age-old) recipes. Just ask your bookseller to show you the book (he always has it in stock). And before you know what you are doing, you will have produced the requisite 8/6 net.

Yes, and that reminds me. If any "**Study Chair**" readers try to drink in this New Year with George's Motley, will they please write and let me know how they feel on January 1st, 1934. The recipe is found of course on page twenty-five of "**This Was England**."

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK

And finally a book for the children. Your children or your friends' children have never seen an animal book quite like "**Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes**" (5/- net). Why, the animals come out of their pictures and stand up by themselves! The booksellers know all about it, and we think you will be wise to see it before you decide on the Christmas presents for the nursery.

And as we are talking about children and their love for animal books, let us remember also the Ernest Thompson Seton animal books. You can buy them at 7/6 net or 2/6 net; and they are guaranteed to keep any nursery quiet, when the nurse takes her afternoon off.

HAVE YOU ASKED FOR THESE

On these two pages we have tried to give you an idea of the scope of our Autumn Fiction and below we print the critics' opinions of some of the books mentioned for the benefit of those still in doubt. Special notices of the five books marked with an asterisk will be found on page 12.

3 SLOW JOE

"Mr. Brand provides thrills with a generous hand ... the villains are magnificently double-dyed ... a spirited and exciting story which should satisfy the most blasé readers of Wild West thrillers."—*Sunday Times*.

7 CLEAR THE TRAIL

"Of all the two-fisted heroes of the Wild West we have ever met, Mike Dolan has the most dangerous punch."—*News-Chronicle*.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON THE SOFT SPOT

Who knows how he may be tempted?
It was his case. It may be thine.

8 RANCHERO

"This is a mellow and colourful romance, written with urbanity and distinction."—*Sunday Times*.

"'Ranchero,' by Mr. Stewart Edward White, stands in a class by itself. It is a serious and fine piece of work of its kind by an exceedingly good writer, who, in this country, is not yet so well known as he deserves to be."—Clifford Sharp in the *News-Chronicle*.

9 ONE WAY TRAFFIC

"It is an extremely likeable book it is the sentiment of genuine feeling."—*John o' London's Weekly*.

"A very readable book."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Miss Ashby's new novel is a charming study of a London family."—*Sunday Times*.

11 NORTH WALL

"A brilliant novel, full of life and an understanding humanity."—*Star*.

"Her writing is unfailingly ingenious and vivid."—Lionel Hale in the *News-Chronicle*.

13 THE SOFT SPOT

"Mr. Hutchinson has repeated the success of 'If Winter Comes'."—*Daily Sketch*.

"The story is as deftly told as the book that made the author's reputation."—*Daily Telegraph*.

16 MR. PETE AND CO.

"I doubt if Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice has ever written a story which, in its mingling of humour and pathos, deserves a wider popularity. Mr. Pete, in any procession of Mrs. Rice's characters, should certainly walk side by side with Mrs. Wiggs."—*Punch*.

18 PATCHWORK PALACE

"With truly admirable skill and a humour running the full gamut of human impressions from irony to tenderness, Miss Mabel Tyrrell brings these men, women and children to life. As for Mickey, he is a veritable creation."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"A fine character study of people who are made to live very vividly in the reader's mind."—*Scotsman*.

19 VICARS' WALK

"One of the major successes of Mr. Vachell's career."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The book is marked by the same sort of quiet humour which distinguished 'Quinneys,' and should find many friends among those seeking escape from the effluvia of ultra-modern fiction into a cleaner and more wholesome atmosphere."—*Punch*.



WESTERN STORIES

- 1 BITTER GRASS by Russell Bankson.
- 2 THE LONGHORN FEUD by Max Brand.
- 3 SLOW JOE by Max Brand.
- 4 RED RIVALS by Jackson Gregory.
- 5 THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT by Zane Grey.
- 6 BANDED STARS by William MacLeod Raine
- 7 CLEAR THE TRAIL by Charles Alden Seltzer.
- 8 RANCHERO by Stewart Edward White.

CHARACTER STORIES

- 9 ONE WAY TRAFFIC by R. C. Ashby.
- ★ 10 A PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY by John Buchan.
- 11 NORTH WALL by Joanna Cannan.
- 12 MONEY STREET by J. K. Ewers.
- 13 THE SOFT SPOT by A. S. M. Hutchinson.
- 14 PENNYCOOKS IN PARADISE by Nora Kent.
- 15 TO-MORROW'S GIANTS by Bridget Lowry.
- 16 MR. PETE AND CO. by Alice Hegan Rice.
- ★ 17 PILGRIM COTTAGE by Cecil Roberts.
- 18 PATCHWORK PALACE by Mabel L. Tyrrell.
- 19 VICARS' WALK by Horace Annesley Vachell.
- 20 NOT ONE IN TEN by Joseph Hocking. 3/6 net.
- 21 A GRAIN OF WHEAT by Toyohiko Kagawa. 3/6 net.

DETECTIVE STORIES

- 22 JUMPING JENNY by Anthony Berkeley.
- 23 MEN FOR COUNTERS by Gerard Fairlie.
- 24 DR. THORNDYKE INTERVENES by R. Austin Freeman.
- 25 THE SECOND CASE of MR. PAUL SAVOY by Jackson Gregory.
- 26 DARK LADY by Gavin Holt.
- 27 THE GOLDEN WITCH by Gavin Holt.
- 28 THE BODY IN THE SILO by Ronald A. Knox.
- 29 CROSS MARKS THE SPOT by James Ronald.
- 30 RONALD STANDISH by Sapper.
- 31 FOLLOW THE BLUE CAR by R. A. J. Walling.
- 32 THE CLOCK TICKS ON by Valentine Williams.



[6] All these novels except where otherwise stated are published at 7/6 net

BOOKS AT YOUR BOOKSHOP?



LOVE STORIES

- 33 LOVE IS SO BLIND by Ruby M. Ayres.
- 34 PARENTS ARE A PROBLEM by Maysie Greig.
- 35 PADDY FOR NEWS by Cecil Hunt.
- 36 INTRODUCING TERRY SLOAN by Concordia Merrel.
- 37 PAT OF SILVER BUSH by L. M. Montgomery.
- 38 PITILESS CHOICE by Margaret Pedler.
- 39 UNDERSTUDY by Berta Ruck.
- 40 ANYTHING BUT LOVE by Jennifer Ames. 3/6 net.
- 41 ALWAYS TO-MORROW by Ruby M. Ayres. 3/6 net.
- 42 SO MANY MILES by Ruby M. Ayres. 3/6 net.
- 43 LOVE IN APRON STRINGS by Elizabeth Hoy. 5/- net

HISTORICAL NOVELS

- 44 THE BEST OF HIS FAMILY by Carola Oman. 8/6 net.
- ★ 45 NO SECOND SPRING by Janet Beith.
- ★ 46 THE PROSELYTE by Susan Ertz.
- ★ 47 TRUMPETER, SOUND! by D. L. Murray.
- 48 THE WAY of the SCARLET PIMPERNEL by Baroness Orczy.
- 49 GOD SAVE THE KING by J. K. Pulling.
- 50 A ROSE FOR SCOTLAND by A. Tresidder Sheppard and Roderick Macleod.

ADVENTURE STORIES

- 51 THE EMERALD CLASP by Francis Beeding.
- 52 ONLY MEN ON BOARD by Cameron Blake.
- 53 THREE BLIND MICE by Victor Bridges.
- 54 JUNGLE NIGHT by Reginald Campbell.
- 55 OUT OF EVIL by Ganpat.
- 56 VICTORY IN THE JUNGLE by Edison Marshall.
- 57 MURDER AT MONTE CARLO by E. Phillips Oppenheim.
- 58 SUNK WITHOUT TRACE by Sydney Parkman.
- 59 SWELL GARRICK by John Spencer.
- 60 THE MAN FROM SCAPA FLOW by Taffrail.
- 61 CODE OF THE NORTH by Harold Titus.
- 62 CAPTAIN SINISTER by George Goodchild. 3/6 net.
- 63 MOUNTAIN GOLD by George Goodchild. 3/6 net.
- 64 THE EX-DETECTIVE by E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3/6 net.
- 65 THE ESS CLUB by Dinsdale Walker. 3/6 net.



All these novels except where otherwise stated are published at 7/6 net

[7]

22 JUMPING JENNY

"We congratulate Mr. Berkeley on one of the cleverest and most provoking detective stories that we have read for a very long time."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

26 DARK LADY

"There is certainly here not a page that drags, there is excellent dialogue, and there is above all one of the most pleasingly absurd desperadoes of recent fiction. I recommend 'Dark Lady' with all the strength I have at my command."—*John o' London's Weekly*.

28 THE BODY IN THE SILO

"One of the most brilliant of living stylists."—Dorothy L. Sayers in the *Sunday Times*.

"This is a book after the heart of the discerning amateur of mystery fiction; ingenious to a degree, surprising in its developments, witty, and (by no means least of its merits) admirably written."—*Scotsman*.

MARGARET PEDLER PITILESS CHOICE

Which is the greater cowardice—
physical or spiritual?

29 CROSS MARKS THE SPOT

"For neat construction and sure characterisation the palm must be awarded to 'Cross Marks the Spot,' a swift-moving yarn of a crime reporter at work."—*Morning Post*.

30 RONALD STANDISH

"Ronald Standish is a character in Sapper's best vein."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Another rousing effort by this past master of excitement in fiction."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

"Worked out with Sapper's well-known skill."—*Scotsman*.

32 THE CLOCK TICKS ON

"But what verve! what gusto! what conviction there is in Mr. Valentine Williams' thrillers! Nobody can tell a crook story as he can."—Dorothy L. Sayers in the *Sunday Times*.

44 THE BEST OF HIS FAMILY

"Beautifully done. I was genuinely sorry when the last page had been reached."—Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*.

"Every detail rests the eye and stimulates the imagination."—Margaret Pope in the *Daily Telegraph*.

48 THE WAY of the SCARLET PIMPERNEL

"Sir Percy Blakeney, far from wilting in the course of years, blooms as freely as ever."—*Punch*.

"Lovers of Baroness Orczy's favourite hero will rejoice to meet him again in 'The Way of the Scarlet Pimpernel,' as gay, debonair, and charming as ever."—*John o' London's Weekly*.

49 GOD SAVE THE KING

"Miss Pulling knows the Civil War period, and can tell a straightforward tale in simple effective words without archaisms or strange oaths. There is some excellent writing in the book."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

57 MURDER AT MONTE CARLO

"Breathlessly interesting and done with great skill; the reader cannot fail to be thrilled and fascinated."—*Morning Post*.

"This is an Oppenheim de luxe."—Eric Gillett in the *Sunday Times*.

58 SUNK WITHOUT TRACE

"One of the best thrillers I have read for some time. . . . I can guarantee readers plenty of excitement."—Compton Mackenzie in the *Daily Mail*.

For the Parson

THE MOFFATT COMMENTARY

The Moffatt New Testament Commentary has already had many excellent volumes, notably, perhaps, that on the "Epistle to the Romans," by Professor C. H. Dodd, of Manchester, which was published last year. This year the only addition to the series is a volume on the "Epistle to the Hebrews" (8/6 net), by Professor Theodore Robinson, D.D. It is a worthy addition both in its scholarship and style to the series.

DR. GARVIE'S CONSTRUCTIVE THEOLOGY

Dr. A. E. Garvie has given us the last of the three volumes which form his system of constructive theology. The first was "The Christian Doctrine of the Godhead"; the second, "The Christian Ideal for Human Society"; and the new volume is published under the title "The Christian Belief in God" (16/- net). Professor J. Y. Simpson expresses the view of many of his brothers in the ministry when he says: "In days characterised by what many feel to be so much almost hysterical theological writing, and when men are simply confused by the cries of 'Lo here' and 'Lo there' on every side, it is a real relief to turn to Principal Garvie's sane and solid trilogy of constructive presentation of Christian thought, of which the latest volume on 'The Christian Belief in God' is the fitting climax."

THE GOSPEL SACRAMENTS

Canon J. K. Mozley, of St. Paul's, has done something which has been greatly needed in his little volume on "The Gospel Sacraments" (3/6 net), because he has treated the whole subject in a constructive uncontroversial way. The Anglican Catechism speaks clearly and positively within the limits of its purpose and it refrains from theories and explanations. While we all come to the parting of the ways along this road we can go together with Canon Mozley to that point, and part company with understanding and not controversy. This is a very vital little book.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL

Dr. C. J. Wright of Didsbury College, Manchester, has given us a book on "The Meaning and Message of the Fourth Gospel" (6/- net). Underlying the whole work is the conviction that the Fourth Gospel focusses at a vivid and burning point many of the contentious issues of modern religious thought, and, therefore, that it is strikingly relevant to our own day. Dr. W. L. Wardle writes: "It seems to me that it gets to the heart of the Fourth Gospel and gives new light on the understanding of its meaning. It is an example of that rare kind of book on theology, which, while it illuminates the mind, also warms the heart."

FOR THOSE JUST CONFIRMED

Then there is a little book which has been written specially for those who have just been confirmed. I put "The Profession of a Christian" (1/- net), by Canon Peter Green here, because it is the task of the clergyman to find some really helpful little book such as this to give to candidates. The Bishop of Bristol writes to us: "I think it is admirable, and just what I have longed to give to Confirmation candidates." It is practical and close to experience, and written with a view to encouraging the perseverance which is such an essential quality in the life of any Christian man or woman.

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ITS PURPOSE

It puts Christianity in the right setting and thereby not only frees it of false accretions but emphasizes the essentials of the Christian message. It shows that all human activities are within the scope of religion. It unites beauty and truth. The illustrations in the book are a distinct break with the old type of religious illustrations.

ITS AUTHORITY

Its author is outstanding in the religious world today. His broadcast "Joan and Betty" Bible stories are as popular as his talks to the Silent Fellowship. In this book he has also had the assistance of some of the leading authorities on Comparative Religion.

ITS NECESSITY

Everyone has a religion of some kind, often without recognising either its influence or its origin. Yet it is not often that parents know the real religion of their children.

In these days of stress and doubt many people feel unable to give their children religious guidance. They would like to hand over this delicate work to an expert whom they can trust and who is at the same time "at home" with children.

MR. APPLETON IS SUCH AN EXPERT

There are 788 pages and over 300 illustrations. (8/6 net.) It is divided into five parts, each beginning with a great Re-birth:

- 1—The Egg of Creation. (Religion until the Incarnation.)
- 2—The Bright and Morning Star. (The Life of Christ.)
- 3—A Rushing Mighty Wind. (From Pentecost to the Reformation.)
- 4—The Fountain of Life. (From the Reformation until the Great War.)
- 5—Man Made in the Image of God. (Individual Guidance.)

Be sure to ask your bookseller to show you a copy.



FALL OF JERICHO

Fruits of a Spiritual Revival

MEN WITH A MESSAGE

Two years ago there was a noticeable increase in the sale of religious books to the people. Last year with "For Sinners Only," by A. J. Russell (5/- net); "What I Owe to Christ," by C. F. Andrews (5/- net); "His Life and Ours," by Leslie D. Weatherhead (5/- net); "The Way to Pentecost," by the late Samuel Chadwick (paper, 1/- net; cloth, 2/6 net); the phenomenal demand for this type of spiritual book was more pronounced than ever. These are all books written by men who have a personal experience of Christ, men of great faith. And it is their message of a sure and certain foundation to our life in this hectic world which people need and want.

Like a snowball, a spiritual revival (and this is nothing less) gathers force on its way. Again this year books by these authors are in very great demand. We tried an experiment this Summer. We published "Christ in the Silence," by C. F. Andrews (5/- net), "Christ and Human Suffering," by Dr. Stanley Jones (4/- net), and "One Thing I Know," by A. J. Russell (5/- net), all for the August Bank Holiday. Previously we have concentrated on light fiction for reading in a deck-chair on the sands. There was no demand for anything else. This year it was different. All three books had gone into two or three big editions before Summer Time ended and the fireside claimed the evening hours.

CHRIST IN THE SILENCE

"What I Owe to Christ" was C. F. Andrews' spiritual autobiography which was welcomed as the finest book of its kind since Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," written nearly a hundred years ago. Many of his readers, although they realised at once that here was a man who really lives consciously in touch with Christ throughout the day, yet could not see the way to bring this quality of life into their own busy lives. "How can we," they ask, "in the midst of the wear and tear of life, keep undimmed the vision of Christ and the consciousness of His presence?" That is the question Mr. Andrews sets out to answer in his new book, "Christ in the Silence" (5/- net). It takes the form of a series of devotional meditations on the last chapters of St. John's Gospel. "It is a quiet, good, vivid book, written for the Greater Glory of the Master," writes one reviewer. "Its charm is so serene, so balanced, so quietly sure, that mere quotation would give but little idea of its beauty." "It is a living, glowing expression of experience of Christ as Lord and Saviour."

CHRIST AND HUMAN SUFFERING

In the same way, Dr. Stanley Jones' book was written at the demand of his friends and of his own conscience. The more he thought on the matter, the more he became convinced that on scarcely anything is Christendom more confused than on this matter of suffering and the way to meet it. His new book, "Christ and Human Suffering" (4/- net), is therefore his attempt to clarify this whole problem largely from his own experience. "Dr. Stanley Jones has never put his pen to better use than in the writing of this book. It is a volume which will bring light and strength and comfort to all who read it."

ONE THING I KNOW

The author of "For Sinners Only," as everybody knows, was a journalist and an extremely successful journalist. He therefore knows how to tell a story so that it intrigues the great mass of readers. Those of fine literary sensitiveness have said his style is not suited to religious books—and yet there can be no book within living memory that has been responsible for bringing a living faith into more lives than "For Sinners Only." "One Thing I Know" (5/- net) carries the author's own story further. It is autobiography and through it all runs that immovable certainty which alone spreads the Gospel—"One Thing I Know."

It was A. J. Russell who helped to change the author of "Glorious Liberty" (3/6 net), Stuart Wood. He had been a convict and, although for five or six years he had been living honestly, he was an agnostic. But now, through the Oxford Groups, he has found a new purpose in life, a new goal, a new Friend, a new liberty, and a new desire to pass the good news on to all. Hence this book which has been written to tell the world. The world wants to hear.

HOW CAN I FIND GOD?

"How Can I Find God?" (3/- net) is the simple title of Leslie Weatherhead's new book in the Westminster Series. Last year "His Life and Ours," by the same author, enhanced his reputation as a fearless man of courage and won him, by its sympathy and insight into human problems, a multitude of new friends. This new book sets out to answer the question in so many hearts at the present time. It is not Leslie Weatherhead's way to wander off the point in side-tracks of pure discussion. Rather is it a direct explanation of how he himself has found God. To use Canon Guy Rogers' words: "There is lucidity, concreteness, excellence of arrangement, a capacity for rivetting the attention, humour, pathos, and above all the power of making a direct personal appeal."

CAN CHRIST SAVE SOCIETY?

In the same series comes Dr. Garvie's new book, "Can Christ Save Society?" (3/- net) which faces fearlessly and concretely the problems of economic instability, pacifism, nationalism, class warfare and the many dangers which beset our civilisation. The Dean of Manchester writes: "There are few things that it is more important that men and women should understand to-day than the things of which Dr. Garvie writes." Canon Grensted says: "It has the simplicity of a real mastery, of a heart deeply stirred by human need and human wilfulness." To quote Artifex in the *Manchester Guardian*: "If this book were widely studied and acted on, it would do incalculable good."

SAMUEL CHADWICK

With the death of the dearly loved Samuel Chadwick, of Cliff College, it was only natural that many would want the story of his life written by one of his friends who knew him well. This the Rev. Norman G. Dunning has done. The book is called "Samuel Chadwick" and it costs 5/- net.

Samuel Chadwick's last two books "The Way to Pentecost" and "The Path of Prayer" are 1/- net each.

First Things First

THE SPRINGS OF LIFE

Dr. James Reid is one of the greatest preachers in the land at the present time, both in his own pulpit at Eastbourne and in the columns of the *British Weekly*, where his contribution each week has proved of incalculable help to many thousands through its vital spirituality. There is always a sure demand for any volume of his sermons, for, unlike so many great preachers, his message is as convincing on paper as it is from his lips. The new volume, "The Springs of Life" (5/- net), has gone into two editions and the shilling edition of one of his previous volumes, "The Victory of God," has also had to be reprinted in spite of a large first edition. It is a combination of the spiritual quality and lucid style of his writing that has found for him a place in so many homes.

It was just the same qualities that won Dr. Morrison of Wellington his wonderful popularity. Although he himself has passed on, his message lives for us through his written word. We have this year the last posthumous volume of his sermons under the title of "The World-Wide Gospel" (6/- net). To use the words of Henry Bett in the *Methodist Recorder*: "Such sermons as these represent the preaching of to-day at its very best."

AMONG THE BANDITS IN CHINA

The amazing story of three women who penetrated into Central Asia on the work of the China Inland Mission is told by Mildred Cable and Francesca French in their quite remarkable book, "Something Happened" (5/- net). Intrepid and undaunted, Mildred Cable and her colleagues, Evangeline and Francesca French, have been held by bandits, endured great privations and been faced with constant and terrible dangers in their work of taking the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is the record of a high courage and indomitable purpose, of deeds of incredible daring which without God would have been impossible. A wonderful witness to a living Christ.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

A companion volume to G. K. Chesterton's "St. Francis" has been awaited with great interest. He has now given us a study of "St. Thomas Aquinas" (2/6 net). It has all the usual Chesterton epigrammatic style and self-revelation, but there is in it besides a picture of the man as he was—"one of the greatest minds since ever man pondered the mystery of his being." In *The Times Literary Supplement* the reviewer writes: "Mr. Chesterton's little volume makes one of the pleasantest introductions to St. Thomas that could be desired."

For Young and Old

TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS

The usual recipe for this sort of talk is first a story then its application. Here are two books which are no exception to the rule in that respect. Yet each in its own way so sparkles with imagination, sympathy and lively interest that children and those who have to talk to the children and are yet not actually gifted with the qualities so essential for talks to boys and girls cannot fail to enjoy them. The first is "Merry-Go-Rounds" (3/6 net), by Rev. Edward T. Vernon, whose weekly stories in the *British Weekly* are a feature of the paper; and the second is "The Golden Pilgrimage" (3/6 net), by O. G. Whitfield, of Bromley Congregational Church, whose previous volume "At the Gate Called Beautiful" (2/6 net) found many friends outside as well as inside his congregation.

DR. MOFFATT'S TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

There is a noticeably increased demand for this best of all modern translations of the Bible, and we are repeatedly told both by those who have from youth up had a love for the Bible, and by those who have only recently come to find a new interest in the Bible by means of their new awakening faith, that this modern translation helps to fill out the meaning of the old words and to convey to them as nearly as possible the same impression as the ancient writings had for those for whom they were written.

We are the last to advocate Dr. Moffatt's Translation instead of the incomparable Authorised Version, but we do know that this modern translation in ordinary everyday English has given us a deeper insight into the spiritual truths of the great writings and a more vivid picture of the men and women as creatures of flesh and blood such as we are.

The editions of the complete Bible, bound in cloth, are: (ordinary paper) 20/- net, (India paper) 25/- net; bound in leather, 30/-, 35/-, 40/-, 42/-, 45/-, and 50/- net.

The editions of the New Testament alone are priced at 4/6, 6/-, 6/6, 8/6, and 12/6 net.

TWO REMARKABLE BOOKS

1 "He and She" (12/6 net), by James Moffatt.

2 "A Book of the Golden Rule" (10/6 net), by Jane T. Stoddart.

These two books have three things in common. They are most unusual. The body of each work is made up from brilliantly relevant quotations from literature. They reflect the most remarkable knowledge and acute power of selection on the part of the author.

There the resemblance ends. Dr. Moffatt's is an armchair work, a sort of anthology of mellow intimate affairs between the He's and She's down the ages in fact and fiction. It is a book in which to take your ease. "An ideal bedside book."

Miss Stoddart's is a study of "The Golden Rule" in practice through the ages. She draws her illustrations from all manner of literature.

"The whole study is varied, interesting, accurate and relevant to the dominant idea." A truly remarkable book.

GREAT MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

Here are three books of thrilling missionary adventure. The first is Mr. W. P. Livingstone's story of Laws of Livingstonia told for boys under the title of "The Hero of the Lake" (3/6 net). This great missionary to Central Africa had such an amazing life that this book will thrill all who read it. There are profuse drawings and illustrations, and a letter from Dr. Laws to all boys at the end.

The other two are Salvation Army missionary books. "The Undauntables," by Matilda Hatcher (3/6 net), tells of the pioneers of the Salvation Army in India; and the other, "Banners in Africa" (1/- net), by A. E. Copping, tells of the work in Africa.

To the reader (This still means you). This page is a continuation of page 2. And if you have read page 2, you will know that these two pages contain lists of the various series published under our imprint. Most of these are already known to you. But have you made the acquaintance of the little booklets at the bottom of this page? "Just the thing for Christmas" we have been told. "They mean so much more than Christmas cards and cost no more to send." They are stocked by all booksellers, like everything else on this page.

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2/6	RICHARD KING At the Close of Day; One Quiet Evening; The Return Journey; New Silent Friends; Folded Hands; Soul's Dark Cottage.	DAVID GRAYSON Adventures in Friendship; Adventures in Understanding; Adventures in Solitude; Hempfield; Great Possessions.	
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THE CRITICS PROCLAIM



Below we give the opinions of the critics about five Hodder and Stoughton novels. Since they are not our own words, we make no apology for the superlatives, and, judging by the sales which these five books have attained, we hope and believe that the superlatives are in many cases being repeated by you who read this magazine, for you are the critics whom we most want to please.

A PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY by JOHN BUCHAN

Ever since its publication day John Buchan's novel has been in such demand that to-day it stands as the best-seller of 1933. Ralph Straus at once announced it as "the best of all Mr. Buchan's stories." It has received high praise from Gerald Gould, James Agate, Howard Marshall, Joseph Sell, and many others. But from all the reviews which the book has received, we pick out the *Saturday Review's* closing words, because they give the reason for Mr. Buchan's unique popularity at the present time and also for the tremendous success of "A Prince of the Captivity."

"With tremendous courage, Mr. Buchan's hero calls us back to this idealised conception of a very great Englishman working for a very great England. . . . If the sales of 'A Prince of the Captivity' soar as they should soar, that will be a sign that, living here in England, a public still prizes the things that are worthy and of good report."

THE PROSELYTE by SUSAN ERTZ

Miss Ertz's great novel of the Mormons is like her previous work only in the quality of the writing and the clearness of the characterisation. But no reader could forget the character of Zillah the Proselyte; and no critic could miss the quality in Miss Ertz's work, even if she insisted on transporting them from the familiar land of modern problems along the grim hand-cart trail to the strange city of the Latter-Day Saints, beside the Great Salt Lake.

Here are a few recommendations by six well-known reviewers taken from papers catering for every type of reader.

"The Proselyte' must be easily her best novel yet."—Roger Pippett in the *Daily Herald*.

"A brilliant and utterly convincing piece of work."—Margaret Pope in the *Daily Telegraph*.

"Vivid and convincing."—Gerald Gould in the *Observer*.

"There were times when I found myself carried away into another world."—Joseph Sell in the *Manchester Evening News*.

"A remarkable feat of reconstruction."—D. S. Meldrum in the *Morning Post*.

"An honest, human and dignified achievement."—Winifred Holtby in the *News-Chronicle*.

PILGRIM COTTAGE by CECIL ROBERTS

In these days of libraries and lending, pessimistic publishers will tell you that novels enjoy a life hardly longer than the butterfly's. But "Pilgrim Cottage" has broken all the rules. It goes obstinately on from strength to strength, from edition to edition. The reason? Well, perhaps it's to be found in one of the qualities mentioned by the critics below—or more probably in a combination of the lot. Here, at any rate, is what they say:

"Avoiding sentiment, avoiding propaganda, it achieves something of the inevitability and dignity of history."—Arnold Palmer in the *Sphere*.

"A really good story, romantic, swiftly moving and excitingly unusual."—Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*.

"Conceived and executed on a grand scale."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Never bores, never hesitates, never loses pace."—*John o' London's Weekly*.

"The whole is spiritedly and excitingly done."—Gerald Gould in the *Observer*.

TRUMPETER, SOUND! by D. L. MURRAY

With this novel of Victorian England and the Crimea D. L. Murray takes his place in the front line of English novelists. And all praise to the critics who "spotted" Murray within a week of publication! Here are some examples of the praise lavished upon the book—praise, be it said, which is being confirmed by booksellers and book buyers all over the world:

"A book which marries literary distinction and enough excitement for three ordinary novels."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"So rich in convincing detail as to be impressive and memorable."—Gerald Gould in the *Observer*.

"It is a long while since I have read as good a story as 'Trumpeter, Sound!' . . . The well-known charge of Balaclava and the frightful shambles at Inkerman are described with a dramatic force and clarity that I found altogether admirable."—E. M. Delafield in the *Morning Post*.

"A very fine novelist. . . . He always had literary technique; he has now added to that a full-blooded strength and liveliness which in these times are rarer."—*The Times*.

"Truly a remarkable book. . . . There is a Dickensian touch not only about his portraits but also about his methods."—Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*.

NO SECOND SPRING by JANET BEITH

And finally, "No Second Spring"—the winner of the prize of \$20,000 offered by us in conjunction with the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York. With such a prize, there was bound to be a demand, there were bound to be reviews for this fine novel. But prize winners do not always suffer so happy a fate either from the public or the critics, as this tale of a Highland minister and his frail and lovely wife.

Yet "No Second Spring" was a favourite from the start. Francis Iles spoke of it in *Time and Tide* as: "An important contribution to the world's literature." And we might well leave it at that. But to show you what marvellous people reviewers are for adjectives, just look at the following epithets which have been applied to Janet Beith's novel:

"Really fine" (*Morning Post*). "Beautiful" (Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*). "Lyrical" (*The Times Literary Supplement*). "Honest" (*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*). "Richly promising" (*Nottingham Guardian*). "Very human" (*Scotsman*). "Sensitive" (*Manchester Evening News*). "Remarkable" (*Edinburgh Evening News*). "Forceful" (Roger Pippett in the *Daily Herald*). "Satisfying" (*Birmingham Post*). "Vividly genuine" (Winifred Holtby in the *News-Chronicle*). "Distinguished" (*Birmingham Gazette*). "Deeply moving" (*Eastern Daily Press*). "Exquisite" (Gertrude Atherton). "Unique" (Alice Herbert in the *Yorkshire Post*).

Did ever a young lady so well deserve her prize?

HODDER AND STOUGHTON, Ltd., WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4

The greater artist has developed more the inward eye and sees to greater and grander purpose. The difference precisely is one between folk-art and primitive art. A Bavarian painting on glass, naively and freshly made by a peasant, is seen as fanciful, however charming it may be, beside a Bronze Age figurine or an Ivory Coast carving, into which the whole emotional activity of the worker has been forced. The social and the emotional conditions of the two arts are different. The "savage" believes that such a work of his hands enjoys its own life—a concept to which we in a different way can assent. For the European folk-artist and, to a great degree, for such a naïve as Rousseau, art has become a by-product, not a whole product of the artist's being.

The mature artist, I repeat, must retain and yet go beyond his childlike vision. Thus in Poussin one could say that there is a childlike, that is an innocent apprehension of the rhythmic way in which colours and forms relate to one another, most subtly developed and used for the most passionate and deep ends of the mature artist.

All this has taken us very far, yet not so far as it may seem, from Mr. Victor Pasmore. Perhaps it is unfair that he should be used in this way as a peg, but his paintings do show both the innocent eye and the innocent eye growing older. When I first saw one of them—his name was then strange to me, and the picture hung in a Bloomsbury teashop—I was charmed by precisely that outer *naïveté* which I have attempted to describe.

It was a picture, as I remember it, of a steamer and a river, or rather of steamer and river innocently and sombrely painted in dark and intense colours; and I saw in it exactly the quality I should expect in the early work of a young, sensitive artist now beginning to paint. Much the same charm distinguishes the picture reproduced with this article. It is far from a great picture; it is very inferior to the records of the innocent eye of many folk-artists, of a Rousseau, a Campendonk, a Chagall or a Klee; but it is an independent picture, an island, not depending upon the excitement of irrelevant associations in the onlooker. The painting in this way, and in its childlike representation, typifies the change which has healthily come over the arts, whatever the rank of the artist. And what is also typical is the degree to which it differs from Mr. Pasmore's later pictures in the same exhibition. They belong evidently to a period of passage from what one might call Rousseauism to Picassoism, from outer to inner vision, from child to child-man. That Mr. Pasmore's exhibition seems to me most disappointing after that first picture matters, if it is not mean to say so, more to Mr. Pasmore than to this article; at least Mr. Pasmore has begun in the only way in which a young English artist can begin. His *naïveté*, I imagine, was natural and inevitable. In that Mr. Pasmore belongs to his time; and we must wait to see whether this quality can be self-improved and valuably transformed.

Brief Chronicles : Music

JOSEF HOFFMANN AND THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

By Edward Crankshaw

ONE of the outstanding events of the past month has been the reappearance of Mr. Josef Hoffmann, who played the Emperor Concerto at the first B.B.C. Symphony Concert, and gave two recitals—one in Mr. Van Wyck's admirable Tuesday series at the Queen's Hall; the other at his no less admirable "Master Pianist" series at the Grottrian Hall. Hoffmann is certainly a master pianist; but the precise extent of his mastery is not easy to determine. There is no denying that his technique is beyond reproach, nor that for nine-tenths of the time that technique is placed unreservedly at the disposal of the composer. But I had moments of uneasiness. There was his left hand for example: a unique left hand, which produces astonishing tone—but did it obtrude unduly? I am inclined to think that the fault was not with Mr. Hoffmann but in the ears of his audience; such loveliness of tone in the left-hand passages has so rarely if ever been heard that one's attention was over-attracted to the sheer mechanics of it, as it is to the sheer virtuosity of the players when one hears a first-class Continental orchestra for the first time. The idea of this player showing off his left hand is incompatible with his general self-effacement in the Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin sonatas; yet on the other hand it would not be inconsistent with his playing of the little Chopin pieces as encores. Everything here pointed to the virtuoso

pervverting the composer to his own tawdry ends. He reeled off half a dozen pieces like a Brock's benefit, playing the right hand of the waltz in D flat in thirds. Yet one could not help feeling that what in another pianist would have pointed to an irrevocable lapse of artistry, in Hoffmann was merely a lapse of manners. Having received moderate applause for three long, difficult and splendidly thought out sonatas (two sonatas to be accurate, and Brahms's Handel Variations), he lapsed into comparative trifles and brought the house down. And for an artist to have his real work received tepidly and his relaxations with rapturous shouts, must be a galling business. The Chopin in thirds, I think, was not merely a vulgar display of dexterity, but a contemptuous expression of heartfelt disgust with his audience. Mr. Hoffmann should not have brought Chopin into it; but with his contempt (if indeed it was contempt) one can wholeheartedly sympathise.

At any rate he is a pianist in a million and, giving him the benefit of the doubt, a rare artist. There were moments in his playing of Beethoven when he seemed to do precisely the wrong thing, yet in the next breath contrive to fit them into his general scheme. For instance he took the *arietta* of *Opus 111* at what seemed to me a breakneck pace; that is to say it was a shade faster than I expected, and the miss was as good as a mile. Yet in the ensuing variations he built so surely



Josef Hoffmann.

and exactly on this questionable foundation that, in retrospect, his reading of the *arietta* seemed right and inevitable. Actually it was not inevitable, as anyone who has heard Schnabel play it will know ; but the very fact that Hoffmann made it seem so, proved that his reading was carefully and conscientiously thought out, and raised by intuition to a plane of high artistry.

Another outstanding event was an unusual performance of the Brahms B flat concerto by Miss Myra Hess. I say unusual because Miss Hess's performance avoided everything which one has come to expect as a matter of course from concert pianists. Those who prefer amateur music-making to professional, who feel that a too great manual dexterity is liable to drown the composer's utterance in facile virtuosity, should make a point of hearing Miss Hess in this concerto. It was an unforgettable experience, and gave the direct lie to the contention that the classics can offer us nothing new. Whatever else one may have thought of this performance, there is no denying the pianist's boldness in doing what she did. I, rather dazed and professionally anxious to see what happened, sat through all four movements ; but words are inadequate to describe what actually did happen. The same concert included Schubert's Symphony in C, with Sir Hamilton Harty at his best. Public support of the L.S.O. concerts is rather shockingly absent. Admittedly there are two other orchestras now performing weekly in London, one infinitely superior, one capable of being a great deal superior, and admittedly the L.S.O. badly wants spring-cleaning ; but the fact remains that it cannot purchase new blood without money ; and it is up to the public to supply that money. Sir Hamilton Harty is obviously working like a Trojan on very shaky material, and he deserves all the support that London can give him ; the orchestra too has awakened from its age-long torpor and is working hard to make the best of itself. Only the public does nothing.

The B.B.C. concerts, on the other hand, are very well attended ; and here we have a potentially first-class orchestra going rapidly downhill. It cannot be said too often or too emphatically that this orchestra is

being driven to death ; to employ it as the B.B.C. are now employing it is like setting a racehorse to pull a dray. It may be argued that the Continental opera orchestras, such as the Vienna Philharmonic, have to play every night for ten months of every year ; but the answer is that they do not. The Vienna Philharmonic consists of about a hundred and ten players, but rarely are more than eighty of these used simultaneously ; often the figure is nearer sixty and sometimes less than that. Which means that somebody is having a rest every time. The B.B.C. orchestra, on the other hand, is divided into various sections, perpetually playing in the studios and at the Proms. and so on, and then every Wednesday there is a grand gala night with the whole turn-out of a hundred and twenty players cramming the platform. It is more a matter of rehearsals than of performances. The rehearsals required for a series of concerts, with a different programme every time, are of necessity far more numerous than those required of an opera orchestra which plays the same limited repertory year in, year out. And the most stupid part of it is that there is no point in using the whole orchestra every Wednesday.

One is grateful to the B.B.C. for establishing a corps of a hundred and twenty players ; but the result when they play at once is too much of a good thing. Except in a very few works an orchestra of eighty is amply sufficient. As it is now a B.B.C. symphony concert is far too much like a massed bands rally at the Crystal Palace.

At the first concert Dr. Boult gave a good performance of Elgar's Second Symphony, and a funereal one of the "Carnaval Romain" overture. At the second, with the orchestra failing noticeably, he surpassed himself in the last movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Dr. Boult, in many ways so admirable a conductor, is not at his best in accompanying concerto players. That weakness was apparent when Hoffmann played the Emperor Concerto at the opening concert. Hoffmann had his own ideas about the music, and they were not Dr. Boult's. Nor were they mine ; but that is neither here nor there. It is surely the conductor's job, *faute de mieux*, to comply with the soloist, and this Dr. Boult refuses to do. One admires his artistic integrity, but a conductor playing with a solo instrumentalist must put his conscience in his pocket. This particular performance sounded like Dr. Boult giving a patient lesson in musical appreciation to Mr. Hoffmann, and Mr. Hoffmann in his turn, and when he got the chance, instructing Dr. Boult. It was all very edifying, but it should have been confined to rehearsals.

Unfortunately this number of THE BOOKMAN (it being Christmas time) goes to press too early for any reference to Beecham's second concert ; but before the next issue there will have been several promising evenings to report at length. Rudolf Serkin, who has already given his first recital and proved himself once more a pianist with a magnificent present and a tremendous future, must also be dealt with in detail. Meanwhile on December 14th Beecham has a fine programme, including Delius's Third Symphony ; on December 13th Adrian Boult is conducting Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," and should do it very well ; and on December 9th and 16th Orloff gives the last of his Chopin recitals at the Wigmore Hall. None of these things should be missed.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



By KENNETH MARTIN.

This sculptor has just published "Modelling and Sculpture in the Making," an illustration from which appears in the Supplement.

SARGEANT JAGGER, A.R.A.

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee, which is composed of the following members:

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Brief Chronicles : Theatre

THE BALLET PROVOKES REFLECTIONS

By Aubrey Menon

THERE appears to be a widespread misunderstanding that the ladies and gentlemen who have been dancing at the Alhambra during the past summer are in some way connected with the activities which I have briefly to chronicle. I have no wish to appear discourteous to such an accomplished body of artists, but they really have no more to do with the theatre than the tripe bar which Mr. Lawrence Wright will shortly establish in the Prince's Theatre for the entertainment of his patrons. I am credibly informed that Lancashire theatre-goers have a highly developed taste for the consumption of tripe in the intervals of their dramas; I have observed with my own eyes that London theatre-goers have a scarcely less developed taste for watching athletic young men and women perform effortless gymnastics to the music of dead and unsuspecting composers. I further conclude that the great majority of persons prefer (with my sympathies) to do the dancing themselves to music of their own selection. I am profoundly impressed by the ingenuity which people display in using their leisure time (that symbol of their high civilisation), but from the point of view of the theatre it is obvious to me that all three diversions are equally and impartially irrelevant.

Hollywood however disagrees. After some years of predicting the entire supersession of the theatre by the superior emotional power of the screen (or more accurately of its publicity agents), after as many years of filming stage plays in a manner which I can only conclude was a calculated satire on its rival, after buying up so many playhouses that we have had to build new and very much better ones to house the still surviving theatre, after bribing every stage actor of promise to make films at fantastic salaries, and thus subsidising the theatre more munificently than any government could have done, Hollywood has at last agreed that the theatre still has a future. Mainly, it thinks, in the ballet.*

Now since members of the less carefully educated classes render themselves socially harmless by reading specially designed literature of the escapist variety, one must, in fairness, admit that the Russian Ballet is probably of a higher moral tone than certain popular authors. But why escape? Why solve intricate patterns of lines and colours which we call pictures? why take the trouble to follow out the evolutions of a ballet dancer? why track down the form of a symphony or the construction of a lyric? why elevate this jigsaw puzzle business into something on a level with the highest of human activities?

There is a profound desire to satisfy the æsthetic impulse in every human animal of whatever age. I think it is a part of a good education to provide the child with means of doing this at every stage of its development, so that when it is an incomprehending infant with no interests unconnected with its belly, it shall have irrelevant and purposeless things to do, such as making mud-pies and making patterns. If it grows mentally older (so few, I regretfully observe, ever do), it can have much more difficult things to perform, such as looking

at pictures or listening to a complicated piece of music. It will find a glowing delight in puzzling the thing out, and in making new ones to entertain its fellows. But when it grows into something more complete, it will begin to have a more vivid interest in things around it, and those things and the problems they involve will occupy every moment of its thinking day. J. W. N. Sullivan, in his "Limitations of Science," has shown that the apparatus we must provide for it is, conveniently, scientific or philosophical research.

I believe that J. W. N. Sullivan is right when he makes the æsthetic impulse a prime factor in scientific work; but it seems absurdly wrong to me that he should go on to place artistic activities on a level with the work of such men as Newton and Max Planck. But for centuries during which scientific or any other thinking was rare, the desire to have things ordered and comprehensible and related, instead of a chaotic jumble of odds and ends which have to be painfully taken one by one before they can be even cognised, had to be satisfied by such complicated contraptions as paintings and designs, which see spurious relationships in the external world in much the same muddle-headed manner as the savage saw spirits in the fields and the trees. We are slowly learning that there are other and more connected ways of making things comprehensible. As Sullivan says, the scientific attitude is the rarest and most unpopular in the world to-day; and the artistic is perhaps the most common. But we are growing up.

The place of the theatre in this growing-up is that it can and must deal in reasonable matters; it can talk. It will most certainly be superseded by the cinema and its close-ups of passion and social putrefaction if the theatre does not exercise its right to be intelligent. And the æsthetic delight one will get from an intelligent play talking rationally about a rationally considerable subject will be exactly paralleled by the delight which the mathematician receives from a demonstration which convinces with the greatest economy of means; which pulls into a whole things which were before scattered and unrelated; and which performs these things with an inevitability and logicity which distinguishes it from the half-formed theories which have preceded it.

The theatre which will survive the film stars is one which will care no more about patterning than the mathematician cares about the abacus; it will house plays which are demonstrations of things which will have been demonstrated in pamphlets and books and textbooks; but because it can conjure up reality by its symbols, and underline and emphasise by means of its actors and producers, the theatre will demonstrate these things more clearly and more forcibly. When a politician wished to catch the ear of the country in its most attentive mood, he used to get himself elected to the House of Commons; to-day he languishes or buys shares in a newspaper. To-morrow he will be trying to buy a theatre, if the clergymen and the geneticists and the doctors and the engineers have not bought them all up before him.

It is no argument against this view to say that artistic activity in the pure sense is as old as the cave man and has persisted through the ages. There was a time when men found it impossible to conceive a world in which every action was not made under the control and with the permission of a church; and it is significant that Sir Thomas More, who foresaw so much, entirely failed to foresee any change in the ways of thought in this particular respect. Whenever anything of any importance has happened to us, we have either foreseen the Universe tumbling about our ears, or else completely ignored the whole matter. More often we ignore it. It is therefore conceivable that we may grow out of our pretty toys and ingenious puzzles as imperceptibly as we grow out of dolls and teddy-bears. To-day this view of a world

without its artists and its ballets,* without "human patterns irresistible to watch," is a dull and pedantic one. But there was a time when writing was a fearful bore and it was left to the lower orders. The lower orders took their chance, and became the dominant middle class before their superiors had done turning the leaves of books to look at the pictures. I think that this bore of an intelligent theatre is now being left to the people whose taste is so lacking that they cannot appreciate the finer things of life. Once again they are taking the opportunity. They will have taken it to the full in that land so impossibly lacking in Refinement and Good Taste, the U.S.S.R., if ever they are allowed to think.

* Alistair Cooke in "Hollywood Prospect."

Brief Chronicles: Films

"DON QUIXOTE" AND SOME COMEDIES

By Charles Davy

THIS year December 25th is a Monday, so a number of films will be generally released on Christmas Day. But to film-goers this coincidence will not be visibly evident. The best of the Christmas Day releases is "Don Quixote," with Pabst directing Chaliapine in his first talkie part. Since I wrote at length about this picture when it was pre-released in London, I will not say much more now. Pabst, who may not have had a quite free hand, has treated Cervantes in a curiously uncertain style. The language and the character-drawing are touched with modern sophistication; the settings, often decorative in themselves, are in the tradition of stage mediævalism. And through it all strides the gigantic figure of Chaliapine; his lean and hungry knight escapes altogether from the theatrical framework that surrounds him and seems often to be acting in self-created solitude. It is a wonderful performance, emphatically worth seeing for its own sake; and the film, a United Artists release, has also some excellent photography, particularly of winding roads and rocky hill-sides under a sweep of cloud and sky.

Of the other Christmas Day releases, "Heads We Go" presents Constance Cummings in a mildly amusing story about a mannequin who during a holiday at Deauville is mistaken for a famous film star, with Frank Lawton as a wealthy young man of mysterious antecedents and stranger habits. Since playing in this picture for British International at Elstree, Miss Cummings has

married Benn Levy, the playwright, and has returned to Hollywood with a profitable new American contract in her pocket. She has never had so good a part as that of the heroine in Harold Lloyd's "Movie Crazy," which first made her name, but she has genuine talent, and it is a pity that she was able to bestow it on British

studios for so short a time.

In "Heads We Go" she is clever and versatile, and she has good support from Frank Lawton and Binnie Barnes, and the story is quite neatly contrived—but the general effect is somehow a little embarrassing. The characters are apt to seem so serious when they are foolish, so foolish when they are serious.

In "This is the Life," released by British Lion on the same date, a robust

style of humour prevails, with Gordon Harker and Binnie Hale as a Cockney couple who invade high society. Nothing very new here, but the film is fluently done and the acting competent, with Gordon Harker scoring heavily as usual and Binnie Hale making a successful screen debut.

Among the remaining Christmas Day releases are "The Story of Temple Drake"—Miriam Hopkins in a clever but sordid sex melodrama, considerably cut by the Censor; and "Melody Cruise" (Radio)—a fairly entertaining girl-and-music show on the well-worn theme of the success that comes at last to a young jazz composer with a sweetheart who believes in him.

There are various practical reasons for this neglect



George Robey as Sancho Panza.

From "Don Quixote," as United Artists Film.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



By CECIL WALLER.

This fifteen-year-old dancer has been one of the successes of the Russian Ballet season of 1933.

BARONOVA

HEAVY
WEATHER
BY
J. WODEHOUSE
GIVING THE BEST
OF THE
BEST-SELLERS

THE Herbert Jenkins' WIRELESS

I KNOW
A GARDEN
BY
MARION CRAN
"MRS. CRAN'S BOOK
IS SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL"
SAYS THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

172

DECEMBER, 1933

PRICELESS

MR. CRONK

A DELIGHTFUL STUDY

W. A. DARLINGTON

fifty years of age, Mr. J. W. Cronk had dropped into a rut. He was just a clerk in a firm's office. Nobody knew that he had had dreams of becoming a famous detective or that he still believed himself to have a knack for tracking down criminals. One day suddenly he found himself independent and free to follow his fancy.

He did not act precipitately. Ingrained habits of caution made him think things over. The more he thought, the more determined he came to take his chance, and demonstrate to the world that fiftyish was not so old as it appeared to think. Till the legal formalities were over, he said nothing to anybody; but as soon as Cousin Kate's money became his money without fear of mistake, he asked for an interview, on private business.

Mr. Green, senior partner of the firm of J. W. Cronk, Marston, Marston, Freebody, Clarke and Co.,

Mr. Green, it was a wildly astonishing thought that J. W. Cronk could have any private business. He had long since dropped into the rut of regarding Mr. Cronk much as he regarded office fittings.

"What's he want, d'you think?" he asked his highly trained confidential secretary, Miss Cranfield.

Miss Cranfield replied that she couldn't connect. She too was unable to imagine Mr. Cronk having any existence outside business hours. "All right, call him in," said Mr. Green, and he went to read a document that lay before him. When Mr. Cronk entered he found his employer surprised in this. Accustomed to not being disturbed, he waited with patience; but when minutes had gone by and Mr. Green was unconscious of his presence, he ventured to interrupt himself with a deferential cough.

"Yes?" said Mr. Green absently. "One moment."

He scribbled a note on the margin of the document and looked up.

"You, Cronk?" he said. Then he remembered, with an obvious effort. "Oh, yes. You came to see me, didn't you?"

Resignation

"Yes, sir." A flash of irritation that his first for an interview had made so little impression shot through Mr. Cronk's mind. "I wish to give notice," he added curtly. "It is time he made all the impression he could desired. Mr. Green sat up with a jerk. "You what?"

"I wish to retire, sir."
"Retire? But why?"

It was to Mr. Green as though his roll-top desk had suddenly announced its intention of retiring into private life.

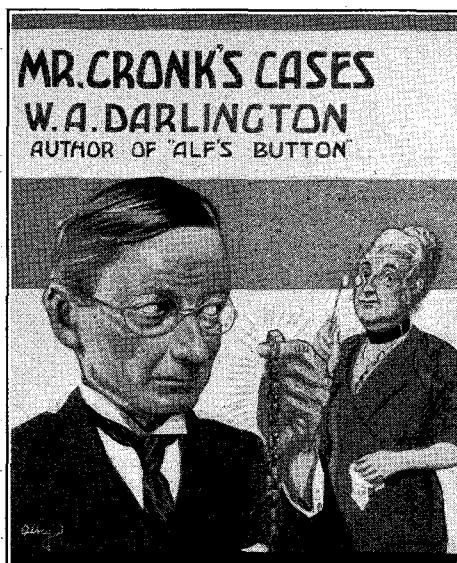
"I have been left a small private income, sir."

"I—I see. Congratulations. And you want to leave us."

"If you please."

Mr. Green found himself thinking of all sorts of good reasons why Mr. Cronk should not leave them. Come to think of it, the little man pulled a good deal more than his weight.

"A small income, you say, Cronk. Have you



considered—are you wise in going out of harness?"

"I must, sir."

The firmness of the tone in which this was said made the senior partner stare.

"Oh, well," he said, "if you must, you must. We shall be very sorry indeed to lose you. I hope you won't regret it. Retirement can be very boring, you know."

"I am taking up a new profession, sir." Mr. Green's eyebrows shot half way up his forehead, and the highly trained Miss Cranfield, entering with her master's tea-tray, stood stock-still in the doorway. Both, in the violence of their surprise, waited for Mr. Cronk to amplify his astonishing statement. He did. "I am going to be an investigator, sir."

"A what?"

"A private detective."

There was a crash. Miss Cranfield had dropped the tray, breaking a cup, a plate, the handle off the cream-jug, and her lifelong record for perfect business department. Mr. Green paid no attention to her lapse.

"B-b-but," he said, controlling his articulation with difficulty, "what makes you think you can detect anything?"

Continued on page 2, col. 11.

ON THE SPOT

AN AMAZING NARRATIVE

We take this opportunity to draw attention to a book recently published entitled *An Englishman Among Gangsters*. The author, L. W. Holmes, an Englishman, was for many years an American police officer and Special Investigator, and in various guises he became intimately connected with the "Big Shots" behind the great American "rackets." In order to watch a gang specializing in bank robberies he became a gunman. He tells of the terrors of the third degree, of his visits to the "gun molls," and of the "Water Cure," where men are turned naked into a dark cell and are rendered unconscious by a continuous stream of icy water. He saw men shot down in cold blood, and knew that his life was not worth one moment's purchase if he were discovered.

But his turn was to come. In the author's own words:

"As I walked a smartly-dressed young man dropped into step beside me.

"Keep your hands down, Holmes, and walk," he said in little more than a whisper, but in a voice that sent the cold thrill of deadly terror down my spine.

Simultaneously another man fell in at my other side, and two guns, concealed in the pockets of their holders, jammed into my sides. Without a word and without changing my pace, I walked on until we came to a large car drawn up against the kerb.

"Get in," said one of the men crisply, and I did so, taking my seat between the pair who had constituted themselves my executioners.

Not for one moment did I doubt the mission of these killers. I was "on the spot." You can imagine my feelings while we were walking through the crowded street, and as we drove past policemen who could, had they but known of my plight, have saved me from certain death. We flashed through the city and outer suburbs, and into the moonlit country-side. My mind was still on my fate; I was wondering what it would feel like to die, when the car suddenly stopped. The driver swung round to my guards.

"How'll that do, boys?" he asked, casually nodding towards a clump of trees in a deserted stretch of country.

"Too good for any lousy dick," growled one of my captors. "Get out, you creep!" he snarled at me, and I followed his companion, who had jumped briskly from the car.

At a nodded direction from my captors I started to walk towards the clump, reckoning on my chances if I ran for it. The thought had scarcely entered my mind when my guards stopped.

"Let him have it, Lack," called out one, and next second came a terrific report.

An Englishman Among Gangsters, by L. W. Holmes. Illustrated. Price 10/6 net (postage 6d.).

THE HERBERT JENKINS' WIRELESS

December, 1933.

Offices:—3, YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1.

Telephone: Whitehall 3235 (2 lines).

Telegrams and Cables: "Booklover, London."

GIFT BOOKS

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

With the approach of Christmas it is an enlightening occupation to glance through the advertisement columns of the daily papers and periodicals, and to note the surprising diversity of opinion about the all-important subject of Christmas gifts. It would seem that everyone who has anything from a grand piano to a pedigree puppy for sale is firmly convinced that his own particular wares solve once and for all the eternal present problem.

Such, indeed, is our own attitude, though we honestly believe that there is rather more evidence to substantiate our own claims than those of many others we have seen. Some people, we fear, may question the truth of this statement, and so we hasten to dispel that doubt as rapidly as possible.

Suppressing for the moment, though not without difficulty, pleasant thoughts of increased sales and the broad smiles of jubilant authors, we ask ourselves what could be more suitable as a token of affection—remembrance—call it what you will—than a book. It would be difficult to conceive of any other thing offering so wide a range in choice or price. Indeed, a single visit to a bookshop will enable one to find suitable gifts for countless people of differing tastes.

There is, too, that about a well-chosen book that reveals something of the character and personality of the giver, thus fostering the bonds of understanding and good-fellowship. The only difficulty lies in the choice, and it is here that we believe we may be of service. The great number of books that we publish prohibits us from mentioning any individual titles, and we shall therefore have to content ourselves with the bare mention of subjects covered.

Besides fiction—and as a publishing house we are noted for our humorous books—we have works dealing in detail with the following subjects: Glass, Pottery, Spoons, Antiques, Furniture, Lace, China, Stamps, Medals, Bric-à-Brac, Pewter, Walnut, Oak, Earthenware, Miniatures, Silver, and Prints.

In addition, we have books on Travel,

Gardening, Fishing, Shooting, Caravaning, Dancing, Scouting, Cooking, Guns, Game, Cricket, Tennis, Rugby Football, Palmistry, Nature, Cocktails, Sundaes, Athletics, Bee-keeping and Big-Game Hunting.

To make a choice from such a list is, we readily admit, a difficult task, but if those readers who are sufficiently interested will write to us for our lists and any information they may require, we shall be only too pleased to help them.

THINGS!

Books on Show

We should like to take this opportunity to congratulate the organisers of *The Sunday Times* Exhibition of Books, which was opened on November 6th last, on the great success that attended their arrangements. Over forty publishers were represented by stands on which the latest books were exhibited, whilst the collection of famous manuscripts evoked great interest.

Contract Bridge

The New Laws of Contract Bridge, 1933, is an invaluable little handbook which has recently appeared under the Green Label imprint. Mr. R. F. Foster, who was responsible for the arrangement of this volume, has clearly set out the new count, the new premiums, new penalties and has included amplified rules for bidding and playing. This book, strongly bound in cloth and of a convenient pocket size, is already in great demand. Price 1/- net (postage 2d.).

Sheridan

Mr. Iolo A. Williams, a well-known student of eighteenth-century English literature, has, in *The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, aimed at presenting the best possible text of Sheridan's plays without unduly loading the book with footnotes. In this he has succeeded admirably, and now for the first time *The School for Scandal* is printed as Sheridan himself wished it to be presented. This is not a new book, but it has just been issued at a price well within the capacity of everybody's pocket—3/6 net. The postage on a single volume is fivepence.

Dancing

Christmas, that period of good-will and gaiety, is upon us and dancing will again come to the fore. With this in view we would urge all enthusiasts to procure a copy of Victor Silvester's book, *The Theory and Technique of Ballroom Dancing*, of which a new and enlarged edition has just appeared.

Mr. Silvester, who has achieved the signal honour of winning The World's Champion Ballroom Dancer title, is a brilliant teacher. But as his first book, *Modern Ballroom Dancing*, was principally for the beginner, so is *Theory and Technique* for the more advanced student, the enthusiast who, having acquired a certain knowledge of the art, wishes to add that "something" to his dancing that distinguishes the average dancer from the expert. The price of this book is only three shilling and sixpence.

Continued from page 1, col. 11.

"It's been the dream of my life, sir."

"But have you had any special training?"

"I have studied and read the subject, yes. But that is nothing." Mr. Cronk drew himself up to his considerable full height, and his mild eyes flashed behind their steel spectacles.

"I have my *flair*," he said with simple grandeur, and withdrew.

Mr. Cronk's Cases, by W. A. Darlington, provides a refreshing change from the usual run of detective stories. Price 7/6 net (postage 5d.).

BOOKS OF INTEREST

I Look Back

Memories of Fifty Years

By ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKE
LL.D., M.A. Illustrated. 15/-
With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon.
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

This is a volume of reminiscences packed
anecdotes and many good stories.

Thomas Hardy, O.M.

The Man, His Work, and the Land of Wessex

By CLIVE HOLLAND, M.B.E.
Illustrated. 12/6

A book that presents Hardy, the works that
him famous and the largely unspoiled country
that the great novelist loved so well.

I Know a Garden

By MARION CRAN.

Illustrated. 10/6

Every lover of gardens will appreciate this book
it contains much information that is of value to
gardener as well as descriptions of the garden
many famous people.

American Stew

By WILLIAM TEELING.

Illustrated. 10/6

This well-known author-politician has produced
book abounding in amusing, vivid and someti-
almost unbelievable descriptions of American ev-
day life.

An Englishman Among Gangsters

By L. W. HOLMES.

Illustrated. 10/6

A book teeming with dramatic incident and anecd-
It describes the work of the American gangsters
the methods adopted by the police to cope with them.

Real Life Stories

By "CHEIRO."

8/6

No reader, no matter what his attitude toward
psychic phenomena, can fail to come under "Cheiro"
magnetism in this book nor be enthralled by what
has to say.

Earnest Earth

By ELSIE GREY-TURNER, B.Sc.

Illustrated. 8/6

Mrs. Grey-Turner is an enthusiastic gardener with
knowledge of gardening and wild life has been learned
in a strenuous school. In this book she tells how
turned a hayfield into a lovely garden.

Where Away?

Famous Stories of the Sea

Collected by HARRISON DALE.

6/-

This is a collection of sea-stories by some of the
known writers of the sea. It opens with a story
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle staged in 1367 and
on a more modern note with a yarn by "Taffrail".

The Near-By Thing

By WILLIAM TEELING.

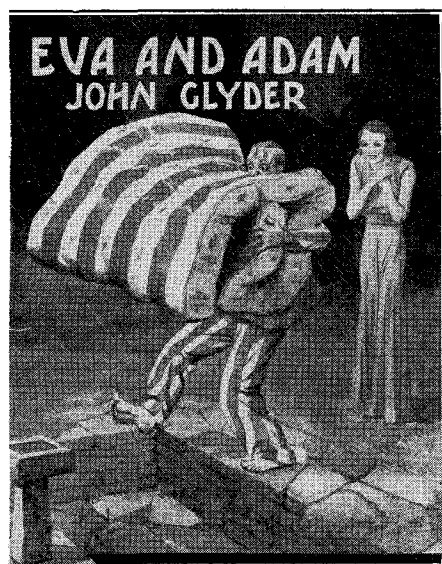
3/6

A brilliant book dealing with the problem
Britain's unemployed from an entirely new angle.

ALFRESCO

MIDNIGHT NIGHTMARE

It was a romantic night in June when Tony ever became engaged to Marjorie Pleydell-ythe. Unfortunately it was the same June that he became disengaged. It was all fault of Charlie Beldam, the novelist, who suaded Tony to sleep out under the stars the Pleydell-Smythes' garden. Tony lay on his back dazedly, taking some le time to realize just where he was and why. got to his feet shivering. It was, he decided,



tingly nippy. Moon and stars had vanished. looked at his watch. Nearly two o'clock. He set to work to readjust his mattress, and ided to turn in again. He was just about do so when his eye caught something yellow und a bush on the opposite side of the clear- . He considered it perplexedly and decided investigate. He walked across the clearing, shed his way through a bush or two, tore self rather badly, peered over. Peacefully sleeping on the other side of the h, beneath a yellow coverlet, her face turned ay from him, lay a girl. "Who the devil -!" And then he saw the red hair, and he w it was Eva Charteris.

"Hell!" said Tony heartily. Why the dickens did she want to bed herself like that? And there she was peacefully ping, sublimely unaware of the scandal in ch she was involved. Well, let her continue ware and there would be no scandal. A ripple of movement passed down the dress-gown. He watched anxiously. A bare arm e out from the coverlet, plucked restlessly t and was still. Another ripple, she turned ards him, her eyes still closed, then turned k again. How unreal it all seemed, with tree trunks casting their long shadows, and grass magically green in the moonlight. Summer Night's Dream! No, Midsummer htmare.

A twig of bramble, like some devilish tentacle, ght him about the ankle. He overbalanced fell prone into the middle of the bush. He entangled amid briars which yielded and when he pushed at them, and would neither im up nor down. Trapped! From the other of the bush came a loud scream.

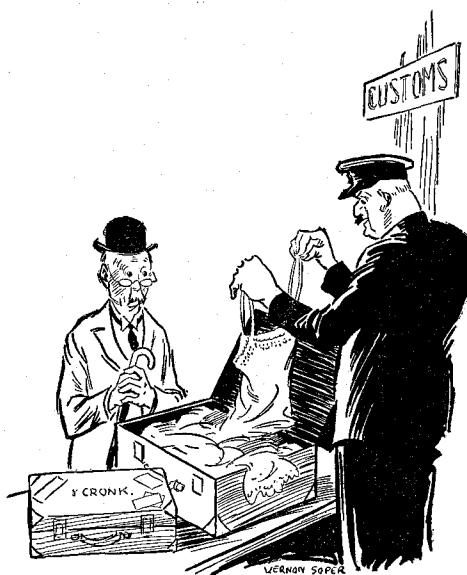
ohn Glyder, whose famous "Compulsory" ks earned him a wide reputation as a orist, is at the top of his form in this hilarious el, *Eva and Adam*. Price 7/6 net (postage

ELY CULBERTSON

A NEW BRIDGE DIARY

We have recently published a book that is unique of its kind. It is entitled *The Culbertson Plastic Bridge Diary*, and it has been especially compiled by F. von Kusserow for the use of bridge players. In his foreword Mr. Ely Culbertson says: "A calendar for the purpose of reminding us of our bridge engagements is a necessity, and I am sure that you will appreciate with me the careful, painstaking work of Baron F. von Kusserow in the preparation of *The Culbertson Plastic Bridge Diary*. The calendar has an added value in that its full and concise explanation of the Culbertson System conforms with the elaboration of these principles in *Contract Bridge Blue Book* of 1933. The idea of 'plastically' showing and explaining hand valuation, correct bids, responses and the like by means of illustrated plates is a splendid one, and will, I believe, make a strong appeal to bridge-lovers everywhere. I am sure bridge players will find the calendar not only a valuable reminder of the flight of time, but a convenient reference work when questions come up at the bridge table requiring quick decisions upon fundamental propositions."

This book with its coloured diagrams, its carefully prepared pages for "engagements," its clear exposition of the Approach Forcing System and its many specimen hands, will make an ideal present for all bridge players. There are a great many volumes dealing with bridge in all its phases and systems, but this is the only diary devoted entirely to the game, and its treatment, production and general utility have already received the highest praise by many of the world's leading players. *The Culbertson Plastic Bridge Diary*, compiled by F. von Kusserow, is now on sale at all booksellers, price 3/6 net (postage 3d.).



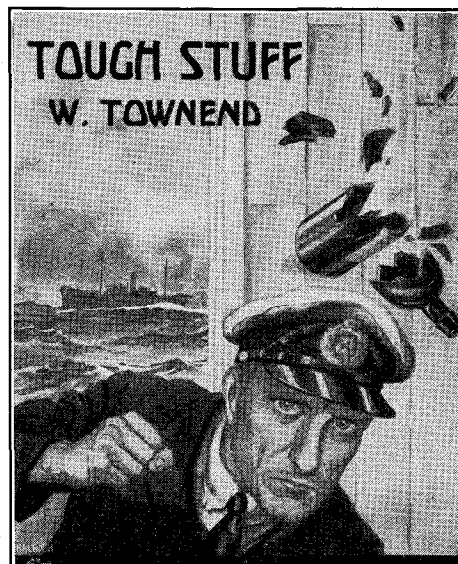
GREEN LABEL TITLES TRAVESTIED.

CXXVIII. - MR. CRONK'S CASES

CAPTAIN CRUPPER

DEATH AT SEA

'Four bells sounded from the bridge. The fo'c'sle bell answered. The look-out man hailed the bridge. "All lights burnin' bright, sir." The third mate answered: "Aye, aye." A deck-hand hurried up the ladder to relieve the wheel. "We ought to be picking up the Tusker light very soon now, Jock," said Captain Crupper. And then the stillness of the night was broken



by a wild screech of agony, and the sound of a thud, as of someone, or something, a heavy weight, falling for'ard.

"What in God's name was that?" said Mr. Thorburn.

Captain Crupper slid down the ladder and hurried for'ard.

He saw against the lighted doorway of the firemen's fo'c'sle the figures of men standing and kneeling.

"What is it?" he said. "What's happened?"

The men made way for him.

Linnegan lay on his back on the steel deck-plates between the break of the fo'c'sle-head and the No. 1 hatch.

Captain Crupper struck a match and stared at the white face, the teeth showing in a kind of fierce grin, then dropped on to one knee and groped with his right hand under the unbuttoned jacket and open shirt. His heart had ceased beating.

"He's dead," he said gruffly.

One of the deck-hands, Carden, the north-countryman, struck another match.

"Sir," he said, "there's blood."

"It wasn't an accident," said a hoarse voice.

"Mr. Townend," said a well-known critic recently, "is the most realistic living writer of life on British tramp-steamers... we learn more of human nature in twenty pages than is possible from whole volumes of modern fiction."

In this book we are introduced to the small but fiery Captain Crupper and accompany him to many parts of the world. With him we meet all sorts and conditions of men, and with him we join in water-front brawls or suffer the hardship and privation that those who go down to the sea in ships learn to endure.

It is a book that gives a vivid and first-hand description of life aboard a tramp-steamer and is told with that vigorous vitality that appeals to all lovers of seafaring yarns. *Tough Stuff*, by W. Townend. Price 7/6 net (postage 5d.).

THE WATCHER

PETER LUCK

'Very cautiously, for now he feared to make a sound, he crept along the narrow path, rounded the corner and was about to lay his hand on the hanging rope when, with a stifled gasp, his arm fell to his side, and he stood, hardly daring to breathe and for the moment paralysed with a deadly fear.

On that instant he realized the truth. The man who was watching on the cliff, and whose face he had seen in the reflected light, must have seen him, for his own face would be as clearly seen in the glow of the torch as was that of the watcher, and this fact had, with disastrous results, escaped him. His own detection, then, had been the reason for the warning signal and the extinguished light, and now here he was caught like a rat in a trap. He had even forgotten to bring his revolver.

There was only one thing possible, for he was—literally—between the devil and the deep sea, and of the two he preferred to trust himself to the latter.

Shot !

As he sprang to his feet the window was flung open. Quick as thought he raced for the wall where at the end some bricks had broken away and so made it about a foot lower than the rest. As he reached it two things happened. The first was a blinding glare from behind him as the man who had opened the window switched on his torch. The second was an amazed and horrified mental recognition of the watcher on the cliff which seemed to come to him simultaneously with the flashing of the light. Indeed it so staggered him that for the fraction of a second he swayed as he caught at the wall, and in that second a revolver shot cracked behind him; he felt a burning, searing pain between his shoulders, and, a moment later, with a stifled groan, he crumpled up inert and unconscious on the narrow path.

Robin Cockland, convalescing, went to Stanborough on the coast of Suffolk to recuperate. He sought accommodation at the "Ship," a hostelry renowned for its comfort and excellent table, but was informed that guests were no longer received. The innkeeper, however, eventually consented to accept Robin as a guest.

Robin had not long been in his new quarters before he was aware that queer things were going on in the "Ship." What lay beyond the locked door at the foot of the spiral staircase? What was the mission of the strange motor-boat that crept past the inn in the dead of the night? And who was the mysterious Frenchman, d'Argniac?

These were the questions Robin asked himself, and he determined to answer them. Was his curiosity, then, responsible for his murder?

Who Killed Robin Cockland? by Peter Luck (7/6 net), is a highly exciting murder story. (Postage 5d.)

A HAPPY XMAS

WITH A GREEN LABEL

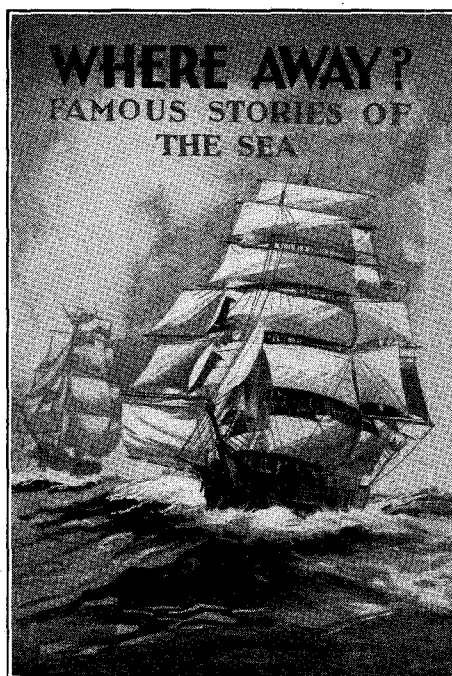
ASK

YOUR BOOKSELLER

ADVENTURE

ON THE HIGH SEAS

Where Away? is a collection of stories of the sea as it was—and is—by some of the greatest of sea writers. It begins with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story of *How the Yellow Cog Fought the Two Rover Galleys*, which is staged in 1367, and ends with "Tafrail's" yarn of *The King's Hard Bargain* in 1914. The masters of the past are drawn on and the work of such famous moderns in this vein as W. Clark Russell, Frank T. Bullen, C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, and Captain David W. Bone is included. The scenes range from the English Channel to the South Seas, and include the South American coast, the West Indies, the China Seas, the Mediterranean, the Pacific and Cape Horn.



We reprint below a short extract from Charles Reade's *How a Tea Clipper Fought Two Pirates*. "His masts! Fire at his masts!" roared Dodd to Monk through his trumpet.

The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose. The white Britons, drunk with battle now, naked to the waist, grimed with powder, and spotted like leopards with blood, their own and their mates', replied with loud undaunted cheers, and deadly hail of grape from the quarter-deck.

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first. He hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him. They thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever. He would soon wear and cross the *Agra's* defenceless bows, to rake her fore and aft at pistol-shot distance, or grapple and board the enfeebled ship, two hundred strong.

As Dodd flew to the helm he saw a vessel running out from the island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid? Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head!

Where Away?, which has been compiled by Harrison Dale, is an ideal gift book for boys. Price 6/- net (postage 5d.).

DECEMBER FICTION

EACH 7/6 NET

TOUGH STUFF

By W. TOWNEND.

A magnificent account of life aboard a trans-Atlantic steamer.

EVA AND ADAM

By JOHN GLYDER.

A rollicking story told in the true Glyder vein.

MR. CRONK'S CASES

By W. A. DARLINGTON.

A new departure in detective stories.

BORDERS OF ENCHANTMENT

By A. A. THOMSON

A delightful romance set against a background of Scotland's enchanted borders.

OLD OBBUT

By W. RILEY

A remarkably fine story—a worthy addition to long list of successes.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

By MARGARET BEECH.

A charming love-story with a refreshing atmosphere of youth and gaiety.

LONDON LUCK

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of the Christmas season by the film trade. A film is first pre-released, usually in London; later on, perhaps three or six months later, it is generally released. Hence no film can easily be made for showing only at one particular time of the year. Also, a Christmas film suggests a religious subject or a story for children, and either alternative is apt to mean a limited audience.

I think that very delightful films could be made, capable of appealing both to adults and to children, on themes drawn from old fairy tales and folk-lore; that charming old German silent film, "Cinderella," directed by Ludwig Berger, was an example of what can be done in this field. But it is a field rather remote from the usual preoccupations of commercial film production; and I am not sure what results might follow if Hollywood or Elstree were suddenly to become interested in Christmas subjects. We may at any rate feel grateful that Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, when he set out to make "King of Kings," did not think it necessary to treat the Nativity legends. His picture began, if I remember rightly, with a scene showing Mary Magdalene in a chariot drawn by leopards.

Now I must turn from this digression to the other December releases. Among the films to be seen on December 4th are "Facing the Music" (Wardour)—a more than usually lively and effective farce-comedy, with Stanley Lupino; and "The Only Girl"—the last

picture made for Ufa by Lilian Harvey before she went to Hollywood. It is a court musical romance, set in the Germany of perhaps a century ago—all quite familiar but well done, with Charles Boyer as the Duke. "Storm at Daybreak," released by M.G.M. on the same date, presents Walter Huston and Kay Francis in a picturesque but unconvincingly romantic story about war-time race animosities in the Balkans following the Serajevo murder.

On December 11th Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding will appear in "When Ladies Meet"—a moderately entertaining version of the play by Rachel Crothers recently seen in London; and there is some wildly ingenious comedy in Paramount's "International House"—an odd mixture of television, chorus dancing, and knockabout adventure. But I would call attention more particularly to "Doss House," a British film made at the Sound City studios at Shepperton. In spite of its crudity and weak story, it does represent a creditable experiment with social actualities.

The best of the December 18 releases is "Clear All Wires" (M.G.M.)—Lee Tracy in another play adaptation but a very amusing one. As an imaginative American newspaper correspondent in Moscow, Tracy is at his best; and as a quick-fire entertainment full of neat satire and unexpected incidents this film is perhaps the safest recommendation of the month.

Brief Chronicles: Broadcasting

FREEDOM FOR THE B.B.C.

By C. Henry Warren

THOSE listeners who tuned in to the German stations during the preparations for the elections, and heard how uncompromisingly broadcasting had been converted in that country to political use, must sometimes have wondered whether such a state of affairs could ever obtain in this country. It would seem impossible; and yet—? When a country is in a state of war (and that is the only name which can possibly be applied to the conditions prevailing in Germany since the revolution) obviously broadcasting is going to be one of the very first instruments seized upon by the government in power to justify its action and to stir the people into the necessary patriotic fervour. And what a superb instrument it is for such a purpose! When the government, carefully choosing its spokesmen, can insinuate its voice into almost every home in the country, how should it not succeed? What earthly chance have the more intelligent members of the community against such a vast, persuasive, all-pervading force?

It is precisely this possibility, in all its various degrees, which makes broadcasting so inherently dangerous. All very fine for us to be sitting by our firesides now and listening to chamber-music and symphony concerts and comedians and silver-voiced announcers: well may we be grateful for the wireless. But how if one day all this music is blown sky-high and the comedians give place to vivid commentaries from the battle-fields (if

there are such things in the next war) and instead of the adorable silver-voiced announcers trumpeting aides-de-camp usher to the microphone the newly appointed Director in Chief of Broadcast Military Propaganda! Fantastic? Very likely; but anyway the fantasy contains a possibility we should do well not to ignore.

"Nation shall speak peace unto nation." So runs the motto of the B.B.C.; and it must be confessed that, all things considered, the motto is fairly well lived up to. Of course there have been lapses—all too many, some would perhaps say, cynically reflecting upon those far-off days of the General Strike. But the very existence of the motto is like a challenge. It is as if the B.B.C., even at its inception, dared to proclaim abroad its conviction that, whatever might happen in other countries, England at least would never abuse its privilege as one of the rulers of the etherial domains. And so far it has lived up to that conviction surprisingly. But there are powers even mightier than the B.B.C. Consider the recent case of Mr. Vernon Bartlett. I am not here concerned with the rightness or wrongness of his views when he made his historical broadcast on the night of Germany's eventful decision to quit the League of Nations. The point is that his views were considerably in opposition to those of the British Government, and yet he was allowed to broadcast them. At a time when, with their usual lack of logic, the newspapers were trying to bully us into believing that Germany was

heading straight for war, that she was a menace to Europe and that it was England's plain duty to arm to the teeth by way of necessary precaution, Mr. Vernon Bartlett was allowed to come to the microphone and tell millions of listeners that things were not quite like this in fact, that anyhow if England were in Germany's position she would probably be behaving in precisely the same way and that we might usefully "swallow a little of our pride and make another attempt to understand and to meet the German point of view." No wonder the newspapers sensationalised the broadcast next day. But, despite the fuss in the papers and despite the fact that Mr. Bartlett made a tactful pretence of apology in his next broadcast, I am told that his huge mail contained far more commendation than abuse.

To that degree therefore the B.B.C. was justified in its daring; but will it be allowed to dare as much in the future? That is my fear. I write these notes before the threatened questions have been put to the House concerning Mr. Bartlett's broadcast but even the announcement of those questions seems to me ominous. By its charter the B.B.C. remains separate from, though somewhat under the wing of, the Government: it is therefore able, at least in theory, to frame its policy irrespective of the aims of that Government. But very soon the B.B.C.'s charter is due for reconsideration and the rumblings in Parliament to-day are indicative of a desire in certain quarters to revise—if not altogether to abolish—that charter. If it were to be abolished what would be the result? It could only be one thing: the total extinction of that freedom which, constrained as some of us may think it to be, is the saving grace of the B.B.C.

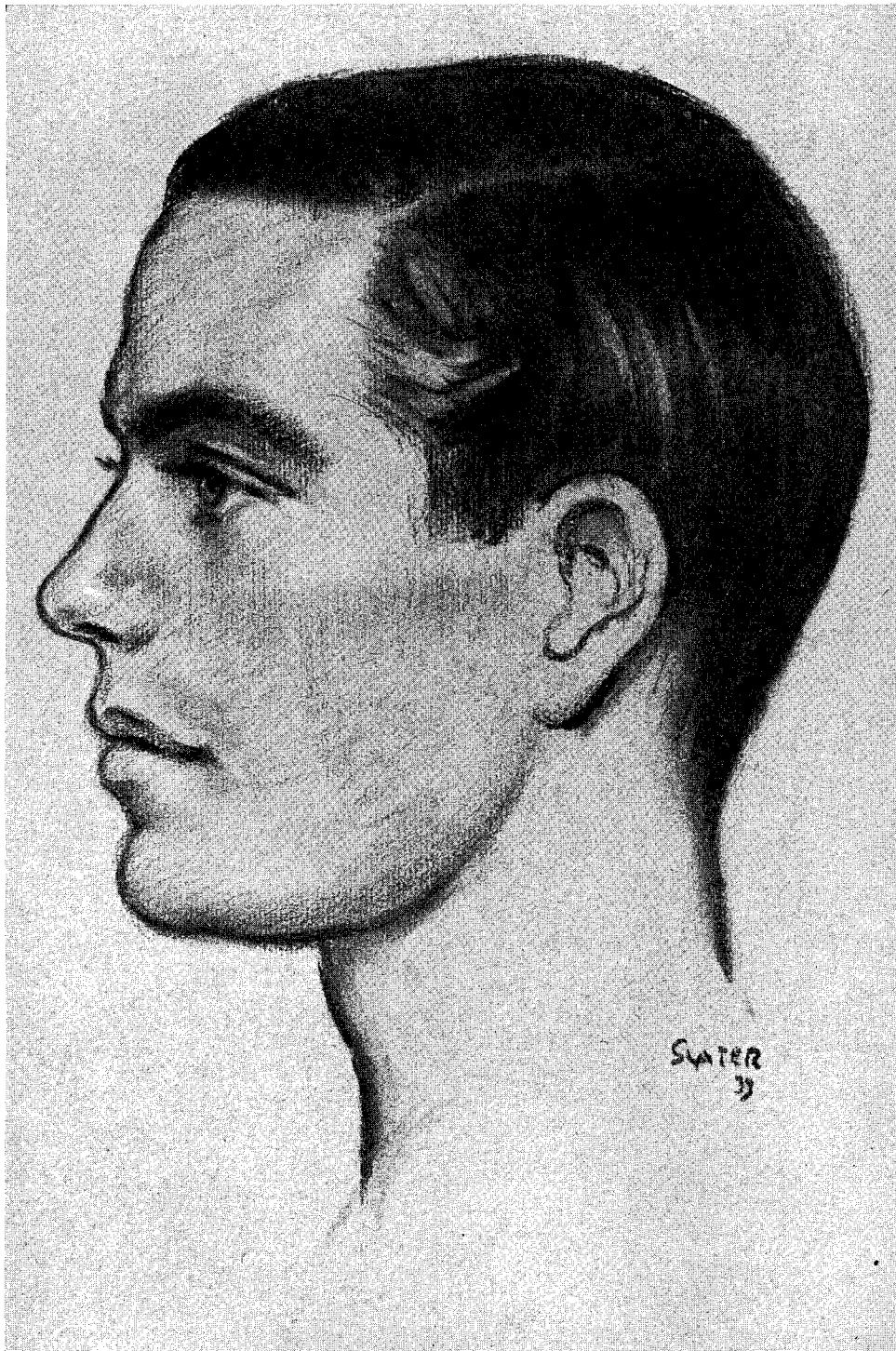
Miss Matheson, one-time Talks Director, recently made the following statement: "To dictatorship broadcasting offers a weapon readily available for war: to a free people it offers an instrument equally apt for peace, provided that there is that fortunate divorce from Government which is expressed in the charter of the B.B.C. and provided that broadcasters are encouraged to keep alive, through many channels, that human and informal contact with the widest public which is the essence of good broadcasting." And no one who has at heart the cause of "good broadcasting" can fail to be concerned lest the B.B.C. should lose its charter and thereby its freedom to voice such unofficial and salutary points of view as those of Mr. Vernon Bartlett. If ever that day should come when the B.B.C. is compelled to change its motto we can all say good-bye to freedom and prepare to welcome the dawn of a really robot-minded nation.

And so from what may be to what is. The revival of Lance Sieveking's "Kaleidoscope" and Tyrone Guthrie's "The Flowers are not for you to Pick," among the feature series of "Twelve Plays for Broadcasting," inevitably invited renewed speculation as to the possibilities of this new and difficult art-form. Good plays

make good reading—but that is not to say they necessarily make good listening. Considered as a play "Kaleidoscope" is indeed poor material—but it makes effective listening because it was written expressly for the exploitation of the microphone. Its author calls it "A Rhythm" and its chief feature is the kaleidoscopic use of multiple studios, music and poetry being employed as protagonists and the general effect being very similar to the stage expressionist plays fathered by Georg Kaiser and Ernst Toller. That it is rather precious (I mean that for its proper appreciation it depends upon the listener's ability for instance to associate certain extracts of music with certain definite emotions) is not necessarily against it; but what is against it, I think, is the obvious and severe limitations of such a method. The play was first broadcast five years ago when radio drama was certainly in its infancy; and it is symptomatic that the method, although it has been utilised frequently in moderated form since, has never produced any startlingly successful imitations. Effects have become more efficient; and studio arrangements in Broadcasting House are so highly developed that they offer the dramatist unlimited opportunity, should he desire it, for multiple use; but the fact remains that, since "Kaleidoscope," complexity in radio drama has more and more given way to simplicity. That I am sure is as it should be. We are no longer interested in the exploitation of broadcasting as a new toy and experiments in radio drama can no longer hold our interest as such. Our first demand of a wireless play to-day is that it should be adequate in content: form is a matter for the concern of the experts at the B.B.C.—and if, after ten years of experimenting, they have not yet found perfection we need not be impatient. By turning their backs on the complexities of such plays as "Kaleidoscope" they are at least now facing in the right direction.

Finally, I cannot let the month go by without commenting on the bad taste which was the key-note of the recent song-recital by Herr Richard Tauber. It is beside the point that anyway I do not like Herr Tauber's particularly saccharine brand of singing. I had been told that, whatever he may be like on the stage, he has few equals as a Schubert singer on the platform; and so, unbelieving but hopeful, I tuned in to his recital. If I came prepared to scoff I certainly remained to jeer. But the bad taste was not all on the part of Herr Tauber. The B.B.C. had conceived the idea of "staging" their star against a background of orchestral extracts from his popular successes. Had he been all three of the Marx Brothers rolled into one he could not have been announced more aptly. And on Sunday, too! I heard rumours sometime ago that a move was to be made towards gingering up the broadcast concerts, the idea being apparently that music needs a showman. Well, the showman had certainly got in on the Tauber ramp. Very likely Monday's mail was full of hearty congratulations, but all the same I refuse to believe I was the only listener who switched over to another wavelength in disgust.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



By SLATER.

Peter Fleming's "Brazilian Adventure" was one of the outstanding travel books of the year.

PETER FLEMING

Miscellaneous

JANE MOLLET'S BOX

By T. F. Powys

JANE MOLLET'S box was covered with sea-shells, and was large enough to keep everything inside it that Jane valued. Her box came to her unexpectedly. It was given to her on her fifth birthday by Mr. Gasser, the chapel minister.

Every event is a miracle, and had Mr. Gasser not wished to buy a second-hand clock, that he had seen in the shop where Jane's box was, she would never

wonder if the church-cleaner would be so particular, and also try to guess what seed Mr. Gasser was planting so carefully in his garden. . . .

As soon as Jane could toddle, and knew a little how a small baby ought to behave itself, Mrs. Mollet took her to the Manse to see Mr. Gasser's picture.

Mr. Gasser had not possessed his picture long; he had bought it soon after the death of his wife, at the same queer little shop that Jane's box came from—the place being more like a tunnel than a shop, that went deeper and deeper into the ground.

When a sad loss is sustained by a human creature, he knows not where to turn for comfort, and will often take what he can see, whether good or ill. Mr. Gasser saw his picture.

The picture was a large painting that took up all one side of Mr. Gasser's study. It showed St. Peter wearing a wonderful rolling garment that looked like the waves of the sea, which enveloped the saint as though he were a suet pudding. But there he was plain enough, with his great beard, while in the background, looking a little ominous and unfriendly, was a cross under a dark mountain. Whether the cross was St. Peter's or our Saviour's Mr. Gasser could never determine.

Jane first saw the picture upon Mr. Gasser's knees, where he held her very contentedly, and stroked her hair and sighed, for he had never had a child.

When Jane grew older and Mr. Gasser had no sermon to write, and was but reading a few lines from "The Task," he would invite her in from the kitchen—where she would often be with her mother—and show her his picture, pointing out the keys which St. Peter held, which he said opened the gates of Heaven.

Though he had loved his wife as much as any man could love a woman, yet he did not sorrow foolishly for her, but rather worked the harder for her loss, and brought to many the happiness that he lacked.

"Look," he would say to little Jane, taking her on his knees after a busy day, "he holds the keys to open the twelve gates to the blessed. Each gate is a Pearl."

Jane looked at St. Peter curiously, and shook her curls. "Which one did he open for Mrs. Gasser?" she asked.

"Every gate in Heaven was opened to receive her," replied Mr. Gasser, and he repeated Milton's sonnet on his deceased wife.

"It was a pity you woke up," said Jane, "but perhaps you were frightened . . ."

Five years after he had bought his picture, a sad change came to Mr. Gasser. He awoke one morning—it was about the time of year when the first cuckoo calls—and knew himself to be damned. No one knew how he came to believe this with such terrible certainty, but believe it he did. The chief elder thought that too much poetry was to blame, but Mrs. Dady, the elder's wife, put the trouble down to a different cause. "Had Mr. Gasser only married again, as I advised him," she said briskly, "he would have had better things to think of than Hell and devils."



Gabriel Aithen.

"It was given to her on her fifth birthday."

have had it. The clock would not go, and Mr. Gasser, not liking to disappoint Mrs. Brown, the shopwoman, bought the box instead. When he was in the street again he met Jane, and gave her the box.

Jane was a religious baby, because her mother cleaned the chapel, but her religion one day, when she was a year old, nearly deprived her of life. She crawled up the pulpit steps, and then, as if she were disappointed with what she found there, rolled down them again.

When Jane was seven years old she would help on Sundays to take the hymn-books out of a large box—that had no shells and only worm-holes upon it—and place them in the pews before the service commenced.

Mrs. Mollet—Jane's mother—had done as much for the chapel as any chapel could expect of a woman. She had brushed and dusted there as a young girl, and had never permitted Jane's father, in the days of their courtship, to help her even to clean the windows. The gossips supposed that she was afraid that, if honest Tom saw her with her sleeves turned up, holding a broom to reach the cobwebs, while she stood on a pew, he might have wished to behave a little too lovingly. And so Tom used to loll upon the chapel wall and

And now Mr. Gasser's picture turned out to be a sad thing for him, and whenever he went by the keys, he turned his head so that he might not see them.

It was a month or two before Mr. Gasser's trouble came that Mrs. Mollet suffered from her legs so that she could not work as she used to do, and Jane took her place in waiting upon Mr. Gasser. Mr. Gasser was happy enough when Jane first came, for the child was a merry imp to watch, and she would sweep and clean with such vigour that, one Sunday morning, Mr. Gasser had to look for his sermon in the road.

She had a little sharp knock that said plainly enough: "Let me in at once, please." Then she would set to work and lay Mr. Gasser's tea in a matron-like manner, knowing just how he liked his toast done, and which teapot he preferred—which, curiously enough, happened to be the one his wife had always disliked.

Jane was almost the first to discover that there was something wrong with Mr. Gasser. She had run in after school to prepare his tea, and when she had laid the cloth in the study, she thought there was something queer about the room.

She brought in the tray, which she always carried with the greatest care because of the teapot; and then, after she had set it down—wishing for a little praise from someone—she looked at St. Peter.

He was there with his great mantle of folds, but before the keys a small fire-screen had been set.

"Perhaps," thought Jane, "the screen had fallen down, and Mr. Gasser, being a man, had put it in the wrong place."

She lifted the screen; only Mr. Gasser, who was reading the Bible, looked at her.

"Let the screen stay, Jane," he said. "I cannot bear the sight of those keys that will never open a Heavenly gate for me."

"Perhaps they are the wrong ones," cried Jane hopefully, but seeing Mr. Gasser shake his head very sadly, she hurried out for the toast that waited on the rack above the kitchen fire.

It was quite impossible for any of his own flock to say boldly to Mr. Gasser that he was not damned. He would only have smiled and refuted them out of the scriptures.

"Ah!" observed Mr. Tom Mollet one evening at supper, "'tis a pity Mr. Gasser don't give all religions to the devil instead of 'imself, same as Mr. Vardy do."

Mr. Vardy was the village cobbler. He was also a follower of M. Voltaire.



Gabriel Aitken.

"She turned and held out the box."

"I best go and see Mr. Vardy," said Jane with determination.

Jane took an old pair of shoes to be patched.

"Be folk burnt in Hell?" she asked, after she had explained that she did not want a new sole but only pieces put on.

"No," replied Mr. Vardy, looking at the shoes with his glasses upon his forehead—for he only used them when he worked. "No, Jane, there's no Hell to burn them in—more's the pity."

"But there be a Heaven," observed Jane, "to be got into with they keys, if they be the right ones?"

Mr. Vardy shrugged his shoulders.

"'Tis this be the matter," said Jane.

"Mr. Gasser do think 'e be damned."

"His shoes won't wear out the quicker for thinking so," replied Mr. Vardy.

"'E do want to see Mrs. Gasser, who be in Heaven," remarked Jane.

"Ah!" said Mr. Vardy.

Mr. Vardy looked curiously at Jane. "What are those keys you talk about?" he asked her.

"St. Peter's," said Jane.

"They are only for show," observed Mr. Vardy, "and I don't suppose they are the only keys in the world. Have you anything at home that you love?"

"I have my box," replied Jane.

"Sometimes," observed Mr. Vardy, "one gives away what one loves—it has been done, you know."

"Yes," said Jane.

"Now go," said Mr. Vardy.

Jane walked home thoughtfully. She had only one man to outwit, and that was St. Peter.

The next Saturday Jane went to Weyminster with Mr. Balliboy. She visited all the ironmongers in the town.

"Ah!" said Mr. Balliboy to his friend George, "maiden be up to something."

"Yes," answered George; "'taint no use God Almighty damning poor folks if Jane do hear of it."

Mr. Balliboy entered the "Rod and Puss." . . .

Every evening Mr. Gasser would chop sticks in his woodshed. And every evening his thoughts were brought nearer to a rope that was suspended from a nail in the wall.

One evening he thought that something broke inside him when he went to the shed. Why, then, should he wait his damnation? his own end was nothing to that fear. He was an old man; it couldn't take long.

Only that morning he had read of a suicide whose hat was safe upon his head when he was found hanged.

But he wouldn't let Jane find him; he would cut the sticks first and place them in the kitchen. He had just done so and returned to the shed, when he heard Jane's knock at the back-door.

He would see what she wanted first.

Coming from the shed, Mr. Gasser was unexpected by Jane. She stood by the door with her box, covered with pink and blue, white and golden shells. She looked a little pale and anxious, as though the getting Mr. Gasser into Heaven were not as easy a matter as some might think. Hearing his footsteps, she turned and held out the box.

"'Tis thee's birthday present I have brought," she

cried, "for Mr. Vardy do say it be only what I love best that will save 'ee from Hell."

Jane held out the box; Mr. Gasser received it into his hands. Jane was gone.

Mr. Gasser carried the box into his study. He would leave it there, pray a little for Jane, and then return to the woodshed. The box was heavy. When Mr. Gasser put it down, there was a clink of metal inside.

Mr. Gasser opened the box. It was full of keys.

He turned them out upon the table. There were keys of all shapes and sizes, from a great cottage key to the smallest key for a modern lock.

Mr. Gasser covered his face and wept.

He returned the screen to the fire.

UNCLE JAMES: A GHOST STORY

By Geoffrey Wellington

IN the time consecrated to silence and the digestion of a heavy luncheon, I dared not speak to Uncle James. He sat reading the notices of deaths in *The Times*, with his back to the light; I was at the other side of the black marble fire-place, looking through the window to the road—or rather to that patch of road framed by the clearing in the yew trees that fringed the lawn. But perhaps the newspaper was only a barrier between me and his sleep, for my Uncle James started as if he had been roused from a dream when the first sound of the church bell penetrated into the library. Ding, dong, the bell was ringing, with a long and melancholy pause between the strokes. A funeral! My uncle watched the sad little procession as it passed along the road, and then he hurried from the room. He had not ventured out of doors for a week, but he seemed to forget his chill altogether; and a minute later I saw him trotting in the wake of the hearse, still buttoning his black overcoat. He had never been able to resist a funeral.

My father had often told me of this peculiar taste. Even as a child my uncle had haunted the churchyard whenever the bell tolled for a burial; hidden behind the sexton's shed, itself screened by laurel bushes, he used to peer at priest and mourners, at the undertaker's men and at the coffin; he even kept a kind of register, and wrote down dates and other details in a little penny notebook of the kind which housewives used for their shopping lists. He was a shy child, but although it meant a very agony of bashfulness, he used to make precise inquiries about the dead and the dying, taxing many whom he never would have brought himself to speak with, had not his hobby demanded it.

Most men hate going to funerals, but my uncle loved nothing better than to follow some business acquaintance to the grave; clad in the most correct mourning garments, he would plod along the gravel paths of the London cemeteries or the worn paving-stones of country churchyards, in the hope that stricken relatives would ask him to throw the handful of earth upon the coffin before the gravediggers shovelled back the rest. Indeed, "Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes" was the motto which he chose when he changed his coat of arms, for he abandoned the Phoenix of our family for something more appropriate to the great interest of his life, and

adopted instead an array of hour-glasses and mattocks arranged after the style of the hatchments, with a death's head for badge.

His retirement from business—he was a manufacturer of immortelles—was altogether delightful to him. He chose to settle down in a suburb where the death-rate was unusually high, and he would only sally from Mortlake House to attend the funerals of his contemporaries, taking a positive relish in outliving many of his old friends by whole decades. He had plenty of leisure, too, for devoting to the perfection of his library, already famous, of books with a bearing upon funeral customs. He was even prevailed upon to print an introductory essay—"The Cypress in Connection with the 'Hydriotaphia' of Sir Thomas Browne," to "The Catalogue of the Necrological Collection belonging to James D'Aeth, Esquire." This catalogue was recognised immediately as a literary curiosity, and my uncle was able to sell all of the five hundred copies which he had caused to be printed for him by the S. Sepulchre's Press. The profits helped to subsidise his other work, the monumental "On the Disposition of Mortal Remains . . ."—a long thesis in two volumes, bound in black; this failed to sell during my uncle's lifetime, but I am told that no copies can be had now for love or money.

And he had other things to amuse him. His scrap-books of obituary notices occupied much of his time, and he assembled many portfolios full of indifferent prints of such scenes as "The Genius of Rome weeping beside the Urne of Cæsar," "The Cenotaph of Theodoric at Ravenna," and "The Last Journey of Cleopatra"; some of these pictures hung in his house, where they gave a somewhat dismal air to walls already gruesome with a paper of ivy-leaf trellis work. Once he commissioned me to buy for him "The Obsequies of Marlborough," a canvas of heroic size by Cornelius Tombs, for which I bid five pounds at the public sale of the late Lord Elegg's pictures.

So in a scholarly retreat, varied by frequent attendance at funeral services, my Uncle James passed a long and happy old age. On the whole, he was remarkably free from an old man's ailments, although he would sometimes contract a chill at a grave-side. We thought of him as being everlasting, but he was rash on that

December afternoon when he forgot his indisposition in his pleasure at the thought of another funeral. Alas, he caught his death of cold. At first we entertained hopes of recovery, but he was nearly ninety years of age, and succumbed without protest to the fatal germ.

Elaborate directions as to his own funeral were contained in his will; they were detailed and provided for everything, from the tapers of unbleached wax which were to burn beside his corpse as it lay in state to the exact methods of aspersing the coffin at the last absolution with water which he himself had imported from the Dead Sea for this very purpose.

The light was pale and uncertain on the foggy morning when we drove after his hearse through the dark London streets to the Church of All Souls. I was sharing a dingy cab with my uncle's crony, Mr. Tod Chantry, and I am convinced that ours was the last carriage to leave Mortlake House. Yet there was another cab following ours, and I saw it clearly, although the mist blurred the outlines of the horses and carriages alike. The church was ill-lit, and I could not see whether there was a stranger among the few mourners; but I

was certain, when we gathered around the newly-opened vault, that there was another mourner.

I was about to cast in the handful of ashes that custom demands, when I felt a tap upon my shoulder. When I turned my head, I saw that it was Uncle James. I was too astonished to speak as he murmured "Allow me," and stepped past to throw the ashes upon the coffin himself. As I said before, the light was uncertain and all the figures indistinct, but I am convinced that I made no mistake.

Mr. Chantry nudged me, whispering that I was delaying an already lengthy ceremony, and I understood from the looks of those near me that they had seen nothing strange except my hesitation. I threw in the ashes, and the service ended. I looked about for my uncle, but there was no sign of him in the church, nor did the extra carriage follow ours on the drive back. Mr. Chantry remarked, with the leer that showed his glee in surviving:

"This must be the first family funeral in eighty years that your uncle has missed."

But I made no reply, for I was not so sure about that.

SOME NEW NOTES ON THE BRONTË-HÉGER LETTERS

By Fannie E. Ratchford

THE four letters that remain of the series written by Charlotte Brontë to Constantin Héger following her return from Brussels, take rank among the important documents in English literature. Their publication in 1913 constituted a literary sensation which has not subsided after twenty years. To the biographer and critic, and to the world in general, they

came as confirmation of the old tradition that Charlotte was in love with her Belgian schoolmaster, and in her unhappy passion they found a satisfying explanation of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," long numbered among the mysteries of creative genius. Before the publication of the letters, the tradition had rested upon Madame Héger's statements and evidence of "Villette" interpreted as a flaming autobiography of Charlotte's two years in Brussels, Lucy Snowe representing Charlotte and Paul Emanuel M. Héger.

Such circumstantial evidence as might reasonably be drawn from "Villette" is wholly refuted by Charlotte's unpublished writings ante-dating her journey to Brussels—only recently collected and studied. These *juvenilia* demonstrate that Charlotte's genius, rather than experiencing the supposed sudden awakening in Brussels, was alive, active and self-conscious, throbbing, glowing, lyrical, six years before she crossed the Channel. They show further that Paul Emanuel was so fully developed before Charlotte met M. Héger that nothing more than certain external characteristics, such as his profession of teacher and his Catholicism, adopted for the sake of realism, can be accredited to her Belgian master. More important still, these earlier writings reveal the nature of Charlotte's genius itself by showing that the very conviction of actuality in "Villette" is the surest proof that this masterpiece was the product of the author's imagination rather than a relation of actual experience. Over and over again, in the years before Charlotte went to Brussels, she gave grateful thanks for her power to realise through her imagination both scenes and emotions with all the vividness and intensity of actuality.

Yet even with "Villette" ruled out of court, Charlotte's letters to M. Héger still stand as apparently conclusive testimony. They prove that Charlotte



Charlotte Brontë.

From the painting, now in the National Portrait Gallery,
by George Richmond, R.A.



THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

From "OLD NURSERY RHYMES."
Illustrated by LAWSON WOOD
(Nelson).

cherished a warm affection of a kind for her former teacher, that she counted his letters as one of the greatest felicities of her life when they came, and sickened "with hope deferred" as month after month passed in silence. They show that M. Héger looked upon her letters as hysterical, and used his best efforts to subdue them to the decorum of conventionality. He wrote her but rarely, and forbade her writing him oftener than once in six months, yet, taken literally, there is not a phrase in the four that belies the writer's frank declaration of admiration and gratitude, and craving for the friendship of the only stimulating teacher and friend that she had ever had. But the public will not take them literally.

It is strange that among all those who have read and commented on the letters, no one has remarked their similarity in tone and phraseology to the well-known series to Ellen Nussey, written during Charlotte's earlier teaching days at Roe Head, when she was suffering from intense mental depression resulting from her efforts to put away her dream life of Haworth. Cessation of creative writing always meant mental and spiritual illness for her. For comfort she seized upon her friendship for Ellen Nussey, and poured out upon her expressions of affection too extravagant to be taken altogether seriously, the tone of her letters giving Mrs. Gaskell the title "Despondency" for this chapter of her famous *Life*. Charlotte in her secret *Journal* of the period makes it clear that her heart was breaking with longing for the old escape into the world of imagination. When she gave up the struggle and returned to her dreams and her writing, her letters to Ellen took on a sane and normal tone.

It is evident that Charlotte returned to Haworth after her second stay in Brussels in a state of mind identical with that from which she had suffered at Roe Head, induced by the same cause, plainly stated in her first letter extant to M. Héger: "I should not know this lethargy if I could write. Formerly I passed whole days and weeks and months in writing . . . ; but now my sight is too weak to write.—Were I to write much, I should become blind. This weakness of sight is a terrible hindrance to me."

Shut off from her writing, she grasps as before at friendship as a consolation. Not only do her letters to M. Héger repeat the tone and sentiments of her epistles to Ellen, but they echo to a startling degree their very phraseology.

To M. Héger she wrote: "I look upon your letters as one of the greatest felicities known to me. . . . Your last letter was stay and prop to me—nourishment to me for half a year." To Ellen she had written eight years before: "I am at this moment trembling all over with excitement after reading your note. . . . Write me again if you can. Your notes are meat and drink to me."

Every exponent of the love theory quotes the following passage from the Héger letters:

"For six months I have been awaiting a letter from Monsieur—six months' waiting is very long you know! . . . One suffers in silence so long as one has the strength to do so and when that strength gives out, one speaks without too carefully measuring one's words. . . . I can not . . . resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my master. . . . If my master withdraws his friendship

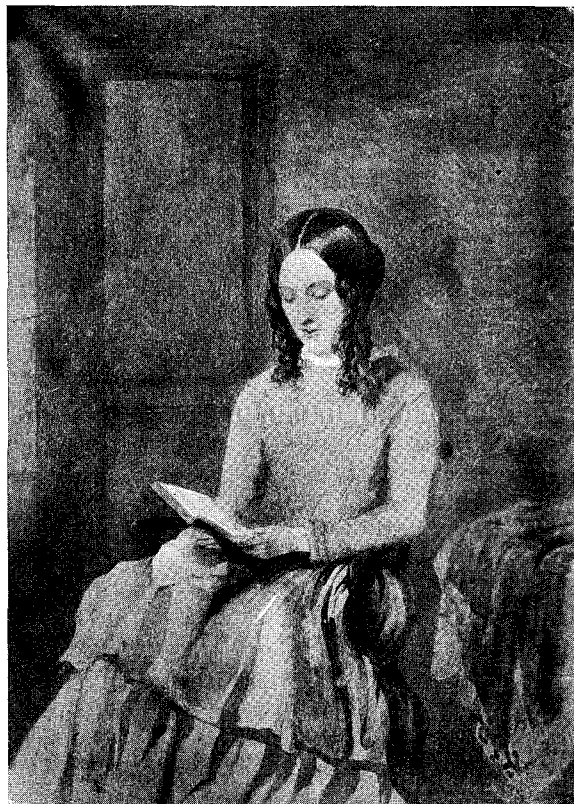
from me entirely, I shall be altogether without hope; if he gives me a little—just a little—I shall be satisfied, happy; I shall have a reason for living on, for working."

Yet no one has noticed that Charlotte had once written to Ellen:

"You have cheered me, my darling. For one moment, for an atom of time, I thought I might call you my own sister in the spirit. . . . If you love me, *do, do, do* come on Friday; I shall watch and wait for you, and if you disappoint me, I shall weep. . . . Week after week, I have lived in expectation of your coming. Week after week I have been disappointed. I have not regretted what I said in my last note to you; the confession was wrung from me by sympathy and kindness. . . . I feel in a strange state of mind, still gloomy but not despairing. . . . I wish I could see you, my darling; I have lavished the warmest affection of a very hot, tenacious heart upon you—if you grow cold, it is over."

Charlotte wrote in repentance to M. Héger: "Ah! monsieur, I once wrote you a letter that was less than reasonable, because sorrow was at my heart, but . . . I shall try to be selfish no longer." In a similar mood she had written to Ellen: "Last Saturday afternoon, being in one of my sentimental humours, I sat down and wrote you such a note as I ought to have written to none but Mary. . . . When I glanced it over, it occurred to me that Ellen's calm eye would look at this with scorn, so I determined to concoct some production more fit for the inspection of common sense."

In the first of the Héger letters Charlotte said: "I am told that you are working too hard and that your health has suffered somewhat in consequence. For that reason I refrain from uttering a single complaint for your long silence—I would rather remain six months without receiving news from you than add one grain to the weight, already too heavy, which overwhelms



Charlotte Brontë.

From a water-colour portrait by Paul Héger, Charlotte Brontë's Brussels professor. It is dated 1850. Its authenticity has been questioned, but it still remains in the National Portrait Gallery. It was acquired from Miss Alice Boyd Green, whose family obtained it some forty years ago from a Mr. Bayliss, who had it direct from the Héger family.

you." To Ellen she had written: "Yesterday I heard that you were ill. . . . While I was blaming you in my own mind for not writing, you were suffering in sickness. . . . If you are well enough, do write to me just two lines—just to assure me of your convalescence; not a line, however, if it would harm you—not a syllable."

One of the letters sent to Brussels declared: "'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and truly I find it difficult to be cheerful so long as I think I shall never see you more." In a fit of despondence the writer had once said to Ellen: "If I like people, it is my nature to tell them so. . . . When I parted from you near White-lee Bar, I had a more sorrowful feeling than ever I experienced before in our temporary separations. . . . I certainly had a feeling that the time of our reunion had never been so indefinite or so distant as then."

To the most ardent and extravagant expressions to Ellen the Héger letters have no parallel:

"Ellen, I wish I could live with you always. . . . If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till *Death* without being dependent on any third person for happiness. . . . I read your letter with dismay. . . . Why are we to be denied each other's society? It is an inscrutable fatality. I long to be with you. . . . Why are we to be divided? Surely Ellen, it must be because we are in danger of loving each other too well—of losing sight of the *Creator* in idolatry of the *creature*. . . . It seems as if some fatality stood between you and me. . . . I often plan the pleasant life we might lead together. . . . My eyes fill with tears when I contrast the bliss of such a state . . . with the melancholy state I now live in."

The third of the Héger letters is the most dramatic of all, and typical of the other in its craving for news:

"'Mr. Taylor has returned. I asked him if he had a letter for me.

"'No; nothing.'

"'Patience,' said I, 'his sister will be here soon.'

"Miss Taylor has returned. 'I have nothing for you from Monsieur Héger,' says she; 'neither letter nor message.' . . .

"I strove to restrain my tears, to utter no complaint. . . . Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me.

"Forgive me, then, Monsieur, if I adopt the course of writing to you again. How can I endure life if I make no effort to ease its sufferings? . . . You showed me of yore a little interest, when I was your pupil in Brussels, and I hold on to the maintenance of that little interest—I hold on to it as I would hold on to life.

"You will tell me perhaps—I take not the slightest interest in you, Mademoiselle Charlotte. You are no longer an inmate of my House; I have forgotten you.'

"Well, Monsieur, tell me so frankly. It will be a shock to me. It matters not. It would be less dreadful than uncertainty."

Now this letter is so close a parallel of a scene from a story written long before Charlotte went to Brussels, that were the story not dated, it would certainly be placed after her return, and cited as further evidence of her infatuation for M. Héger. The scene pictures the Duchess of Zamorna in an agony of apprehension at the silence of her absent husband, who has threatened to divorce her in revenge against her father.

"'I wish that the mail would come in,' continued the Duchess. 'How long is it since I've had a letter now, Amelia?'

"Three weeks, my lady.'

"If none comes this evening, what shall I do, Amelia? I should never get time on till to-morrow. Oh, I do dread these long, weary, sleepless nights I've had lately, tossing through its many hours on a wide, lonely bed with the lamps dying round me. Now, I think I could sleep if I only had a kind letter for a talisman to press to my heart all night long. Amelia, I'd give anything to get from the east this evening a square of white paper directed in that light rapid hand. . . . Would he but write two lines to me signed with his name!'

"'My lady . . . you will hear from the east this evening and that before many minutes elapse. Mr. Warner is in Verdopolis and will wait upon you immediately.'

"It was pleasant to see how a sudden bloom of joy shot into the settled sadness of Queen Mary's face. 'I am thankful to heaven for it!' exclaimed she, 'even if he brings bad news it will be a relief from suspense, and if good news this heartsickness will be removed for a moment.'

"As she spoke a foot was heard in the ante-chamber. There was a light tap at the door, and Mr. Warner entered.

"The first greeting being past . . . he walked twice or thrice across the room, and then sitting down he began instantly to enter upon the business that had brought him there. . . .

"'And—and—' continued the Duchess, throwing off restraint and writhing with impatience as she spoke, 'Have you no letter for me, Mr. Warner? Do you bring no message, no word of his welfare, no inquiry after mine?'

"'My lady, I have not so much as a syllable for you, not so much as a scrap of paper.' . . .

"'He would not mention my name!' said the Duchess. 'I am nothing to him. . . . Mr. Warner, you don't know what I feel just now, a restlessness and trembling all over which I cannot endure. To let the Duke lose his impressions of me and to familiarise himself with dark ideas, and grow like rock in his resolution. . . . And I cannot try one effort to soften him, separated by one hundred and twenty miles. . . . This irritation throughout all my nerves is unbearable. . . . When do you return to Angria?'

"'To-morrow, my lady, before daylight, if possible.' . . .

"'Make room in your carriage then for me. I must go with you. Not a word I implore you . . . I should have died before morning if I had not hit upon this expedient.'"

Every sentiment of Charlotte's "tragic" letter had been anticipated in the purely imaginary narrative of seven years earlier.

Biographers have expended pages of emotional adjectives upon the heart-rending pathos and tragedy of the Héger letters. They might have "moderated their transports"—to quote Charlotte herself—had they recognised in them warmed-over sentiments and phrases from old letters and fictitious romance. It seems evident that Charlotte's imagination, shut off from its habitual expression—all her leisure time had been spent in writing since she was twelve years old—turned upon herself and exaggerated and dramatised her friendship for M. Héger. He, wiser than critics, characterised her letters as hysterical and threw them in the waste-basket—to be rescued by his jealously prudent wife. He had probably encountered schoolgirls' "crushes" before.

Whatever the cause of Charlotte's "depression" of 1844-45, it was lifted when she resumed her literary activities in the publication of "Poems" by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell.

WHAT ARE THE BERBERS?

By Wyndham Lewis

ARE THE BERBERS "LITTLE BLACK CELTS"?

In writing a popular account, a little touristic, of the hinterland of the great Barbary coast-towns, you find that your first job of all is to explain how few Frenchmen there are in these "French Possessions," and how few Arabs in this until recently Arab country. Something very summary indeed to start with of course has to be set down—calculated to shake the reader's confidence in his easy assumption that he knows without being told who it is lives in Morocco. But at that stage you just say *Berbers*, and leave it at that, as though it were perfectly evident who the Berbers are. But in fact nothing is farther from the truth.

The Berbers are what a newspaper would call a "mystery people," like the Basques. No two authorities are agreed as to who or what they are. Some assert they are this, some that: they have been said to come from such opposite regions as Persia, the Baltic, and the Bermudas—from India

and from where they are at the present moment.

The Berbers occupy the largest area of any race in Africa. From Tangier to Timbuktu, from Larache to the Libyan Desert, it is the Berber with whom you have mainly to deal. The great majority of the inhabitants of Moghreb or Morocco are Berbers (certainly not Arabs, who are less numerous in point of fact than the Jews, or at present than the population labelled "European"; yet if you are to understand this part of the world at all, sooner or later you will have to address yourself to the question as to what manner of people the Berbers are: everything hinges upon that—at all events the sort of question that interests the more intelligent traveller or that for matter mere newspaper-reader. And what must be considered a most important secondary question is to what extent they are nomadic or the reverse: and if nomadic, what that may signify exactly.

The former problem, for it is that, will be the first to which I shall turn my attention: I shall attempt to give you some idea of what researches of ethnologist or historian have brought to light. But before doing so I shall

be so bold as to place before you the results of my own unaided investigation with the naked eye—of far more value in such a case than the microscope—and I believe, where the evidence is so conflicting, of first-rate importance, supplementary to the gropings of the often almost eyeless historian: provided of course that the eye brought into action in this informal field-work is in the head of a trained observer. In my own case the organ of sight can be said to answer to that description I suppose: for the kind of art that I have always practised, the art of design, founded as it is—like the severe linear art of the Renaissance Masters of the Greeks—upon a constant, in the truest

sense scientific, study of Nature, qualifies me far better than many professional ethnologists to pronounce myself in a matter of this nature. The painter is in a sense the perfect *naturalist*. And it is impossible, possessing these qualifications, to remain, week after week, in the presence of a certain people—brought in contact with scores of them from morning till night, noting their gestures and expressions, instinctively registering all that the most accurate, "pin-point



A Young Berber.

sharp," camera-image would register—without coming away with a bag of impressions forcible enough to entitle you to generalise as to what breed of man you have been with. Without undue effrontery I believe then I may offer my private, unbiased, unprofessional opinion at the outset.

It is perfectly clear that the Berber people—the Riffs, Hahas, or Chleuhs—do not belong to the Semitic race, like their Arab overlords. This much is established by mere eyesight at once. But a great authority on Morocco, namely Budgett Meakin, has stated, once and for all, what my eye confirmed for me, and what on behalf of my eye I now endorse. In his admirable book "The Moors," you will find (page 415) the following passage:

"There is a strong supposition that the mysterious Iberians in the peninsula were of Berber stock, and I am inclined to believe, from internal evidence, a theory which at first sight struck me as very far-fetched, that they were closely allied to the 'little black Celts,' the genuine Celts being a tall, red-haired people. If so, they were ancestors to part of the population of the western parts of Cornwall, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, to say nothing of Biscay and Finisterre, and

the builders of those rude stone monuments which exist as well in Barbary as in Britain. Professor Brenton makes out the Etruscans to have been Berbers, and Professor Keane holds the Berbers to be of Caucasian stock."

The so-called "little black Celts" are indeed the people who always come to mind when brought in contact with these swarthy, lean, mountain and desert races, with their bony and thin-lipped profiles, dark, deeply-set eyes, looking out upon the world with that burning and abstracted stare which is peculiar to this type in Wales or in Ireland. Even in their worship of loyalty (so that they excuse their factiousness upon the ground that *it brings out the virtue of faithfulness!*) they are reminiscent of the Celt—the Celt in the grand style, of course, the ossianic Celt. In their unalterable belief in friendship too, and in the vast importance they attach to it, in spite of stabs-in-the-back which abound, and arsenic in their tea and slippers, which is a matter of routine—in spite of being such *bad* friends more often than not themselves—in the teeth of their own treachery, too, in short!

In his "Essai sur la Littérature des Berberes" this point is insisted upon, where the author is writing of the Chleuh poetry: *nothing* relieves its more than Celtic gloom, haunted as it is as though with the recollections of a golden Age—even love as a theme not taking the place it should, when it occurs being only brought in as it were to swell the tide of squalor and calamity. Two things alone redeem this settled distress—friendship and memory of home.

"The sweetness of friendship, its power, the joyous devotion of friend to friend, have inspired the Chleuh poets with some of their most touching verses. The power has been theirs to make plain to us, how a true friend can be saddened at the sight of the tears of his friend, and how, to comfort him, nothing seems too difficult or bitter:

"The ball whistling from the ambushade, what is there that is more bitter?
The tears in a friend's eyes, they equally are very bitter.
The rose-laurel it is bitter: who that has ever tasted it has found it anything but that?
As for me, for my friend's sake I took it into my mouth.
I found that it was sweet."

Everything hinging upon sentiment and upon impulse, in beautiful theory at least, going with a quick and infinite slowness of disillusioned wit—that is a "Celtic" trait if I am not mistaken. Then there is a great deal of the "Celtic Twilight" in their most everyday habits—as when you meet two tall, willowy and beardless braves, inanely wandering along together, holding each other by the little finger, brilliant blossoms dangling in the hands that are disengaged: indeed all that matchless air of infinite wandering indolence that remind one of the cadences of Mr. Yeats's "Wanderings of Oisín" more than anything else: all that great unworldly air—it is characteristic of these people as it is of the more familiar "Celts," so it is not idle to note them in this connection. It has this practical effect, upon the political plane, that they remain aloof from the fussing invasions of the hordes of breathless Europeans. They are not at all impressed. The sudden hotels, banks, docks and cafés spring up out of the ground: but they are arrogant and indifferent, in the midst of all this passionate, undignified bustle; and they display no desire, which is significant, to get out of their *jellabas*, turbans, or *chequias* and put on a *complet*, such as they could buy in any of those huge French stores named *CHEAP*, that is "Bon Marché."

Another impression, and a very powerful one, that I received, was of a totemistic order: and have received the same in the company of "little Black Celts." All men are apt to remind one of some animal: and it is to *monkeys* that I should compare the Berber physique. This has a strange confirmation in history. Gsell quotes Diodorus the Sicilian as follows ("Histoire de l'Afrique du Nord"):

"Peut-être est-il permis d'alléguer pour l'Afrique du Nord le texte de Diodore de Sicile que nous avons mentionné. Divers détails y font penser au totemisme: 'villes' qualifiées de *villes de singes*; familiarité des hommes et des singes; respect pour la vie de ces animaux."

People who have visited Algeria will be reminded of course of the monkeys that run wild and unmolested in the gorges of La Cheliffe. I have not been there—I have only seen the pictures of the monkeys on the hoardings of the tourist agencies. Whether there is anything in this observation of mine I do not know: but I am very fond of monkeys, and I often felt, especially among the mountaineers of the Riff or Anti-Atlas, that I was among those animals.

As regards their language, the same authority with whom I began, Budgett Meakin, remarks that the Berber tongue is "moulded *grammatically* on the Arab model"; but "its vocabulary is so entirely different (from the Semitic) that it can hardly belong there" ("The Moors," page 416). He quotes Renan, who held that the Berber tongue "does not belong to the family of Semitic languages; it stands with regard to them as does the Coptic," etc.; and Basset, who connects the Berber of to-day with Libyan. Stéphane Gsell, the greatest existing authority upon all these matters, is of the same opinion. Whether the extinct Guanche of the Canaries, or the *tifinar* of the Hoggar, it is the "Libyan" tongue. The Touareg written language is *tifinar*—that is the only *written* Libyan (or post-past-Libyan) to-day; and the Touaregs are the least unchanged of all the Berber communities, isolated in the mountain-islands of the Sahara.

Having mentioned the Touareg, and *tifinar*, I will turn for a moment to another authority, and the most influential among the French to-day, apart from Stéphane Gsell, namely Mr. Gautier. He is especially well informed where all questions relating to the Sahara are concerned, where he has passed a considerable amount of time. "La Conquête du Sahara" is one of his earlier books; the following quotations are taken from its pages:

"Moors and Touaregs," he writes, "these two Saharans, it would seem, during the Middle Ages, constituted one indivisible racial block—that of the 'Veiled Men' who founded the Almoravid dynasty." And it was the first Almoravid, you will remember, Youseff ben Tachefine, who was responsible for Marrakech, "the City of Morocco"—he who lies unceremoniously buried there in an allotment, under an apricot tree.

The *final and complete* conquest of the Berber races by the Arab is of recent date—that is a fact not generally recognised—four hundred years at the outside. And the only portion of the Berber world that remained outside this final spiritual conquest is the Touareg, who to this day is very imperfectly Islamised, we are told. You have to go to the Sahara, Gautier insists, to the Touareg of the Hoggar for instance, to find traces of that "pride of race, rebellious in face of (Islamic) assimilation, and that still regards the Arab as a foreigner and an enemy." And he adds that "everywhere in the Berbery of the thirteenth century this feeling was prevalent."

The Berbers originally had an alphabet of their own. Now they use the Arab: and with their Islamisation they have adopted Arab grammatical forms, incorporated great numbers of Arab words, but retained, as the foundation of their speech, the old Berber vocabulary.

The origin of the Berber language is, it seems, quite as baffling a problem as the origin of the race. "Unfortunately," says Gsell ("Histoire de l'Afrique du Nord," page 310), "the past history of this Berber tongue, or if you like, Libyan, is almost completely untraceable (*nouse échappe presque entièrement*)."

Taking the Touareg as representative of the truest and oldest tradition—accepting Mr. Gautier's considered view that in the Targa we indeed behold the essential Berber, as he was everywhere, more or less, such a short time as five hundred years ago; then the following passages should surely throw considerable light upon the questions we have here set out to discuss. He writes (page 181, "La Conquête du Sahara"):

"Une foule de traits frappants sont nettement de chez nous: les cheveux ondulés, la barbe abondante, la coupe du visage, la calvitie et la cabité précoces, et même la tendance à l'obésité des qu'elle est encouragée par une alimentation

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



A BERBER ENCAMPMENT NEAR BISKRA



A Berber Girl of the Hinterland.

plus abondante et une vie moins active. On rencontre souvent dans les paturages touaregs des visages familiers, qu'on imaginerait sans effort sur les épaules d'un Français meridional au-dessus d'un faux-col et d'une cravate. . . .

"Avec une precision d'anthropologiste qui m'effraie un peu, M. Chudeau rattache les Touaregs à la race de Cro-Magnon. Les Ressemblances morales et intellectuelles vont de pair avec les traits physiques. A quel point l'Européen vivant au milieu des touaregs se decouvre d'affinités avec eux, c'est ce qu'a prouvé des le premier contact l'enthousiasme naïf de Duveyrier.

"Dans leur attirail de guerre et de voyage, sur les selles, le bouclier, les sacs en peau, la croix est une motif frequent d'ornementation. Ce n'est pas supprenant; la croix est une lettre de l'alphabet tifinar encore en usage chez les Touaregs; les scribes du roi Minos, dont Evans a retrouvé à Gnosse les vieux comptes indechiffrables, se servaient déjà de cet alphabet quinze cents ans avant Jesus Christ.

"On a pourtant voulu voir dans cette croix le dernier témoin fossilé d'un christianism disparu; et dans la vie des Bérberes sahariens on a cherché un dernier echo de notre chevalerie.

"Ce sont la des travestissements rationalistes d'un fait, ou du moins d'un sentiment, un peu imprecis, mais qui s'impose a l'attention. Ces Touaregs nous font une impression fraternelle, leur mentalité nous semble proche de la notre."

But these Touaregs are pure Berbers (allowing for the slight négrétic strain that is the accompaniment of all life in the Sahara). They impress one as in some way brothers—"we feel that their mentality is near to ours." And that is exactly what so many European observers have felt, in all parts of Moghreb, with the Berber—in contrast to what he would feel regarding the Arab, who is an "alien" of the first water.

All these sensations of something very familiar belong to my own experience too; and the visual sensations powerfully seconded what reached me by way of the other perceptive routes. That is why I have, to commence with, brought forward these great authorities, and involved their emphatic verdicts with my own private opinion.

But it would be deceiving the reader if I just said and left it at that "Moghreb is mainly inherited by Europeans, similar to the 'little black Celts' in appearance, but who have, like Lord Hedley, embraced Islam, and go to church in mosques. In the South they often have a dash of the tar brush, but in the North are often blue-eyed and blonds. The Arabs, Jews and Europeans boss this race. Law and order is assured by a mercenary army, mainly German. The Berbers are emigrating in great numbers, because

they find it less pleasant to be squeezed by three people than by two."

This would be a not totally unfair account of the state of affairs, except that there is much more to be said in favour of the handful of French administrators than is to be found in that foreshortened statement. But the reader would immediately be thrown into confusion by the indignant cries of all the anthropologists, exclaiming that the Berbers were nothing of the sort—in addition to the snorts and shouts of the other international parties, vociferating "squeezed—what next!" and "Emigrating? Bosh!" So I will tell him what the best and latest opinion is apt to state regarding the origin of the Berbers. It is worth peeping for a moment into this chaos of conflicting opinions, and incidentally getting some idea of how unreliable all these historical sciences are.

There is no greater authority than Gsell. Mr. E. F. Gautier uses Gsell wholesale, and with absolute confidence, for his excellent study, "Les Siècles Obscure du Moghreb," published two or three years ago, I will stick to Gsell. I could not do better than that. What Gsell does not know about North Africa is not worth knowing. And he has assembled in the second volume of his monumental history, "L'Histoire de l'Afrique du Nord," every scrap of information that is available regarding the origins of the Berber race.

II

ARE THE BERBERS ATLANTIANS?

The south of Morocco and the Rio de Oro is, for the "Atlantis" fan of course, of critical importance; for it is there that the great submerged bridge across the Atlantic Ocean starts, upon the African side—the Canary Islands being crests of the mountains that were overwhelmed, according to their way of thinking. And indeed it is difficult, when one is in this region, to resist the suggestions which upon all hands assail one. One learns for instance that the argan tree—that is the giant moroccan olive, peculiar to Moghreb—is only found in Morocco and in Mexico. And a hundred other puzzling facts crowd upon one's attention, in support of these fanciful Platonists.

There is for example the obsolete Guanche tongue, first cousin of *tifincer*, formerly spoken by the blond Berbers of the Canaries. Again, cave-burial, of the same type as practised by the early Berbers, was perpetuated by the Gauchos up till the fifteenth century. Every variety of cactus, the so-called "Barbury fig," the "euphorbe," etc., sprouts in fantastic exuberance all over these desertic landscapes. And you have all round you a scenery that, did you not know you were in Africa, would make you suppose you were in the middle of a Mexican steppe. Even the vast conical straw hats, hung like Christmas trees with trinkets, and sustained with coloured cords, worn by the Bled-dwellers, is that Mexican headgear proper, one had always thought, to the mesquite. The *Mexican illusion* is perfect in every respect, where things and not people are concerned. As is it you observe with astonishment a figure from a Moghreb Miniature riding through a Mexican landscape bristling with cacti, and dyed red to suit the Navaho! But what value are we in fact to attach to these analogies?

Mr. E. F. Gautier will tell you, and he is the supreme contemporary authority upon the subject of Moghreb, that this desert land has borrowed everything that it possesses. All its Mexican plumes are borrowed. Even its orange groves, its *mandariniers*, hail from China; and its eucalyptus it has got from the Australian bush, only a half a century ago!

Whereas the landscapes of Gaul must have been much the same (so he says) as the present day French countryside, the landscapes of Moghreb at the time of Jugurtha must (he asserts) have been *toto coele* different from those of to-day. The giraffe and hippopotamus has left it, but the cactus and camel have been brought in its place.

"What," he exclaims, "in the present-day landscapes of Moghreb, is the most characteristic vegetation—that that more than any other, no painter would omit? Why beyond any question the gigantic *hampes* of the aloe, or the pachydermic absurdities of the cactus! But both aloe and cactus are *American plants*; they were imported by the Spaniards three or four hundred years ago."

But were there really no cacti in Moghreb four hundred years ago? There is no corner of this country anywhere, from north to south, that is not overrun with these gigantic vegetable objects—these "pachydermic absurdities." Is it possible, that from Larache to Figing, and from the Tell or Tunis to Agadir, the Spaniards are accountable for all the Barbary figs, cacti, euphorbes, etc., to be found so much at home, in such great numbers—even allowing for the rapid powers of reproduction of these useless, colourless things?

However that may be, the *Mexican impression* remains. Also the all-important *argan* (the staple tree and source of revenue—soap producing and bearer of a richer oil than the European olive of the inhabitants)—the argan still remains to be accounted for, and a quantity of other "transatlantic" plants and animals.

But that there was once a land-bridge of some kind across the ocean to the shores of America is not disputed. In that respect a number of specialists, such as the biologist, are in opposition to the historian; so you do not have to be an Atlantis fan to concede the ancient causeway to Mexico. The only question really is how big the bridge was, if it bulged, I suppose, and became "continental," how thickly it was peopled—how sudden was its submergence.

I do not add to my other high-spirited heresies a belief in Plato's continent. I only think that because the historian knows nothing of this past, and professionally is bound to be hyper-cautious, that is no reason to suppress and sweep aside the many puzzling facts connected with the great Flood myth that has haunted the mind of humanity for so long (and which, however extensive, a flooding of the Euphrates is inadequate to account for). I refer to the facts that give colour to the Platonic account of Atlantis.

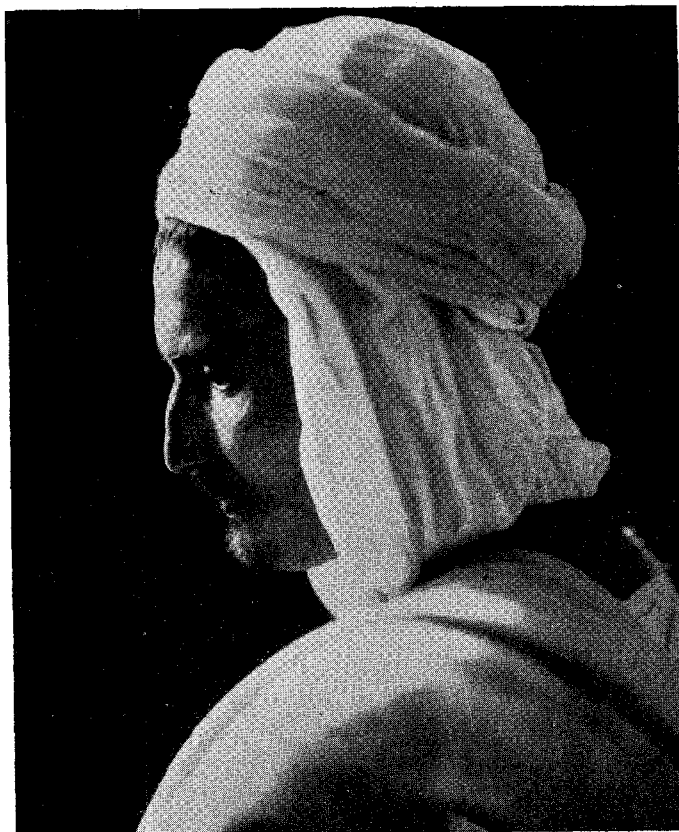
The most obstinate Atlantis fan is not so far as all from the matter-of-fact assumptions of the latest science. It is not unlikely that some day or other, in some form, however modified, what the Egyptian pirate of Sais told Solon will emerge in the discourses of geology, and the other sciences concerned. The signs upon the surface of the earth and the animals that scuttle in its crevices will whisper the same tale as the disdainful priest, who mocked at the Greeks and called them children, because they had never heard of the greatest catastrophe in the world.

The great authorities in Moghreb up to date are not encouraging however and have set their faces with one accord against all cock-and-bull stories of a Golden Age buried beneath the waves that roll between the Rio de Oro and the Rio Grande. Mr. Stéphane Gsell is a model of caution as befits a great historian. Yet when he is doing his best to put this matter of the origin of the Berbers in its true light (Vol. I, Book II, chapter vi, "L'Histoire de l'Afrique du Nord") he finds himself constrained to examine, before anything else, this historical Old Man of the Sea, the *Atlantis* theory. No historian can ever forgive Plato for that myth or whatever it was of his; he can never feel quite the same towards Plato as any other man—there is a gulf fixed between Plato and every true historian—the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea of the engulfed Atlantis of the *Timæus*. Oh, why did Plato do it! the

historian appears to say, and he cannot ever understand; but in that specialist's mind of his it reacts upon his whole system of philosophy.

Often as it has been refuted, up it has sprung again, a phoenix of a belief; Gsell will not hear of it; but he finds it necessary, as I have said, to parade his refutation of it in front of any other, in his final examination of Berber origins. "Atlantis was mentioned by nobody except by Plato, and by people who had read Plato (Tertullian for instance)," he points out; and he adds that "it is impossible for the historian to take into serious consideration Plato's assertions." He is cross with the geologists and the zoologists. "Let geologists and zoologists by all means demonstrate," he grumbles, "that in a very distant past, America and the north-west of Africa were joined together by a continent; that successive cataclysms broke up this gigantic bridge, then caused it to disappear altogether, except for a few debris—Madeira, the Azores, the Canaries, the Cape Verde Islands. They are at liberty to maintain that the latest phases of the collapse of this continent or bridge occurred in a period sufficiently recent for men to have been the witnesses of it; that the channel separating the Canaries from Africa is posterior in date to the Quaternary Period." Let them do this by all means, but do not let them talk about the *Timæus*—do not let us hear the name of Plato in this connection, or of his cock-and-bull story about Atlantis! Please let them spare us *that*! Such is the attitude of Mr. Stéphane Gsell.

In conclusion, what we must at least allow regarding this theory is that it cannot be ignored: when you are dealing with Moghreb and its rather mysterious inhabitants this prank of Plato's exacts attention, and requires to be elaborately refuted, before you can go on to deal with anything else. It would be as unscientific, I think, in the present state of our knowledge, to dismiss it as to embrace it. So when the solid red block of the sand-wind reached out over the ocean, from the Rio de Oro to the first island-peaks of this persistent dream, do not let us quite banish the suggestions that this spectacle conjures up.



A Berber of the Desert.

SOME FAMOUS RIDES IN LITERATURE

By H. T. Kirby

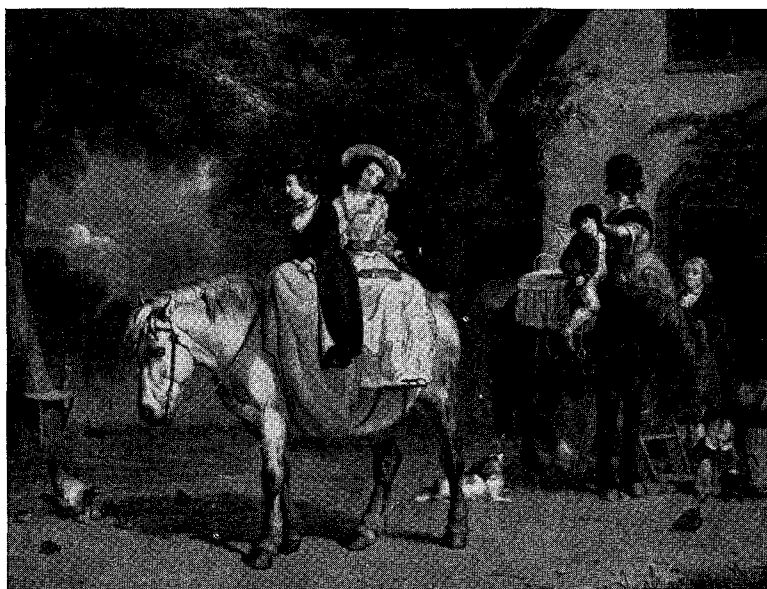
FEW sounds are more arresting than the clatter of hoofs on a hard road, and scarcely any incident in a story grips the imagination more quickly than the description of some spirited ride. Whether it be concerned with the hairbreadth escape of some bold highwayman, the weary, terror-stricken journey to tell of a cause lost, or but the antic adventures of some rustic Jehu, there is a thrill in it all. Since literature abounds in tales of famous rides it may be worth while to resurrect some of the men and animals involved, and to gather both horse and rider into a sort of literary paddock for the retelling of their exploits.

It is safe to say that no steed ever carried a more charming burden than the privileged animal which bore Godiva through Coventry's narrow streets. As rides go it was but a short one—since it only involved a circuit of the city's market—but the conditions under which it took place make it a most remarkable perambulation. Unfortunately there is no contemporary record, and the first mention does not appear till well over a hundred years after the event. Although much is known of gracious Godiva, practically nothing can be gleaned respecting her companion on the strange adventure. Tradition has given the horse a milk-white coat, but of its name, age or sex, no details exist. Whether the ride is really an historical fact is of no concern here; the story has taken too strong a hold on our national literature to ever be dislodged.

If Godiva's ride was undertaken to secure justice, the next journey was definitely made to escape it. Dick Turpin (who had other *aliases*), finding himself uncomfortably placed at Kilburn, accidentally shot his friend King, and then, mounting Black Bess, rode off to escape capture. The most popular account of the subsequent happenings is that of Ainsworth (or, as some say, Maginn) as retailed in "Rookwood." It tells, chapter by chapter, the details of the all-night flight. How the turnpike gate was jumped at Highbury; the pleasure of the crowd as Dick vaulted the donkey-barrow at Edmonton, and his later defiance when, his pursuers coming near, he took out his short clay and coolly lit it. And then the long, lonely road through Huntingdon, Stamford, Melton Mowbray, Newark, Bawtrey, Selby, and so to York. Nearly two hundred miles separate the two cities and Bess did it in some fifteen hours. Small wonder that her heart finally broke, and

that she died just as York Minster came into view! Although nothing is known of Godiva's mount, the history of Black Bess is singularly complete, and it is no surprise to learn that this rare animal was sired on an English racer dam by a desert Arab, and that her coal-black hue came from the distaff side. Few stories can have proved so profitable a source of income to publishers as that of bold Turpin, and it has been printed in chap-book and broadside; novel and penny "blood." It will have to be a very intrepid car bandit indeed to ever displace Black Bess and her rider from their high place in boyhood's esteem.

Both Godiva and Turpin knew the measure of their undertaking and their respective journeys were voluntarily entered upon. The same however cannot be said of the London linendraper, Gilpin by name, who rode furiously and much against his own desire. Everyone knows the story of the outing planned to celebrate the "twice ten tedious years" of married life. Lunch was to be eaten at the "Bell" in Edmonton, and a chaise had been commissioned to carry Mrs. Gilpin, her sister, and their children to the feast. Had the chaise been larger



The Vicar of Wakefield's family going to Church.

T. Woodward.

(or the families smaller) Gilpin would no doubt have travelled inside, and the ride would never have taken place (to the great loss of English balladry), but circumstances were against him, and the Calender's horse was requisitioned to carry John to the rendezvous. Things looked well at first, and the rider—girt with sword-belt and wearing a long red cloak—must have resembled a cavalryman on parade. All too soon, alas! the horse's grave walk became a trot; this gave place to a gallop, and the gallop speedily became a palpable bolt. Both hat and wig were lost; the fine cloak flew away, and even the precious bottles with the "curling ears" were smashed by the bumping they received. It is curious that both Gilpin and Turpin travelled for some ten miles along the same highway, but whereas the turnpike gate was closed to Dick, it was thrown open for Gilpin—the broken bottles giving the idea that weight was carried and that a race was in progress. There is no space to recapitulate the epic scurry in detail; sufficient to say that the horse did not rest till it finally set John down where he first got up. Cowper's version of the incident (which has a basis in actual fact) is so delightful that it has long since attained classic rank. If little is known of Godiva's mount,

less is known of Gilpin's, for even its colour is unchronicled; consequently illustrators have painted it in every shade from pure white to ebony black. Its name and sex too remain a secret wrapped in the breast of Olney's poet.

Viewed simply as horseflesh there has been no fault to find with the steeds already mentioned, but the animals next considered would have difficulty in satisfying any veterinary inspection. Don Quixote and his English counterpart, Hudibras, both set forth on pilgrimage, and in many ways the peregrinations were singularly alike. Both riders were accompanied by mounted squires; both had trouble with the fair sex; both were more than a trifle mad, and both rode most extraordinary horses. The Don's steed was "Rosinante," which (the translator says) is simply Spanish for "carriage horse." Judging from picture and prose few things seemed right with Rosinante, and there is a feeling of thankfulness that she did not have to carry the weight of a Hudibras (for the Don was thin and bony), or her pilgrimage must have come to an untimely end.

Of "Sir Knight's" horse, Butler leaves us in no doubt whatever. Apart from the fact that the creature was "sturdy, large and tall" (as it had needs be to carry the huge bulk of Hudibras) it had few other points deserving commendation. Its eyes and mouth, for instance:

"With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall.
I wou'd say eye; for h'had but one,
As most agree; tho' some say none"—

whilst the poem is eloquent upon its fleshly covering:

"His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel."

Nor were these the only people to go on protracted equine pilgrimages, for a celebrated divine, by name of Syntax, undertook no fewer than three several excursions. According to his biographer, Coombe, they were respectively in search of the Picturesque, Consolation and a Wife, and the wanderings covered much of rural England. Although the metrical accounts are neglected to-day, the charm of Rowlandson's aquatints will always preserve them from entire oblivion.

Clerical horse-owners as a class are unfortunate—Syntax's horse was a sorry specimen and came to an untimely end—and seem to be poor judges of horseflesh. Dr. Primrose, once of Wakefield, for instance, owned two animals called "Blackberry" and the "Colt." Both had physical defects, but their temper was in even worse case. On the very important occasion when the Vicar's wife and daughters wanted to impress the congregation of the new parish by riding to church in state, the journey was a succession of awkward happenings. First the animals would not start till assisted by the stout cudgel of Mr. Burchell, and later they obstinately refused to move at all. So that the Vicar had concluded his ministrations and had set out homewards again before the sorrowful procession hove in sight.

Although each of Dr. Primrose's horses had more than one "up," the combined weight—being either feminine or juvenile—was not unduly heavy. What

however can be said of the plight of the unfortunate mare owned by Tom Pearce, a Devonshire farmer? Much importuned, he lent his grey mare to some eight friends anxious to visit Widecombe Fair. It is not surprising to learn that "Tom Pearce's grey mare, her took sick and died," when it is remembered that she carried—with uncomplaining feminine endurance—the separate corporate bodies of "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all!" Research seems to indicate that this particular mare was the most overridden animal in literature, and her deed has rightly earned permanence in folk-song.

In the rides already reviewed the participants have only been up against the powers of this world, but poor Tam o' Shanter and his stout mare Meg (than which "better never lifted leg") were pursued by fiends from another, and lower sphere. As Burns relates it:

"So Maggie runs; the witches follow
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollow."

Tam's only hope is to cross running water (which such creatures cannot pass), and brave Meg just manages to clear the bridge in time. But the frantic rush is not made without loss:

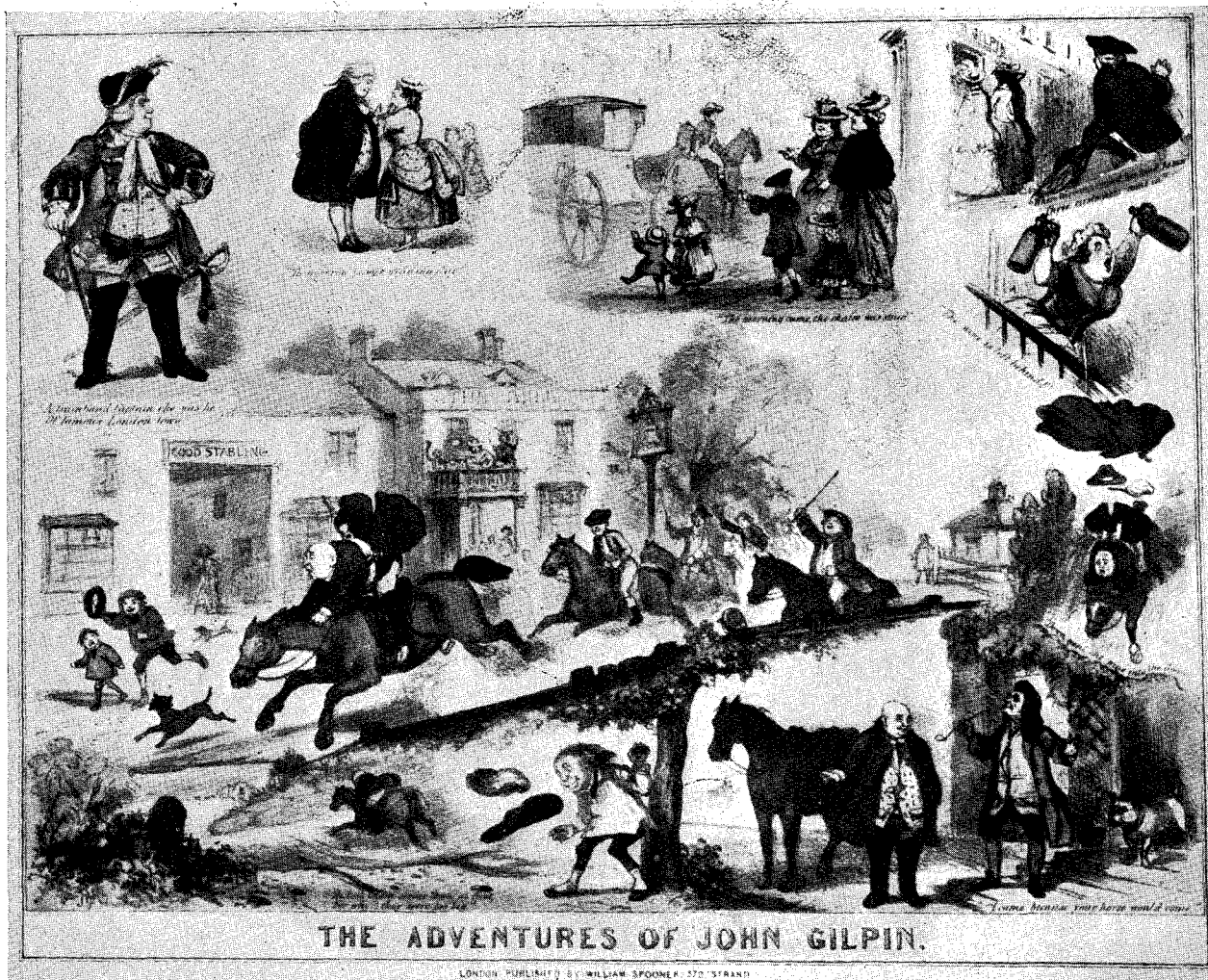
"Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claut her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

Passers-by in London, on November 5th, in the year 1605, might have noticed two gentlemen lounging in the streets, obviously waiting for something. Very soon it came, in the shape of news that the "Gunpowder Plot" had failed. White-faced and desperate Mr. Ambrose Rookwood and his friend Thomas Winter took horse and fled northwards. It was a weary journey but a most expeditious one. Although they did not get clear of London before eleven, Rookwood and Winter—with other conspirators they had overtaken on the way—reached Ashby St. Ledgers in Northamptonshire by six in the evening. In other words some eighty odd miles had been covered in seven hours. It is true it had only been accomplished by relays of horses, but taking into account the fact that the season was winter, and the roads of inferior quality, it still remains a magnificent achievement.

But if ill news travels fast, good news can on occasion travel with equal speed. Witness Browning's dramatic account of the riders who left Ghent to carry good news to Aix. Three horsemen rode through Ghent's postern gate and galloped through the night. One horse foundered at Hasselt; the second at Dalhem, and it was only by the rider discarding his coat, belt, holsters and jackboots that the third horse, Roland, was able to reach Aix. Browning, unlike many writers, makes the horse, rather than the rider, the hero of the adventure.

Since "all the world loves a lover," a most popular escapade has been that of Young Lochinvar who once "rode out of the west." On his return he carried a very fair burden across his saddle, for his daring ride had been undertaken for the purpose of abducting a bride. So bold an essay, it is hoped, had its reward in subsequent happiness.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



A PANORAMA OF JOHN GILPIN'S EXPLOIT.



By George Cruikshank

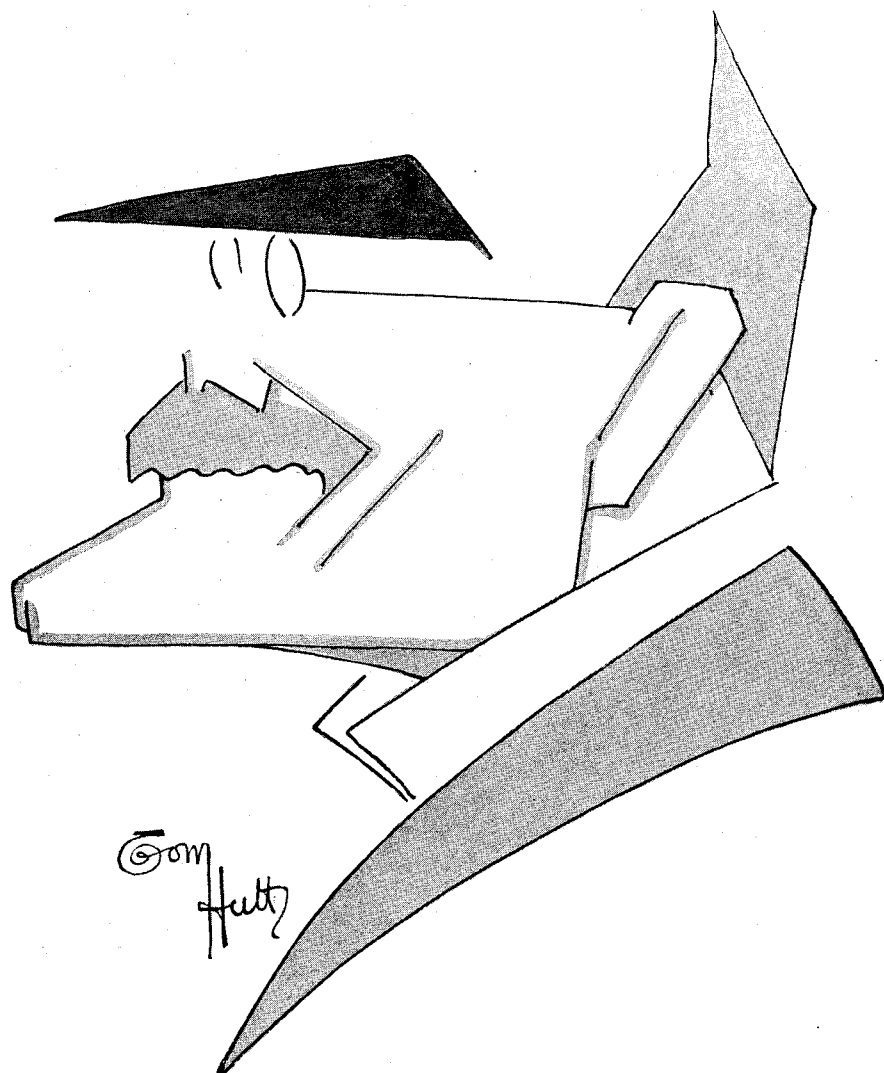
DICK TURPIN'S LEAP.



By L. Clark

“HE HELD A STIRRUP, WHILE THE KNIGHT,
FROM LEATHERN BARE-BONES DID ALIGHT,”
—“HUDIBRAS.”

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



A caricature by TOM HUTT.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE POEMS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

By Barnaby Brook

Rudyard Kipling's Inclusive Verse : 1885-1932.

25s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THERE is a certain lavishness about Rudyard Kipling which is as imperial as his political mood. To many a poet, sixty-two new poems would be the occasion of a new volume announced with fanfare and cannonade. Here they appear as the mere justification of a new—the fourth—edition of his collected verse. With many of them we are already familiar. They have appeared fugitively. Some are, if not new to the world, accessible for the first time.

Kipling, the poet, has changed much since he was assessed in *THE BOOKMAN* by Dixon Scott, but the more he has changed, the more he has remained the same thing. He has retained that strange mixture of versatility with rigid individuality which marked him in the far-off days of "Departmental Ditties." It is indeed not without significance that one of the major additions to his collected works is a section of parodies, "The Muse Among the Motors," for "Departmental Ditties"—though not everyone has recognised it—was itself a volume of parody.

As in his first volume we had comic Poe, comic Browning, comic Swinburne and the jolly rest, so in "The Muse Among the Motors" we have applied Horace, Emerson, Tennyson, Chaucer, Prior, Ben Jonson, Donne, Milton, Herrick, Byron, Wordsworth, Præd, Longfellow, Browning, Clough, Gordon and half a dozen others, including a younger poet called Kipling. There is even Shakespeare, with Sam Johnson as *compère*.

It is all very good fun, and it is all extremely interesting. Nobody can ever have doubted Mr. Kipling's technical dexterity. Even when vigorous, almost eighteenth century, political rhetoric has robbed a possible poem of its true status, the architecture of the work has been true. He has not dealt in anything but perfect ashlar even when he merely squared half a brick to heave at some opponent's head. But one realises in these later parodies that his mechanical proficiency has helped to the undoing of his credit with the moderns. He is indeed, in a very literal because very metaphorical sense, the Muse among the motors. The divine afflatus visits him and he fits it, with the calmness of Emanuel Pyecroft's friend Hinch, into the clockwork of some prosodical vehicle. His inspiration does not rend him; it supplies motive power for a piece of well-made, ingenious verse. His Muse does not bemuse him; she gives him the awful clarity of M'Andrew oiling the twin-expansion engines of rhythm and rhyme.

The emotional motives of Mr. Kipling's verses do not change much between the later years. The blood lust

of the earlier objective poems has passed from the later subjective verses. Personal suffering, it is pathetically obvious, has taught the poet of Empire the true price of Admiralty. It would not be an impossible fate for this volume to become to future generations the psalmody of pacifism. War is no more glorious: it is the prelude of grief and thwarted purposes. The glorious assurance of all-conquering white men round the world has given place to a mystic uncertainty about the fate of even disciplined mankind. There is still the passionate contempt for those who will not, or cannot, realise that England is a heritage and not a mere housing estate. There is still the warm delight in the common things of common men—the sentimentalities about the native virtues, about dogs, about chosen lands. In these later poems are frank re-expressions of moods sung long ago—"The English Way" in all but form is a doublet of "The Puzzler" and of "Et Dona Ferentes," the "Supplication of the Black Aberdeen" and "His Apologies" are the expansion of the poem that years ago closed the story of "Garm—a Hostage," the new poems to France, and the new lament for the passing of the old gods from downs and weald and marshes are re-echoes of land-love and place-love as old as "Puck of Pook's Hill."

Here are cunning craft in cadence and rhythm, a certain and sure stroke in the laying of word to word, a mind disciplined and directed to the production of a known effect that never fails—and behind that mind a heart and soul stirred by a few and rigid emotions. In one of his own older lines, of this volume one could "logically predicate its finish from its start." Even the later tenderness is implicit in some of the earlier poems. And those few rigid emotions—either they or their antitheses are common to us all. Race patriotism, the sense of design by a veiled but onnipotent Deity, the sense of the past that comes dangerously close to ancestor worship; the scholarly good-humour that prefers to make its squibs and lampoons translations of Horace or transliterations from the moderns rather than new forms—there is delight or anger here for him who reads, but there is no half-way house of response.

Never perhaps in the history of letters has a maker of verse suffered so complete a reversal of appraisal as Mr. Kipling in his own lifetime. The voice that sang us free in the nineties became the voice that had sung us bond twenty years later. But the time is rapidly coming when the political infusions and the partisanship will cease to balk æsthetic judgment. And Mr. Kipling's eventual place will be—where? With Martin Tupper and the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" or with Byron—to whom he has an affinity of achievement in certain aspects of his work—or with Donne, to whom also he has an affinity?

One shrinks from a premature judgment, but whatever place he occupies it will be that of a poet, and not that to which his detractors of the recent past have assigned to him—of a mere prosodical pamphleteer.

The CollectorSOME EARLIER ILLUSTRATED BOOKS OF
ARTHUR RACKHAM

By E. A. Osborne

SOME of the earliest books illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham are now so scarce as to be virtually unprocurable, and some of those that are more easily obtainable present difficulties which collectors will be glad to have resolved. In this article it is proposed to discuss the first four books illustrated by Mr. Rackham and a few others published before "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens" (1906), since which he has constantly been among the collected illustrators.

RHODES
(THOMAS).
"To the
Other
Side."
George
Philip &
Son. 1893.

Although he had for several years been contributing sketches to periodicals (his first published drawing appeared in *Scraps* in 1885), it was not till 1893 that any of his work appeared in book form. Together with a Mr. Alfred Bryan he made the illustrations for a travel-brochure, "To the Other Side," prepared by Mr. Thomas Rhodes. Even considering the ephemeral nature of this book, it is surprisingly scarce. Messrs. Philip have no file copy, nor any record or recollection of publishing it. There is no copy in the British Museum Library. Mr. Rhodes lent his only copy some time ago to a Rackham enthusiast on "the other side," and now has no knowledge of its where-

abouts. Diligent search during the past two or three years has failed to discover any other copies than the two, one in cloth and the other in paper wrappers, which Mr. Rackham very kindly placed at my disposal.

"To the Other Side" was issued in pictorial coloured wrappers at one shilling, and in brown cloth with a paste-down of the pictorial design from the wrapped copy on the front cover at two shillings. As the illustration of the front cover of the cloth edition shows, a slip with the increased price was used to cancel the price of one shilling. There are twenty line illustrations by Mr. Rackham, most of which were drawings made from photographs.

LING-
WOOD
(LEMMON).
"Wells-

Next-the-Sea and Neighbourhood." Jarrold & Sons.
(1894.)

"Wells-Next-The-Sea and Neighbourhood" was one of the Jarrolds' Sixpenny Illustrated Guides, issued in glazed coloured wrappers and also in cloth with rounded corners at one shilling. None of the series of guides is dated, and the only means of determining the approximate date of issue is the date on the Great Eastern Railway tourist advertisement which appears among the advertisements at the back of the book. The earliest issue of the guide is extremely difficult to find.



The copy in the British Museum Library was received in 1897, and has the Great Eastern advertisement dated 1896. The earliest date I have seen on the advertisement is 1895, but from the internal evidence of "Sunrise Land" (the next book illustrated by Mr. Rackham) it seems fairly safe to assume that copies were issued with the advertisement dated 1894. It is impossible to ascertain the exact date of publication since there is no entry in the English catalogue, and Messrs. Jarrold have no record or file copy of this edition. Since however "Sunrise-Land," issued in July, 1894, carries an advertisement of the book, it must have been issued some time prior to that date. There are forty-eight vignette line drawings by Mr. Rackham.

BERLYN (Mrs. ALFRED). "Sunrise - Land : Rambles in Eastern England." Jarrold & Sons. 1894.

"Sunrise Land," which is dated 1894 on the title page, has the Great Eastern advertisement dated 1894. It was issued in light slate cloth lettered in red and sepia, with a "sunrise" design on the cover. There is a variant binding of glazed white paper boards with a different pictorial design on the front cover. I have not seen this except in a much later edition, but am assured that it has the date 1894 on the title page. I could get no information about the date of the Great Eastern advertisement. There is a later binding of light blue cloth, otherwise identical with the light slate cloth, in which, although the title page is dated 1894, the Great Eastern advertisement is dated 1898. Messrs. Jarrold were unable to give me any information about the book. Their file copy is in the paper boards binding, undated, and was, they inform me, published about 1910. There are seventy-one vignette illustrations by Mr. Rackham.

HOPE (ANTHONY). "The Dolly Dialogues." "Westminster Gazette." 1894.

The sketches that make up "The Dolly Dialogues" were published in the *Westminster Gazette* from October, 1893, to June, 1894, over the initials A. H., and were not illustrated. In July, 1894, they were collected and issued as the first volume of the *Westminster Gazette Library* with four illustrations by Mr. Rackham. The book was issued first in red or pale yellow wrappers at one shilling and later, presumably to meet a demand for a more substantial format, in fawn or blue cloth at two shillings and sixpence. The paper edition is entered in the *Publishers' Circular* of July 28th, and the cloth in the issue of August 25th.

Mr. P. H. Muir, in "Points, 1874-1930" (No. 5 of Messrs. Constable's "Bibliographia" series) has drawn attention to the fact that some copies of the wrapped edition have verso head-lines reading "Dolly" instead of the more frequent "The Dolly Dialogues." By logical inferences from typographical defects in copies with the longer head-line, and the fact that all later editions have the longer head-line, he decided that copies with the "Dolly" head-line were of earlier issue. Since the publication of Mr. Muir's book, the discovery of a file copy differing considerably from the published book, and the opportunity of examining many more copies than Mr. Muir had at his disposal

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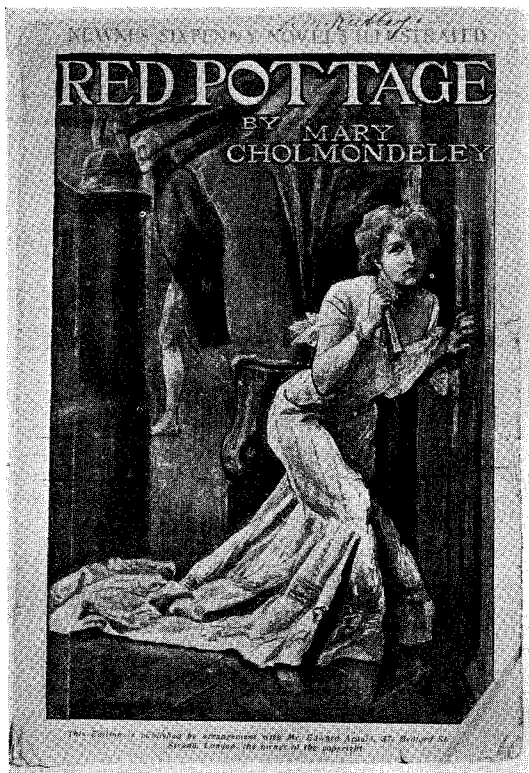
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have confirmed his decision about the priority of printing of the shorter head-line, and raised other points of some interest to collectors of Hope and Rackham.

The illustration reproduces three states of the front covers of wrapped copies, and the front cover of the cloth edition. A is so far unique, and differs from all other copies seen. It is not an issue in the strict sense of the term; it is best described as a pre-publication state. "Dolly" appears instead of "The Dolly Dialogues" throughout, on cover, title page, title heading on the first page of text, and in the verso head-lines. The wrappers are red. B has the shorter title only in the verso head-lines. The position of the price statement should be noted in relation to that of A and C. B occurs in red or pale yellow wrappers as do all the wrapped issues of the book that follow it. C has "The Dolly Dialogues" throughout, and is identical with all reprints of the book in wrappers, except that the latter have the notice of reprint in the top left-hand corner of the front wrapper. There is no notice of reprinting on the sheets of the book, and no change in the date on the title page, so that all reprints before the smaller, unillustrated edition of 1896 have, when stripped of wrappers or rebound, the superficial appearance of first editions. The cloth copy (Z) in no way bears evidence of reprinting. But several of the cloth copies I have examined show traces of being stripped of red wrappers, and one copy in particular had precisely the same typographical defects as a copy of the thirtieth thousand in wrappers. I have neither direct nor hearsay evidence of a cloth copy with the shorter head-line.

Mr. Rackham's copy in pale yellow wrappers is a curious "sport," which affords useful evidence concerning the two head-lines. It has "The Dolly Dialogues" throughout, except in signature D, which has the shorter head-line. If, as he recollects, he received his copy immediately upon publication, then sheets with both head-lines were ready before publica-

tion day. And although the sheets with the shorter head-line were undoubtedly the first printed, it is probable that the two states were on sale together on the day of publication. The collector no doubt, because of their closer relationship to the file copy "Dolly" and their earlier printing, will prefer copies of state B with the shorter head-line and the price statement on wrapper in the position it occupies on the wrapper of the file copy.

During the next three years Mr. Rackham's work appeared in eleven publications, three of which have variants which may be mistaken for first editions.

LEVER (CHARLES). "Charles O'Malley." Service & Paton. 1897.

"Charles O'Malley" was issued in Messrs. Paton's "The Illustrated English Library," and is bound in reddish-brown ribbed cloth, lettered in gold and decorated with foliage ornaments. There are sixteen line illustrations. I have been informed of, but have not yet had the opportunity of examining, a reissue by Messrs. Nisbet, which has the appearance of a first illustrated edition, since it carries no notice that the book is a reissue. My informant was under the impression that the sheets were those of the Service & Paton edition.

MERRIMAN (H. S.). "The Grey Lady." Smith, Elder. 1897.

This is a new edition, the first edition having been issued without illustrations. It is bound in lavender grey cloth, and was reprinted with change of date, but no bibliographical note, in 1898 and 1899. Copies with these dates are precisely like the 1897 issue, and are sometimes offered as first illustrated editions of the book.



BROWNE (MAGGIE). "Two Old Ladies, Two Foolish Fairies and a Tom Cat: The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue." Cassell. 1897.

This cumbrous title was apparently too much for the book, the sheets of which were used with a modification of the title and original binding in 1904. The 1904 edition has the appearance of an original publication and is usually so considered. The 1897 edition is in dark green cloth, decorated on the front cover in gold, on the back cover in blind and lettered on the spine "Two Old Ladies, Two Foolish Fairies and a Tom Cat" in gold. There are head and tail bands and designed end papers. The sections of the book bear on the inner margins, as was customary with Cassell publications, a printer's date-mark, in this case 10-97. The 1904 edition has a shorter title, "The Surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tue." It is bound in light blue cloth, lettered with the shorter title on the spine in gold, and with the cover designs of the 1897 edition in red. There are no head and tail bands, and the end papers are plain. The sheets bear the same printer's date-mark, 10-97, but the title page and half-title and their conjugates are reprinted on inferior quality paper, with the necessary changes in title and date. The use of the 1897 sheets in the 1904 edition may afford some explanation of the comparative scarcity of the 1897 book.

GREENE (THE HON. MRS.). "The Grey House on the Hill." Nelson. (1903.)

Three undated books, issued during 1903 and 1904, are rather difficult to distinguish from their reprints. A new edition of the Hon. Mrs. Greene's "The Grey House on the Hill," with Rackham illustrations, was issued by Messrs. Nelson in October, 1903, in pink cloth, with flat back, lettered on the front cover and spine in gold. There is a conventional all-over pattern on the front cover and spine in blind. The paper of the text is a very pale pink, except for the title, printed in black and red and tipped in, which is on white paper. The book was issued in 1905 in red cloth, lettered and decorated in the same way, but with the title on the front cover in blind. Subsequent reprints have an entirely different style of binding.

CHOLMONDELEY (MARY). "Red Pottage." Geo. Newnes, Ltd. (1904.)

"Red Pottage" was issued in January, 1904, in the paper-covered Newnes's Sixpenny Novels Illustrated series. The first edition is in yellow wrappers lettered on the front in red, and with an illustration by R. Savage (see illustration). It has eight illustrations by Mr. Rackham. A reprint was issued with only two illustrations by Mr. Rackham but with one of those omitted, adapted for the front cover, which is printed in dark blue and light brown. The earlier edition lists fifty titles only in the series to which it belongs; the later lists one hundred and forty. Neither edition is dated. The copy in the British Museum Library with reception date January 29th, 1904 (the month of publication) is identical with that illustrated and described as the first edition.

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DANA (R. H.).
 "Two Years
 Before the
 Mast."
 Collins.
 (1904.)

The undated Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," issued from the Collins Clear-Type Press in September, 1904, was re-issued in several undated editions. This shilling publication is extremely poorly produced. The paper is brown and brittle; the cloth, which is either blue, green or pink, is of the cheapest quality, and the illustrations are printed in very crude colours. The book is rarely found in good condition. The first edition has a representation of a whaling ship, with the name *Scud* plainly visible on the bows, on the front cover and a gold title panel on the spine. The title page bears the statement "Illustrated by Arthur Rackham," and the author's name on the spine is in full, Richard Henry Dana. There are eight illustrations. A later edition, which closely resembles this edition, has the same pictorial design on the front cover, but the author's name on the spine is abbreviated



Every moment they thought they would be eaten up.
 From "The Arthur Rackham Fairy Book" (Harrap).

to R. H. Dana. The statement on the title page is changed to "With Coloured Illustrations," and there are only six illustrations. The copy seen was in red cloth, but there were probably other colours. Later editions have an entirely different cover design, and still fewer illustrations. Both the British Museum copy and Mr. Rackham's own copy agree with that described here as the first issue.

I am indebted to Mr. Rackham for the loan of "To the Other Side," and for much interested help; to Mr. Paul B. Victorius for the loan of "Dolly"; and to Mr. Bertram Rota for the loan of the

two wrapped copies of "The Dolly Dialogues."

Note on "Sunrise-Land."

Since the above article was written I have examined a copy of the book in paper boards and I find that the sheets are identical with those of the slate-grey cloth edition, having 1894 both on the title page and in the Great Eastern advertisement.

RECENT BOOK CATALOGUES

An entertaining page is that devoted to Victorian Comic Songs in Catalogue 10, issued by the First Edition Bookshop, Ltd., 52, Brook Street, W.1. There is a considerable vogue for collecting these things at present, and it is to be commended, *except* when it takes the form (adopted by certain Goths) of collecting the pictorial covers only and destroying the rest. These songs are seldom dated, which is only one of the points that make it hard for anyone except a specialist to know whether he has got hold of a real first edition or not. This catalogue however offers a number of famous songs definitely as original editions. They include "Polly Perkins of Paddington Green" (1863), 18s. 6d.; "Champagne Charlie" (1866), £2; "Tommy Make Room for your Uncle," £1 10s.; and "Two Lovely Black Eyes," £1 5s. The major part of this list consists of first editions of modern books.

Messrs. John Smith & Son, of 57-61, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, have issued a well printed and conveniently arranged miscellaneous list, number 17. Important sections of it are devoted to Art and Illustrated Books, and to Scotland. A copy of the first edition, two volumes, 1815-16, of William Combe's "The English Dance of Death," with plates by Rowlandson, is offered, bound by Rivière, for £15.

Some eighty rare books and manuscripts, especially selected for their fine condition, are contained in an illustrated quarto catalogue, number 47, published by Messrs. W. H. Robinson, of 16 and 17, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Among them is a copy, in the original vellum binding, of the fourth edition, 1621, of Francis Davison's famous anthology, "Davison's Poems, or A Poeticall Rapsodie." This costs £150. Another item even more valuable, for it is priced £680, is the first edition of St. Thomas à Kempis's "De Imitatione Christi," a folio printed at Augsburg by Zainer before 1473. This copy is in a contemporary South German binding, with the original printed contents label pasted on the front board—a condition in which, Messrs. Robinson suggest, the book may be unique. Eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth century books are also among the chosen few described in this list.

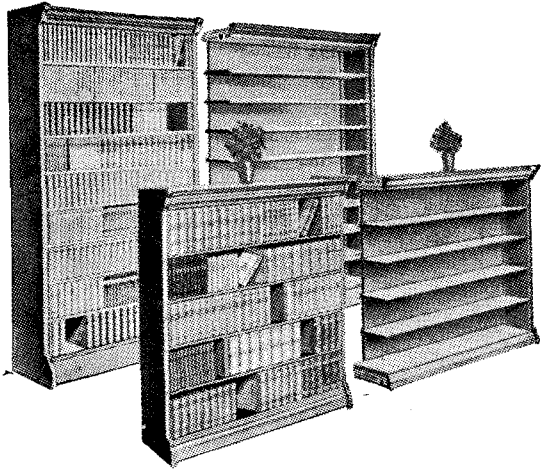
A large portion of number 6 of Messrs. Sotheran's "Piccadilly Notes"—the attractive semi-magazine form which this famous bookshop has lately adopted for its catalogues (or for some of them)—consists of books and prints relating to the town and university of Oxford. Many attractive things are to be bought very cheaply. Dighton's caricature portraits of Oxford dignitaries, published early last century, are to be had for no more than five shillings each. Thomas Malton's aquatint views cost from fifteen to thirty shillings apiece, and W. A. Delamotte's lithographs only seven shillings and sixpence. Needless to say there are also more expensive items.

Mr. C. A. Stonehill junior, of 11, Hart Street, W.C.1, in his catalogue 124, offers for £120 the original manuscript, in eight volumes, of Bubb Doddington's diaries, from March 8th, 1749, to February 6th, 1761. About one hundred pages of it are said to be unpublished.

Those who are interested in early science should see catalogue 29 of Messrs. E. P. Goldschmidt & Co., Ltd., of 45, Old Bond Street, W.1. The illustrations are many of them extremely curious. One of them shows what the cataloguer describes as "the first taximeter"—in the year 1598! It seems to have been a machine for measuring the distance travelled by a carriage.

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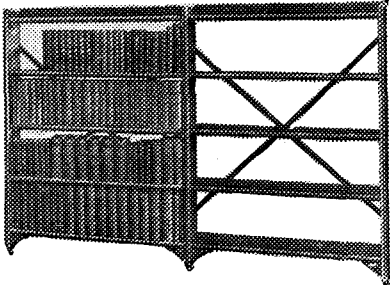
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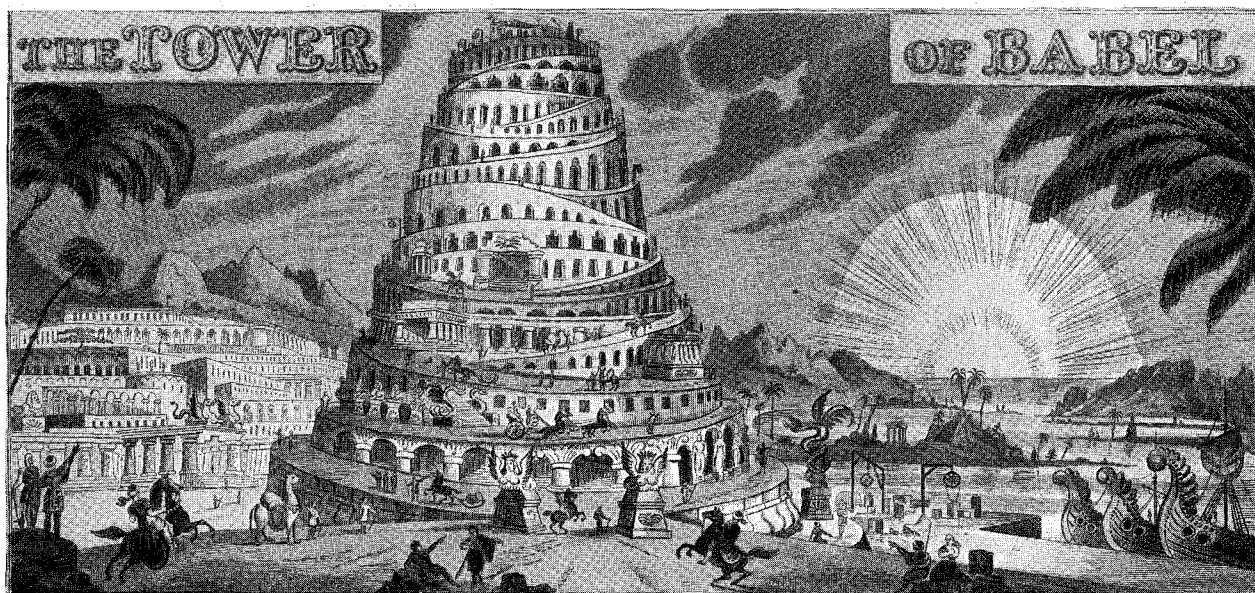
By Iolo A. Williams

THE other day, while examining a box full of old family papers, I came across a bundle inscribed "Prints mostly religious." Upon opening this, I found that it contained a number of single folio sheets, which took me back to the Christmas enjoyments of my great-grandfather's family in South Wales a century ago. Just the things, it seemed, to write a Christmas article about to-day.

The folio sheets were fifteen in number, each measuring about nineteen by fifteen-and-a-half inches, and each

wife and neatly dressed children (one of each sex). The artist, however, has decorated the garden of the slothful one with such gorgeous flowers, and such luscious bunches of grapes grow over his house, that the moral of the piece is a little blurred in the process. If sloth really produces such things (we are tempted to cry) then let us all be slothful!

On the whole however the secular broadsheets are of greater interest than the religious. There is not perhaps much to be said for an uncoloured one showing scenes



Heading to one of the Broadsheets.

decorated in the same way, with a long engraving across the top, and two smaller engravings at each side. At the bottom there is either another long engraving or a group of several smaller ones. The centre of the sheet is left blank. All but three of the broadsheets have the engravings (which are rather naïve copper-plates) coloured.

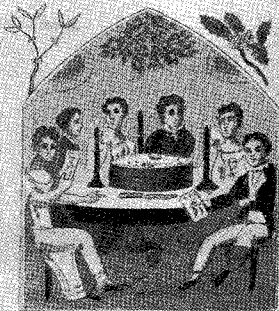
Each broadsheet is devoted to the illustration of one particular subject, generally scriptural. We have "Mordecai's Triumph," "The Prodigal Son," "The Cruse of Oil," "The Crucifixion of Christ" (with the story of Peter in the smaller pictures), "Paul's Shipwreck," "The Nativity of Christ," "The Good Samaritan," "The Disobedient Prophet," "The Tower of Babel" (with the Ark, Lot's wife and various other incidents appended below), "The Transfiguration of Christ" and "Solomon's Proverbs." Some of these have given the engravers grand opportunities. The Tower of Babel, with a switchback spiral road winding round it, is a truly remarkable edifice, while Solomon's Proverbs are applied to various periods and climes. Some represent persons garbed like ancient citizens of uncertain date and nationality. Others are clad in contemporary clothes. The gentleman who "went by the field of the slothful" is clad in the height of the fashion of about 1830, with white trousers, blue frock-coat and top-hat, and is accompanied by his fashionable

from the life of Queen Elizabeth. Nor very much indeed for the Seven Wonders of the World—though this is coloured and shows a temple of Diana which would have been an ornament not only at Ephesus, but in any nobleman's park a century and a quarter ago. Incidentally, as seven wonders, though enough for the world, did not fill up the broadsheet comfortably, an eighth (subject unspecified, but apparently situated in India) has been added. But two sheets having contemporary subjects, "The Life of King William the 4th" and "Christmas Amusements," are especially interesting and attractive. King William is shown in full colour, and much play is made with blue naval jackets—and with a most elegant pair of pink-and-white striped trousers, which His Majesty seems to have worn through almost the whole of his career.

Unfortunately the "Christmas Amusements" are not represented in colour, but this broadsheet is, nevertheless, perhaps the best in the bundle. In the first place, it is drawn with an individual touch of caricature which puts it on a rather higher artistic plane than the others. And in the second place it shows us, more or less faithfully, the Christmas festivities of our grandparents and great-grandparents. At the head of the page we have an evening party. Six young men and maidens dance a country-dance, accompanied by an orchestra consisting of a harp, fiddle and 'cello. The children not



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Hunt the Snigger

The Saviour.
The Saviour comes: by uncut hands foretold,
Hear him ye deaf: and all ye blind behold
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
As the good shepherd lends his fluky care,
Leads freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explains the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day crosses them, and by night protects:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage

The proudest Father of the future age.

Elizabeth Williams,
Christmas.

1832.

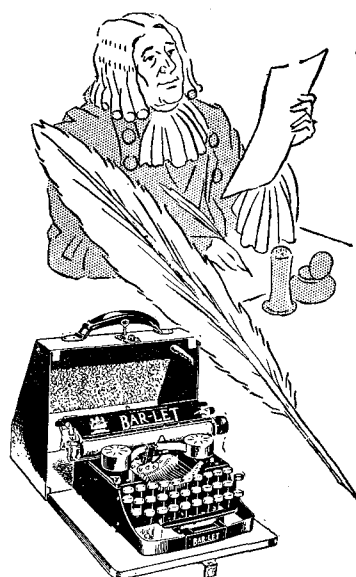


yet of dancing age play with their dog in the background, while on the left the elders sit round a table, consuming punch. At the bottom of the print we are shown the traditional humours of skating, while at the sides, in four small engravings, appear the boys returning from school, children playing Blindman's Buff and Hunt the Slipper, and others sitting round an enormous cake upon Twelfth Night. The whole is decorated with holly, plum-pudding and mistletoe, tastefully disposed in any otherwise unoccupied spots.

It will probably be of interest to some readers of these pages—especially to those who are collectors of children's books—to be given the names of the publishers of these broadsheets, for not all of them came from the same firm. "Christmas Amusements" was published by Dean & Munday, of Threadneedle Street—an ancestor, I believe, of the firm that to-day publishes "Dean's Rag Books." Others were published by W. Belch, 258, Borough; J. Phelps, 27, Paternoster Row; E. Langley, 173, High Street, Borough; Orlando Hodgson, 10, Cloth Fair; and J. Fairburn, 110, Minories. Two of Hodgson's broadsheets are dated one in 1832 and the other 1833. The others bear no printed date.

The centre of each sheet, as already stated, is left blank, and in this space the child was supposed to transcribe, in his best hand, some moral poem, or if, as in one or two of mine, he was too young to copy real words, "the rudiments"—in other words pot-hooks. At the bottom he or she added signature and date. Whether these broadsheets were ever used at any other season than Christmas I do not know; but those I have described are all dated at Christmas, the years varying from 1829 to 1835. Perhaps I may be allowed to add a few words as to who were the children who filled in these particular examples. They were three of the family of Taliesin Williams, minor poet, schoolmaster at Merthyr Tydfil, and son of the Welsh bard and antiquary, Iolo Morganwg. The children were Edward, my grandfather, who became an ironmaster in Middlesbrough; John Petherick, about whom I know nothing except that he enlisted in the army and was bought out by his family, but never throve in the world; and Elizabeth, who survives in family albums as a fierce-looking old lady in a bonnet.

Presumably children's broadsheets of this type are by no means common to-day. Neither at the British Museum, nor at the Victoria and Albert Museum, have I been able to get on the track of any examples. Moreover a bookseller, who has specialised for many years in the "curiosities" of the printing press, such as these are, tells me that, though he has occasionally had one or two through his hands, he has never before seen anything like a series of them. This then, together with the season, must be my excuse with the reader for emptying before him the contents of the family cupboard.



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Contemporary Foreign Writers

JOHN DOS PASSOS

John Dos Passos, the most significant figure in the younger school of American authors, was born in Chicago on January 14th, 1896, and graduated from Harvard in 1916. Contracting the wandering habit at an early age, he has journeyed through America, England, France, Belgium and Spain. Despite his ultra-sophisticated novels, Dos Passos is no cynical citizen, but brims over with youthful enthusiasm. He hates publicity and never speaks in public or before the microphone.

Dos Passos writes for "historical" accuracy. He consoles himself with the thought that if his work is otherwise worthless, it at least presents an exact picture of an epoch, not necessarily in detail (though he likes his details correct), but in spirit. His early work included "Streets of Night" and "Orient Express." "Streets of Night" was a novel of little depth and substance, but revealed distinct promise. "Orient Express," an unconventional travel-book, is best described as a picaresque Odyssey of the railroad. It presents Dos Passos as a man of acute perception and desperate courage, cursed or blessed with the "wanderlust."

Dos Passos's first work of international importance was the novel, "Three Soldiers." It was the first American book to treat the Great War with detached realism, and its exposition of war's torture to both mind and body definitely established the author's artistic position in contemporary American letters. By short, crisp sentences Dos Passos built up a magnificent portrait gallery of men struggling in chaos against the machinery of war and the attendant horrors of wounds and death. His next novel was "Manhattan Transfer," which gave a kaleidoscopic, scathing and vivid picture of New York, and was enthusiastically praised by Sinclair Lewis and D. H. Lawrence. Uncanny grasp of multiple detail and repetition of theme endowed this work with an unusual rhythm and vitality. The innumerable strata of New York life converged on a boundless screen, and formed a complete and satisfying whole when viewed from Dos Passos's distant perspective.

Dos Passos seeks to discover the power that nullifies and thwarts the hopes of the people. He recognises the futility of the planning of lives, and acknowledges the incalculable power which is dominative and wantonly destroys the carefully laid schemes of humanity. Fully aware that everyone works, consciously or unconsciously, towards a definite, and in many cases an identical goal, Dos Passos questions their failure to attain that objective. His preoccupation with this theme was responsible for "The 42nd Parallel," an odd yet perversely brilliant book consisting of several distinct narratives, all of which converge on the entry of America into the Great War. In this work Dos Passos exploits a new form of fictional technique. From his experiments it is clearly apparent that Dos Passos aims to portray life as a whole, at the same time presenting a series of individual experiences. His method of interpolating the main narratives with what he terms "Newsreels"—which summarise in the form of newspaper headings and paragraphs, typical happenings in America and abroad from the nineties to the outbreak of war—and "Camera Eyes"—intimate flashes of thought and life of a boy (the author himself) during the transition from childhood to maturity—is not entirely successful, a fact of which Dos Passos is well aware, for he has intimated that it is only a temporary expedient. He hopes later to achieve the unification essential to the success of such a literary experiment. "The 42nd Parallel," in keeping with all Dos Passos's work, is an ultra-realistic narrative, frequently squalid and often incoherent, but illuminative in its revelation of American life. Here is J. Ward Moorhouse, business magnate, insufferable prig, and asinine follower of the creed that adopts prosperity as the synonym of righteousness—perhaps the greatest, certainly the most caustic of all Dos Passos's character creations.

By Clifford Bower-Shore

"Nineteen-Nineteen," Dos Passos's latest novel, carries on the theme of "The 42nd Parallel," and interlards its various narratives with newspaper extracts and acid commentaries on the passing world. The period covered is from the entry of America into the Great War to the close of 1919. It is a raw and bitter book, but it scintillates with a savage brilliance. The narratives starkly reveal the degenerative effect of war on the ordinary merchant seaman, the doughboy, the pacifist, the neurotic, sex-starved woman, the young girl eager to go to France for war work and the revolutionary. Their reactions are laid naked by callous dissecting skill. This is no portrayal of the war of the trenches, of physical wounds and bloodshed. It is an acute reflection of the struggle of the mind, and a story of the chaotic influences of war, that malignant, parasitic growth from which flows licence, greed and a macabre, careless fun. "Nineteen-Nineteen" is a chronicle of humbug and cruelty, violence and subtle horror. But beneath the rugged surface there is latent beauty, and a quiet sympathy and pity. The brief biographical sketches of Morgan, Roosevelt, Meester Veelson and Wesley Everest are trenchant and powerful, the latter being a perfect cameo of horror—but it is not wise to shirk reality. Dos Passos is a man of abnormal energy and ultra-sensibility. Devoid of such faculties, it would have been impossible for him to have written such a great and terrible book as "Nineteen-Nineteen."

The vigour and fecundity of Dos Passos's imagination is astonishing. He is a master and never the slave of words. His style is staccato. As an interpreter of modern life, the chaotic medley of his prose is akin to the irregular beat of life itself. Dos Passos has the power of intensifying the commonplace, rendering it impressive by repetition of detail. It is the *mind*—the conception—which is of salient importance to Dos Passos. With ironical observation he presents the infinite variety of American life and character in a revealing nudity. The characters he selects at random are typical of the thousands enslaved to the stifling grind of modern civilised life. They are at once graphically and delicately differentiated. Charged with a certain sparseness and grim innuendo, his work reveals the crudeness of the American. Through the microscope of genius one sees the squirming mass of human organisms which spread across a continent to make America. But Dos Passos not only portrays America and the American. His choice of the individual type stands as a representative symbol of universal character. The opulence of Dos Passos's social and moral criticism is equalled only by the brilliance and clarity of his introspective survey of that sham existence many people term life, wherein he reveals the world of clash between the superficial amenities of a smug civilisation and the inherent primitive instincts of human nature.

Like Dickens, Dos Passos recreates the farce and tragedy of his time. Always he appraises the forces that make life a stage for the setting of comedy and drama and tragedy; love and passion, jealousy and ambition, hate and despair. His all-embracing consciousness is revealed with penetrative venom, but despite his strength he does not wield the cumbersome bludgeon of invective. His irony is neat, his wit light. Although often sombre, his work is devoid of morbidity, and he overcomes minor defects of style by dynamic force of theme. He is no heavy moraliser, and his prose is free from that tortured and tautologous phraseology which detracts from the work of Dreiser.

Dos Passos is no facile and genial demagogue. He is in fact a trifle *gauche*. But he is sincere and vital. He has the power of seeing things suddenly; his conclusions are not the residue of any definable or discernible process. Immune from sentiment, but seeking the termini of the keenest emotions, Dos Passos is prone to attacks of manly sensitiveness. Eager, impatient, questioning, he has an

unfailing insight into the motives and actions of his characters. A strict realist, a fearless adherent to truth, he has little time for the superficial abstractions of the shallow and romantic novelist. His brusqueness occasionally nauseates the sensitive palate, but he is never too brutally objective, nor is he unduly egotistical.

There is a certain insistence on sex in Dos Passos's work. But this only reveals that he is vitally concerned with the emotions of life. Sex is the most important instinct of life. The impulse is spontaneous and cannot lie—and is therefore a state of naked sincerity. It is essential that matters of the flesh be treated with a vital warmth and not with the snobbish coldness of the intellect. Dos Passos details love—or lust—episodes with an unflinching physical force.

Undoubtedly John Dos Passos has lived. His work throbs in every line with an all-dominating intensity of feeling for life. He has been triumphantly sensitive. He has felt insults and splendidly avenged them. Looking at life, he finds it mysterious and terrible. But he is also impressed by the wonder of it—and the occasional beauty. He is mildly obsessed by the apparent helplessness of human beings to thwart their predestined end, their futile struggles against inevitability. Endowed with that masculine creative fertility and brooding intuitive power—a powerful combination essential to the making of a great novelist—Dos Passos's view is not one of extraordinary detachment or serenity, but one of hearty and ordinary dislike. Rigorously detailing human experience as he does, Dos Passos must dilute the sombre with the expression of light, and his hearty, pungent hilarity is thrown into bolder relief by the contrasting tones of bitter experience. His grisly humour is reminiscent of Carlyle, for it is more in the style than the matter.

The bulk of Dos Passos's work betrays a marked leaning towards the political "left," but it never degenerates to class propaganda. Writing of the present day when ethics are severely subordinated to economics, when to seek the material is apparently the only thing that counts, and when life's worth is appraised merely by a financial standard of values, Dos Passos is an inveterate enemy of Mammon in high places and a vehement defender of the under-dog.

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For those who are not devotees of Italian opera (or even of "Carmen") there is the other extreme of Mozart and Handel. They will welcome the fine recording of the Water Music Suite, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty, in two twelve-inch records (DX 538 and 539), and a new "Handel Series" which consists of three ten-inch records (DB 1212-14), recording six favourite items exactly as they were written. These (which include hitherto unrecorded pieces such as the March from the "Occasional Oratorio" and the minuets from the "Firework Music") are played by the British Light Orchestra.

But my favourite choice of all Columbia's records are Mozart's exquisite Oboe Quartet (LX 256, 257), played superbly by Leon Goossens, J. Léner, S. Roth and J. Hartman, and his "Concertante Sinfonie," with Albert Sammons as the violin and Lionel Tertis as the viola (DX 478-481). These two works alone make the season memorable.

E. P.

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THE CRITIC AND THE ARTIST

By Wilfrid Gibson

FEW critics, I take it, will be inclined to quarrel with the precedence accorded their craft in the title of this note. They are not a humble-minded profession; and, by way of justifying their existence, must maintain that their devoted service is not only necessary, but essential to the well-being of art. Indeed from the superior attitude the more pretentious assume, one might gather that the critic was a sort of providence to art and the artist, that art could not exist without his sanction; and as for the artist, poor chap—well, he simply could not do his job at all without directions from the critic!

Just what precisely is the function of the critic, and how much art in the abstract benefits from his benevolent activities, would be a difficult matter to determine; but it may be worth while to try to assess the value of direct criticism to the individual artist. In the first place, it is not easy for the artist to accept the critic at his own valuation. He is reluctant to acknowledge that the critic is the author of his being, with a sort of paternal right to train him in the way he should go, and so may resent chastisement or patronage from one whose authority he questions. It would seem to the artist that art comes first; that the critic must have some material to work on before he can exercise his faculty of discrimination and exposition. Language came into existence before the grammarian, poetry before the prosodist; and so far from art following rules laid down by the critics, all the critics' rules and regulations have been formulated according to what they have learned from the practice of the artists. This to the artist would seem to be self-evident; but from the airs some critics assume towards contemporary artists, one might fancy that they themselves were the fount and origin of all authority.

Yet if the critic really wishes to help the individual artist, he must discard the pretension of papal infallibility. However humble-minded the artist, and however anxious to learn from his mentors, their criticism can be of little value to him unless they comprehend his intention, and realise that he is not trying to produce a poem, or a picture, made according to an established formula, but that he is striving to express his own intuitions about life in his own way. So much well-meaning advice that is lavished on the artist is merely irrelevant, or only has the remotest bearing on what the artist is after, because the critic, instead of trying to get into the artist's skin and attempting to understand his idiosyncrasy, seeks to remake the artist if not precisely in his own image, according to his conception of what a proper artist ought to be like.

He tells a poet for instance the kind of poems he should write, instead of trying to grasp what kind of poems the poet is set on writing, and judging his success or failure from the standpoint of what he is attempting. Art may or may not benefit from criticism; but to the individual artist, if he pays any attention at all, I fancy

that its effect is usually more disturbing and destructive than enlightening and constructive.

I suppose every work of creation is, at best, merely an approximation to the vision of the creator; but the artist must at least be true to his vision; it is useless for the critic to say to him: "If you would only look the other way, and through my spectacles, you would produce much finer work." After all, an artist can only do what it is in him to do.

An artist, unlike the critic, has his limitations; he is indeed an artist by virtue of his limitations, which enable him, instead of dissipating his energies at large, to canalise them, to concentrate them and direct them into their peculiar channel. Life provides him with intuitions and experiences which he must shape, not according to an abstract convention, or the conventions of other artists, but according to the convention imposed upon him by his own individuality. A poet does not sit down deliberately to compose a poem, to produce a work of art according to an accepted formula; rather is he impelled to express an intuition as effectually as he can; and all his labour is spent in giving the idea that has moved his clean, athletic form, stripping it of all irrelevancies. I do not fancy that a poet of any integrity worries overmuch whether he has produced a work of art, so long as he has said what he had to say to the best of his ability. Not that he despises his art; it is only by virtue of perfect expression that his idea or intuition can exercise any potency; indeed it can hardly be said to exist until it attains life through perfect expression in words. On the contrary, his art is so much to him that, in his exercise of it, the poet must not allow his concentration to be distracted by the preconceptions of other minds about the proper functions of poetry. At all costs he must preserve his own artistic integrity.

At the same time no artist can afford to ignore the work of other artists; and the writer may even learn something from the critics who take upon themselves to interpret to us the work of artists of the past. Their labours may not have been altogether fruitless; and at all events, if they possess any individuality, they will enable him to regard the work of his predecessors from a different angle. It does not do for the artist to despise any hint he can pick up from anyone; and it is all to the good that, during the fallow intervals between periods of creative activity, he should consider his art in general in every possible aspect.

He will naturally learn most from the study of the works of art themselves; but, on the other hand, the critic, in his painstaking researches, may have discovered some secret of technique that has escaped the attention of the artist, who is necessarily preoccupied with his own methods. But the criticism, that is to be of any service to him, must be absorbed into his creative consciousness before he begins to paint or write again. Above all, he must put out of his mind altogether any consideration of what even his most friendly critics expect of him, if he is to do work that will provide the critics of the future with a fresh standard, a new measuring rod with which to belittle and belabour the artists of their own generation.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1933**



From a caricature by COIA.

Mr. Lynd has taken for the title
of this year's volume of essays, his
well-known pseudonym, "Y.Y."

ROBERT LYND.

THE BOOKSELLER AND THE READING PUBLIC

By Cecil Palmer

ONE of the commonest of human failings is an inclination to find fault with other people when there is most need to be alarmed on our own account. Subconsciously, we have an awareness of our own wrong-headedness, and consciously seek to avoid its implications by an unreasoned and unreasonable exhibition of bad temper. I sometimes think that publishers and authors are over-zealous in their mutual desire to excuse their own limitations by the subtle expedient of accusing the bookseller of shirking his responsibilities. Anyway it is a fact that the bookseller has suffered unreasonably at the hands of those who are sometimes more sensitive than sensible.

The kind of criticism to which I allude is negative in character, but that does not prevent those who indulge in it from being pontifically positive. Usually it takes the form of reminding the bookseller of the things he does not do, with rarely, if ever, a single word of commendation for the things he does do. If there is a harder and more exacting task than bookselling to-day, or one which offers so little reward for honest labour, I for one am unaware of it. Selling *new books at their full published prices* is a job which a saint might shirk because of its heartbreaking futility.

We are apt to generalise too freely and loosely when we use the omnibus term, *the reading public*. It cannot be very far from the truth to state that for every ten persons who read books, only one of them ever dreams of *buying* a book. So far as literature is concerned, we are increasingly becoming a nation of borrowers. Comparatively few amongst us cultivate and satisfy the latent instinct to own books as precious and personal possessions. In days of depression we manifest a dangerous predisposition to starve our minds rather than sacrifice any of the so-called creature comforts of the body. We have seen all save one of the luxuries of life become, by constant gratification, indispensable necessities. Nowadays life is not worth living for most men and women if they cannot have their wireless sets, their tennis, their talkies and their prize-winning cross-word puzzles. Books, alas, are still luxuries, and even reading itself occupies a minor place in this sorry scheme of things.

But the situation is not without its paradox. If there is anything in this wide world relatively cheaper than books are to-day, it is time we were told about it. Books are cheaper and more plentiful to-day than at any time in our history. According to economic law, books should be selling as readily as cigarettes. Advertising experts are never tired of telling us that one of the first principles of selling to the public is fixing the price of the commodity within the purse limitations of the man in the street. So far as their economic argument applies to books, there is an undoubted fallacy somewhere. Can it be that the public has been pampered? Its general attitude towards the *possession of books* supports the theory that books, having become too cheap, the public no longer appreciates their value. Its most dangerous form is seen in the public's growing

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Articles appearing in December and after :

- THE SIN OF RETALIATION. J. D. BERESFORD.
- THOUGHTS ON THE SPRING OF 1933. HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.
- CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM. GEOFFREY WEST.
- THOUGHTS ON JUSTICE. HUGH DE SELINCOURT.
- CHRIST IN THE SILENCE. HUMBERT WOLFE.
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tendency to expect the latest books at *sale* prices. It must be admitted that our industry is partly responsible for this unsatisfactory condition of affairs. The public has discovered that, in most cases, it has only to wait a short period of time in order to obtain the finest of our literature at prices which normally would not purchase a current issue of one of the popular magazines.

In the face of such difficulties the position and situation of the bookseller is deplorable. He is everlastingly fighting to overcome the public's disinclination to enter his shop at all, and when that battle has been fought and won, he finds himself in another and hardly less sanguinary one—of persuading his customer that he is not a state-protected pickpocket. Nor will he derive tranquillity of soul from the knowledge that in effect he is serving three masters—the public, the publisher and the author. It seems to me that a bookseller is a master-man kept in his place by master-men. His life is spent in trying to reconcile their mutually distinctive differences. The public blames him if his standing stock compares unfavourably with the archives of the British Museum, and curses him if he dares to demand more than a shilling for a five-shilling book. The publisher grants him terms which are as complicated

in their application to different kinds of books, varying quantities and the time factor when ordering, as a diplomatic memorandum to a foreign power with whom "our relations continue to be friendly." And finally, the author despises him for his lack of vision and limited mentality in overlooking the potential fortune which can be picked up by any bookseller who is willing to forget the whole range of contemporary literature in order to fit himself for the task of remembering the work of one self-contained author whose chief claim to fame rests on nothing more substantial than his sublime belief in the unholy trinity of I, myself and me.

The bookseller, more than any other man in our industry, holds the key position between the author and the public. His responsibilities are exacting, for by his personal and direct contacts with the reading public his opportunities for good or ill are enormous. It is indisputable that whilst there exists within the nation a huge army of potential readers, delivered out of the womb of Free Education, the lamentable fact must be faced that this colossal public, in the main, knows *how* to read but not *what* to read. Therein lies the bookseller's greatest obligation, and in its fulfilment rests his one substantial hope of material success and spiritual reward.

CORRESPONDENCE

Herr Werner Krauss

SIR,

The writer of "In Search of the Perfect Actor," in your issue for November, is unfair and inaccurate in his remarks upon Werner Krauss; unfair in comparing the technique of a very distinguished actor with "Swedish drill," inaccurate in stating that the age of the character Herr Krauss interpreted in "Before Sunset" is "seventy-five." The age of the character is nowhere mentioned in the play, although there is strong evidence that sixty-five would be nearer the mark.

I hold no mandate for Herr Werner Krauss except gratitude for his superb art. At least I know the technique of acting, having trained a fair number of actors who are at present appearing upon the London stage. Werner Krauss appeared to me so remarkable and grandly artistic that, having seen him once, I cancelled an engagement in order to see him again, and would have gone again and again for the joy of witnessing his performance had the run of the play not terminated. Your contributor does not like Krauss, and he is fully entitled to say so in emphatic terms. But his strictures upon this actor merely express dislike without communicating his reasons in terms by which a reader may fairly perceive the cause of the writer's dislike. And good criticism ought to do this.

I have been a regular subscriber to THE BOOKMAN for more than thirty years. The criticisms appearing therein are often severe, but usually informed with sympathetic understanding.

Yours, etc.,

10, Heaton Road,
Withington, Manchester.
November 7th, 1933.

JAMES BERNARD.

"This England"

SIR,

In your issue of last month, L. M. Claisen, writing from Rhodesia, defends the books I had previously reviewed, not too favourably, under the title of "This England."

Your correspondent writes that he cannot understand my judgment, and assures you that people who live outside the country find these books of help.

Perhaps, as far away as South Africa, it is not understood how much this sort of thing, within the last few years, has been overdone. Scores and scores of these books appear, often commissioned by the railways, the motor-bus services and the hotels; until it has in many cases become not a spontaneous expression but a kind of disguised advertising. Advertisement, so one feels, of something that should never be advertised. Or cheapened. Or even made too accessible. Something like Baedeker, a bare list of names, distances, roads, contours, accommodation, antiquities should be enough—with perhaps a few literary references—to show true lovers the way. Without the sentimental (and often misleading) gushes of descriptive writing. Which, if sincere, are on a subject worth better expression; or, if the opposite, are no more than a very odious form of profiteering about emotions one is sure L. M. Claisen would be the last person to parade or exploit.

Sennen.

Yours, etc.,

MARY BUTTS.

"Fresh Fields for Amateurs . . ."

SIR,

In an article published in your September number, Leila Sterling Mackinlay makes the following statement: "... Shaw and Galsworthy are inaccessible" (sc. "to amateurs").

If by this she means that these two writers are beyond the range of amateur acting, it is a case of *de gustibus non*. But if, as I infer from the context, she means that their charges for performances are too high, it is a question of fact.

To my knowledge the charge for the performance of a Shaw or Galsworthy play by amateurs is five per cent. of the gross profits, after entertainment tax has been deducted, always on condition that the proceeds of the performance be devoted to amateur dramatics.

As anyone may see, this is a most equitable way of charging, and one calculated to encourage the performance of the best plays by enthusiastic if penurious societies. Would that other dramatists might follow their example!

Yours, etc.,

London.

NORMAN CALLAN.

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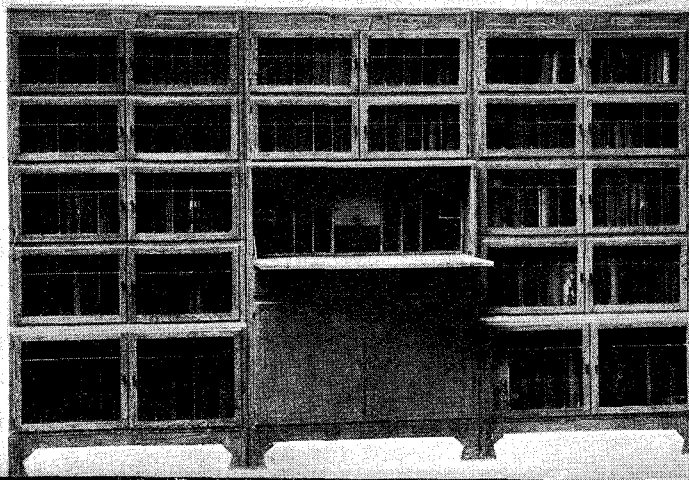
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THE BOOKLOVERS' CIRCLE

LONDON

Saturday, October 14th.—A heavy rainstorm does not prevent enthusiastic members from being present at a Circle excursion, so that it was not surprising that the visit to the Reading Room and Library of the British Museum was well attended. Permission having been graciously granted by Mr. Marsden, Keeper of Printed Books, the party were put under the charge of Mr. Johnson who, in the quietness of the Library, described the history and growth of this world-famous institution. We were told what happens to a book when it is received at the Library, before it is placed on the shelves for use by the public and, as the Library has to receive by the Copyright Law a copy of every book published, it is not surprising that it now contains over four million books which occupy about fifty miles of shelves; even so it is the proud and just boast of the authorities that any book can easily be found. The privileges of "readers" were also described, and we were informed that two hundred and thirty-eight thousand had used the Library during 1932. After inspecting various sections of the Library, during which due praise was given to its construction, we were taken to the gallery overlooking the Reading Room. Save for the gentle rustle of turned-over leaves, hardly a sound rose from the floor beneath, notwithstanding that the room was full. Finally we were shown one of the largest books in the world as well as one of the smallest. The one measured nearly six feet in height and the other about an inch. On leaving the British Museum we adjourned to the Green Parrot Restaurant, where a delightful tea was served, at the conclusion of which Mr. G. B. Burgin took the opportunity of expressing the thanks of the Circle to Miss S. A. Coltar for the trouble she had taken in arranging such an interesting and unique visit.

E. G. CROWSLEY.

October 18th.—Mrs. Cora Gordon gave us an evening so enchanting that enthusiasm rose to what can only be described as ecstatic heights. Her husband, Jan Gordon, seated himself at the back of the hall, but responded to a call for "speech" at the close of his wife's lecture, and the two "beloved vagabonds" received a tremendous ovation before finally they were allowed to depart. The subject of Mrs. Gordon's

lecture, "The Unconventional Travel Book," was treated in her own happy, inconsequent manner, and interspersed with laughter and song. To her books we must go to revive our memories of her travels—the last book is entitled "The Round-about," and it tells of London. Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, who after a long absence we very warmly welcomed amongst us again, made many personal contributions to the aspect of travel suggested by the lecture, and said how delightful it is in this generation to see husband and wife working together in such charming collaboration. Mrs. Gordon does not believe in the idea that human nature is the same the world over. An "unconventional travel book," she said, is not only much more difficult to define than a conventional travel book; it is also much more difficult to write. "You must first of all try to give the feeling of the country and the characteristics of the people. You have to get to know a great many people, sort them out, and write about the most typical. For this you must learn the language. We have a theory that you can learn a language in a few weeks. We have a great many dodges and gadgets for doing this. Then one must divest oneself of one's prejudices—my mental attitude towards cleanliness has got quite twisted. Then there is food—it is extraordinary how difficult it is to sit and look tactful when you are being offered extraordinary mixtures." But in Mrs. Gordon's opinion one of the worst slogans in the world is "Safety First."

Programme

November 15th.—Mr. Leopold Spero, B.A., LL.B., on "The New Age Nursery: Katherine Mansfield, Arlen, Rebecca West, de Maetzu." Chairman: Mr. Juan W. P. Chamberlin.

December 6th.—Mr. Conal O'Riordan on "Naphantasy: The Disease of Napoleon Worship." Chairman: Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson.

Future announcements will be found in THE BOOKMAN each month, and programme for Second Session published after Christmas.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, Mayfield, Meopham, Kent.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than January 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

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III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English poetry applicable to any book advertised in this number. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

IV.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

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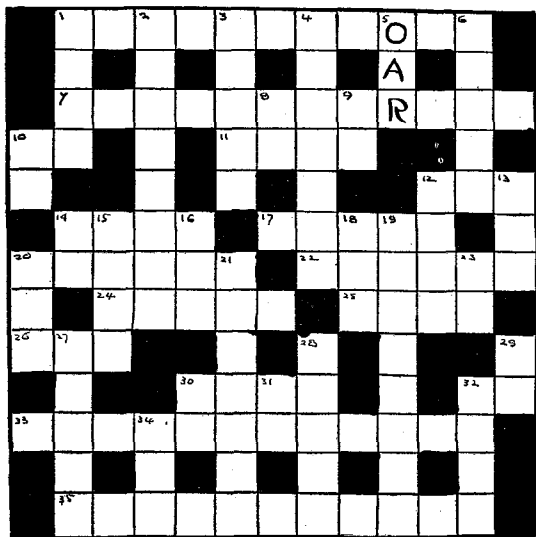
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"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD NO. 38

Crossword No. 38



A BOOKMAN'S YEAR

By "PROCRUSTES"

A guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to No. 5 down.

CLUES ACROSS :

1. Died this year leaving a communication to his friends.
7. Charles Bradlaugh was one.
10. Naomi Jacob's autobiography.
11. Second this sounds rare in Bloomsbury, but London University has one there.
12. Possessive.
14. Animal nickname of an animal type—a gangster who wrote "Rough Stuff."
17. H. J. Massingham describes them among other ancient Downland features.
20. This Stallion, said THE BOOKMAN in August, "amounts to little better—or worse—than a Westernisation of 'Black Beauty.'"
22. "And called out of tideless peace by a living sun
As when . . . , tamer of horses, and his lords to whom
Stonehenge was still a thought, the Pillars passed."
—(W. H. AUDEN in *New Country*.)
24. Place associated with the subject of Hugh I'Anson Fausset's study "The Lost Leader," and also with 35 across.
25. Christian name of the author of "Tops and Bottoms."
26. Horace Brodsky's "Henri Gaudier-Brzeska" is complementary to a work on the same subject by this man.
30. First name of an Australian poet who this year was rather extravagantly honoured by a tablet in Westminster Abbey.
32. This reliable standby of "Procrustes" has this year published "The Avatars: A Futurist Fantasy."
33. Their street was a Book Society choice.
35. The author of "Stallion" has written a monograph on this distinguished contributor to the year's output of books.

CLUES DOWN :

1. Bridge was till books were written about it, and as for cricket . . . !
2. These families had an extra this success.
3. "Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And loved a timely joke
And thus unto the Callender
In merry . . . he spoke."
—(Quoted by A. E. HOUSMAN in *The Name and Nature of Poetry*.)
4. "England's Eastern Province" was this novelist's 1933 book.

6. From his newly published letters to Royalty one might have thought that Persistence was his middle name—but this was.
8. 101.
9. Diphthong.
10. Possessive.
12. Shorter form of what Winitz-ed Holtby's hero found Astonishing.
13. Relationship of the author of "Below Bridges" to that of "The Tactics and Strategy of the Great Duke of Marlborough."
14. "Gay . . . Up," by Barnaby Brook.
15. Nothing but 20 across curtailed and beheaded.
16. Short name for the vessel whose cruise was described with success by Erling Tambs.
18. Aldington's were all enemies, but those of Romain were of good will.
19. John Drinkwater in Regent's Park.
20. Edmund Vale's guide-book told us to do this for ourselves.
21. His "History of Delos" was reviewed in the July BOOKMAN.
23. Italian article.
27. So popular with writers and readers that this year we have seen it in *Fancy Dress*, in *Darkness*, by Request, and *Creeping*. It also Comes at Night and there are Men Against it.
28. Herbert Read and Humbert Wolfe have both recalled the time when they were this.
29. Verb.
30. Initials familiar to readers of *Punch*. "Ten-Minute Alibi" is billed as "The Play chosen by Twenty-four Nations."
31. Verb.
32. This of Rings, by a well-known BOOKMAN contributor, has now at last been published in England. It sounds like the author of "Three Cities."
34. "Flush," whose author sounds like its cousin.



A Downstream Wet-Fly Fisher.

(Wood engraving by Robert Gibbings.)

From "The Roving Angler," by Herbert Palmer (Dent).

ART, POETRY and CRITICISM



From Modern Drawings
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(*Studio*)

H. A. HENRIËT, "THE SKATING MATCH" (CHALK).

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**ART IN ENGLAND:
TO SAY NOTHING OF AMERICA
AND FRANCE**

Art in My Time.

By Frank Rutter. 6s. (Rich & Cowan.)

Men of Art.

By Thomas Craven. 25s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Modern Drawings.

By Campbell Dodgson. 30s. (Studio.)

The Technique of Portrait Painting.

By Harrington Mann. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)

If the English art historian, Mr. William T. Whitley, were writing a book on "Art in My Time" he would call it "Art in England, 18..-1933," and his method would be painstakingly and impersonally to take year by year and serve up the facts without frills. The result would be an authoritative book, an appendix to Redgrave, a book that is badly needed. Mr. Rutter has not attempted this (it would hardly have suited the series), but has been content to choose the more personal method of Sir William Rothenstein and has written, not exactly an autobiography, but a delightfully entertaining account of what he remembers during these interesting years of art in England. (Not merely English art, but the exhibitions of foreign art, chiefly French, in this country, though curiously enough he omits any references to the recent important winter exhibitions at Burlington House.) He is content to write, at any rate towards the end of the book, from memory; roughly to group events and artists by decades, of which the 1900's receive by far the largest space. He makes up for obvious omissions in an epilogue.

It is a friendly record of the somewhat wistful reminiscences of one who has been a professional art critic of understanding for over thirty years, and still retains his sense of humour. He takes us "round behind." He explains the cults of the century, the Fauves, the Cubists, the Futurists, the Expressionists and other "ists" and "isms" in the language of an ordinary human being, not the jargon of a critic. That in itself makes the book worth while.

One catches glimpses of the ghosts of Whistler and Rodin; is reminded of the golden days when the New English Art Club was a live society with a definite policy. He recalls the secession from the New English Art Club, as far back as 1911, of the younger discontents who formed themselves into the Camden Town Group, which afterwards became the London Group. Can one ever forget the other

THE IDEAL PRESENT TO GIVE
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BRAMWEL
BY CATHERINE

"MUST BE ACCORDED A PLACE AMONG THE GREAT
BIOGRAPHIES OF OUR TIME."—"THE LISTENER"

"IT IS A GREAT BOOK."—HUGH REDWOOD

27, MAIDEN LANE,

by Hesketh Hubbard

interesting little pre-War shows at the Carfax Gallery, or the great post-impressionist exhibition of 1910?

Unlike so many of his fellow critics Mr. Rutter believes in English painting, and who could not when reminded of such names as Beardsley, "the Beggarstaff Brothers," Steer, Sickert, Brangwyn, Orpen, John, Bone and Epstein? He feels very strongly the lack of appreciation of contemporary British painting on the Continent, due to the fact that no really well-chosen and representative exhibition of British art has ever crossed the Channel. If only Mr. Rutter were an English Mussolini, as he fancifully imagines for a page or two, he would turn the tables, ruin the export trade of pictures from France (apparently the fourth largest industry of that country), and quickly turn London into the Mecca of those interested in art. Meanwhile I hope this book will have a large sale on the Continent as well as being read in this country.

How disarming of Mr. Rutter to add an epilogue beginning "were I asked to review this book—which Heaven forbid—I feel that I should be tempted to fasten on," etc. Despite that, I am tempted to ask Mr. Rutter what is the "significant form" (as "Vanessa Bell's husband" would say) of "silver beech"? I am sure the late Mr. MacWhirter never rose to such heights as to originate a new tree-form. And was it in 1903 that Charles Sims was made an A.R.A.? "The Year's Art" says 1908, "Who's Who" 1900. How difficult we make the work of the future art historian.

Mr. Rutter's is a small panel hastily sketched, and has all the charm of spontaneity. Mr. Thomas Craven, the American critic, has taken a larger canvas, not merely covering three or four decades of art in one country, but the history of painting from Giotto to Rivera and Orozco, by concentrating on "significant movements and outstanding individuals." It was well worth tackling and, considering the Herculean nature of the task and the intricacy of the perspective, it is remarkable how he controls his design. He too chooses the language of a human being, and ends up by explaining the recent cults so that the general reader can understand what they are all about.

Mr. Craven's style is picturesque and sometimes slightly melodramatic. How can one avoid this if one is forced by the limits of the canvas to work in generalities? But it makes good and easy reading; it is not a question of "wading" through his five hundred odd pages—one sails easily. He relates art very cleverly to its historical and social setting, though at times, especially in the early part of the book, the background does not recede enough. He explains technical processes just sufficiently for the

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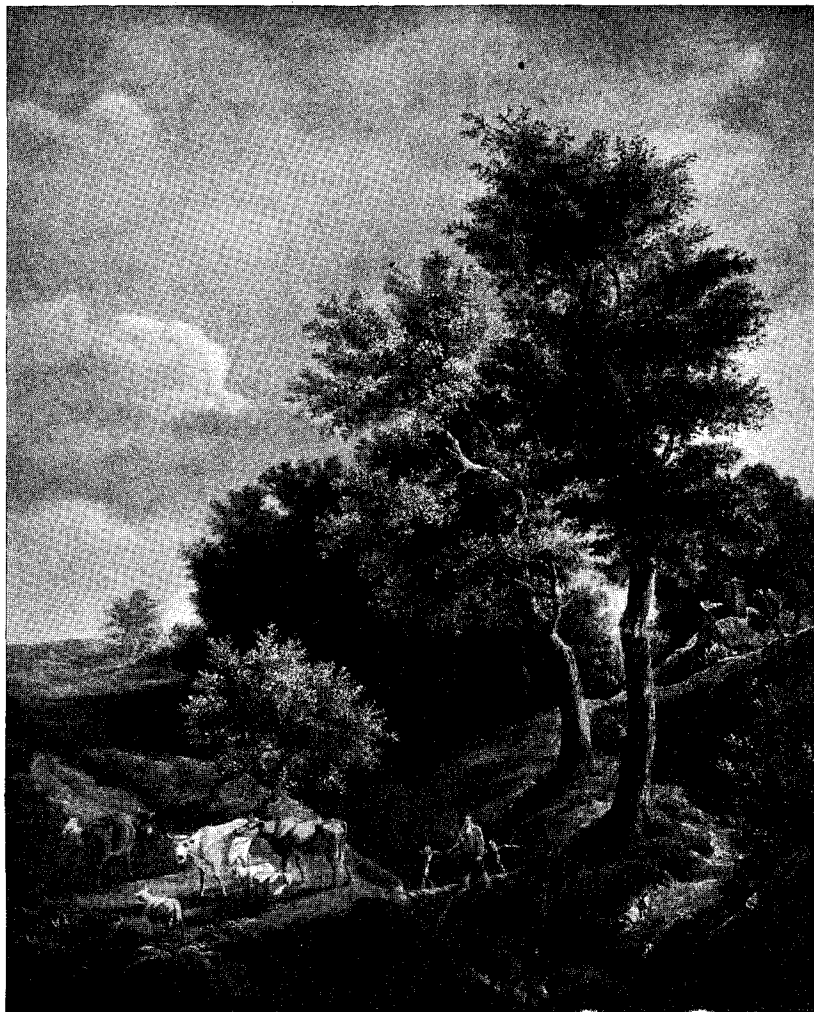
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STRAND, LONDON



From *British Painting*
By C. H. Collins Baker
(Medici Press)

CROME. "THE GLADE."
(Collection, P. M. Turner.)

general reader. He is not deceived into thinking that Matisse is bigger than Giotto because he happens to stand nearer to us. "Modernists at home and abroad are wearily sifting and resifting its barren deposits. . . . Matisse, growing old, turns out pretty sentiments for the American trade; and Picasso, to judge by his prize-winning exhibit at the Carnegie Institute, is a candidate for the Academy. The present condition of French painting is not one to make the heart rejoice. There is more hope in North America" and Mexico. At last American painters are cutting the French apron-strings that have guided them so long. The young American is tired of foreign cults. But neither the slavish copier of the past nor the studio recluse holds the key to the situation.

The American's estimation of painting in England is interesting and just. He devotes pages of praise to Hogarth, Blake and Turner, but hardly does justice to Wilson and ignores Cotman. But one can be excused the undervaluation of Cotman by any who do not know the great collection of Mr. Russell Colman at Norwich. It is a pity Mr. Craven chose to reproduce the very indifferent engraving of Hogarth's "Lord Lovat" and not the lovely original in the National Portrait Gallery. And is it true to say that Hogarth's skit on Kent made the former and ruined the latter? Hogarth took his house in Leicester Fields *after* (not before as stated by Mr. Craven) he had painted "The Harlot's Progress," which dates from 1731. His move, the rate books tell us, was in 1733, and was probably made possible by the sale of the engravings of the first "Progress." Is the

author unfamiliar with the work Wilson did "in the field" before Constable was born? and why does he speak of Van Dyck as though he were of the English school? True he worked in England, but so did Whistler and Sargent. And is the English public more blind to painting than other publics? Even the public that bought eagerly the colour prints of the Ukiyo-ye school of Japan bought them because they were representations of their favourite actor or courtesan, not because of their æsthetic beauties. "The lower classes [in England] . . . have always been insensitive to painting." Mr. Craven should visit the Whitechapel Art Gallery next time he is in England.

The forty full-page reproductions of pictures include many from American collections, which are most welcome. The chapter devoted to Ryder emphasises how ignorant we are still of American painting. This is no more our fault than is the ignorance of British painting on the Continent the fault of the continentals. As Mr. Campbell Dodgson laments in his "Modern Drawings," we hardly ever see American work in this country. Mr. Dodgson does something to remedy this by reproducing in his anthology the drawings of a little group of twelve representative contemporary American draughtsmen.

He asks "whether any common characteristics could be traced in modern drawing, or even . . . in drawing . . . in our own country." Drawing does not seem to-day to be "subjugated by some predominant influence" as in the days of Tintoretto or Goltzius, or Boucher and his imitators. A glance through this collection, that has not been "selected with the deliberate intention of exhibiting the style of a single group or clique of artists," convinces one of the

catholicism of the artists of to-day. There are as many drawings meticulous in detail as free to the point of slovenliness; there are as many representational as abstract. It is only the number of good and bad drawings that is unequal. But that has always been so.

While in a sense the more one sees the more one learns, the artist to-day is at a disadvantage to his forerunner who was nourished on a few good originals. The student to-day often overtakes his powers of digestion. Anthologies such



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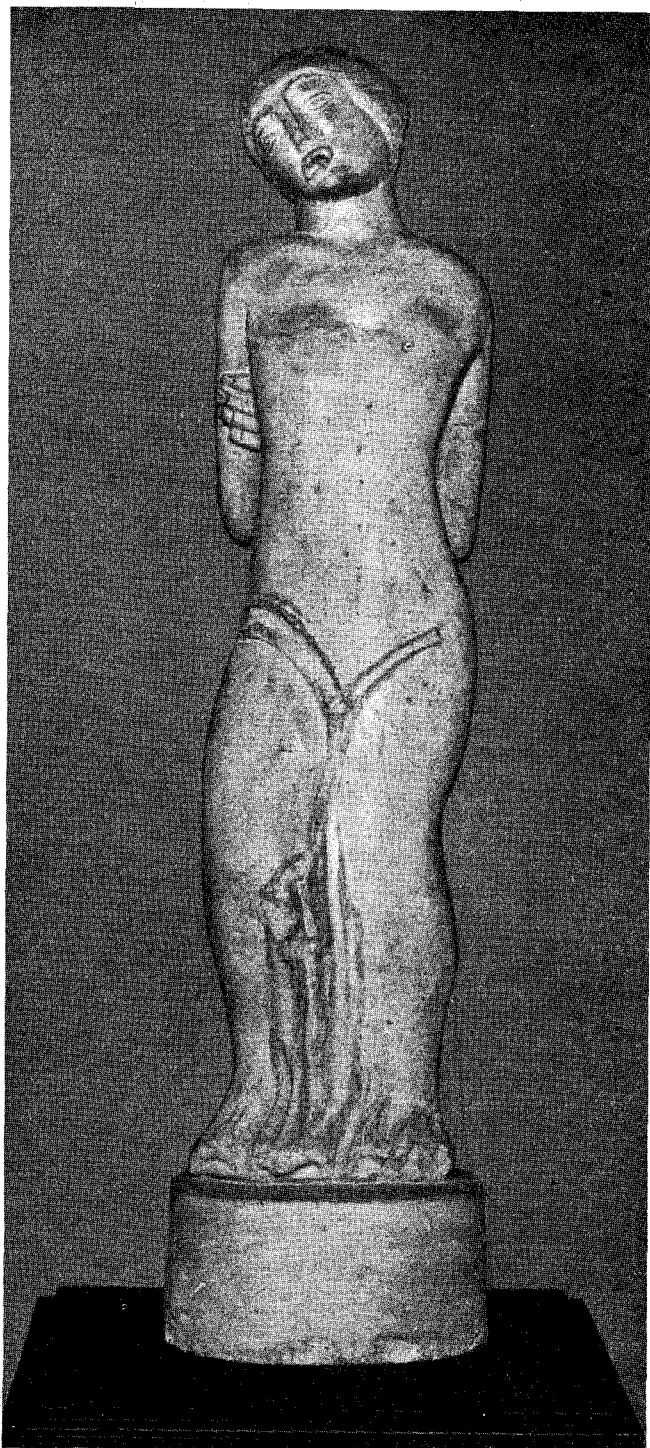
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From *Modern Sculpture*
By Herbert Maryon
(*Pitman*)

HENRI GAUDIER-BRZESKA.
"LA CHANTEUSE TRISTE"
(STONE).
National Gallery, Millbank, London.
(By permission of the National Gallery.)

as this may well be one of the causes for the lack of "period" noticeable in modern drawings.

It is only within the last thirty years that the general public has become interested in drawings. Nowadays the waste-paper baskets of studios (for studios have waste-paper baskets to-day) are ransacked by dealers, and torn or crumpled drawings are pieced together or smoothed out almost as carefully as though they were the indiscreet letters of a celebrity. Drawing is no longer a means to an end; the "exhibition drawing" is with us.

Mr. Dodgson admits that he has been hampered by tariffs and currency restrictions, so that the foreign sections of his book are inadequate. Would it not have been better to publish a series of books of modern drawings, country by country, compiled by a national? I wish too that a book like this were published simultaneously in useful portfolio form. I hope this book will stimulate

artists to-day to form again the almost lost habit of making a drawing a day just for practice, with their eyes on the subject, not on the Bond Street shop-window.

"The finest pictures in the world are portraits," we are told on the cover of "The Technique of Portrait Painting," by Harrington Mann. Such a challenging statement could only have been made by an Englishman, for as a race we are really only interested in portraits where pictures are concerned. But in the Far East the drawing of faces is considered a trivial affair; to them landscape is the highest form of pictorial art.

At last a portrait painter has written a book on portrait painting, but though he calls it so, it is not a book on the technique of portrait painting. The would-be reader, when he asks at the library or bookshop for "Mann's Technique of Portrait Painting," will be nearer the mark than he imagines. Mr. Mann is on safe ground when he explains Mr. Mann's method of portrait painting. Frankly an impressionist, he paints what he sees, not what he knows, and thinks "a portrait ought to be even more than a likeness—it ought to be the same as your sitter." What this means, if anything, is a little baffling. Perhaps it has something to do with photography, which of course is bound to crop up when portraiture is mentioned. "The camera has an unfailing eye and cannot make a mistake." I wish Mr. Mann would let himself be photographed by my young niece.

Could any more dangerous couple than Hals and Sargent be held up as patterns to young students? These magnificent swashbucklers in paint, after years of practice, could be relied upon to hit a "bull" most times; but exhibitions, private houses and studios are full of "boss shots" of their



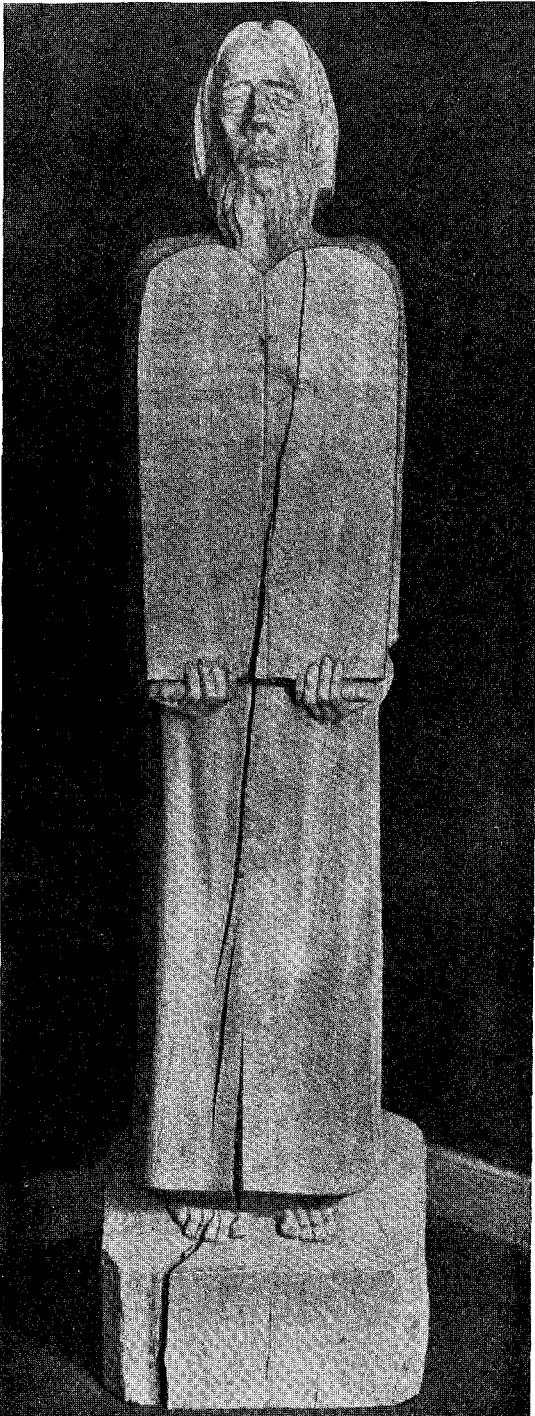
From *Art in My Time*
By Frank Rutter
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MADONNA AND CHILD.
(By Jacob Epstein.)

followers. Methodical Holbein and honest Hogarth would surely be safer masters.

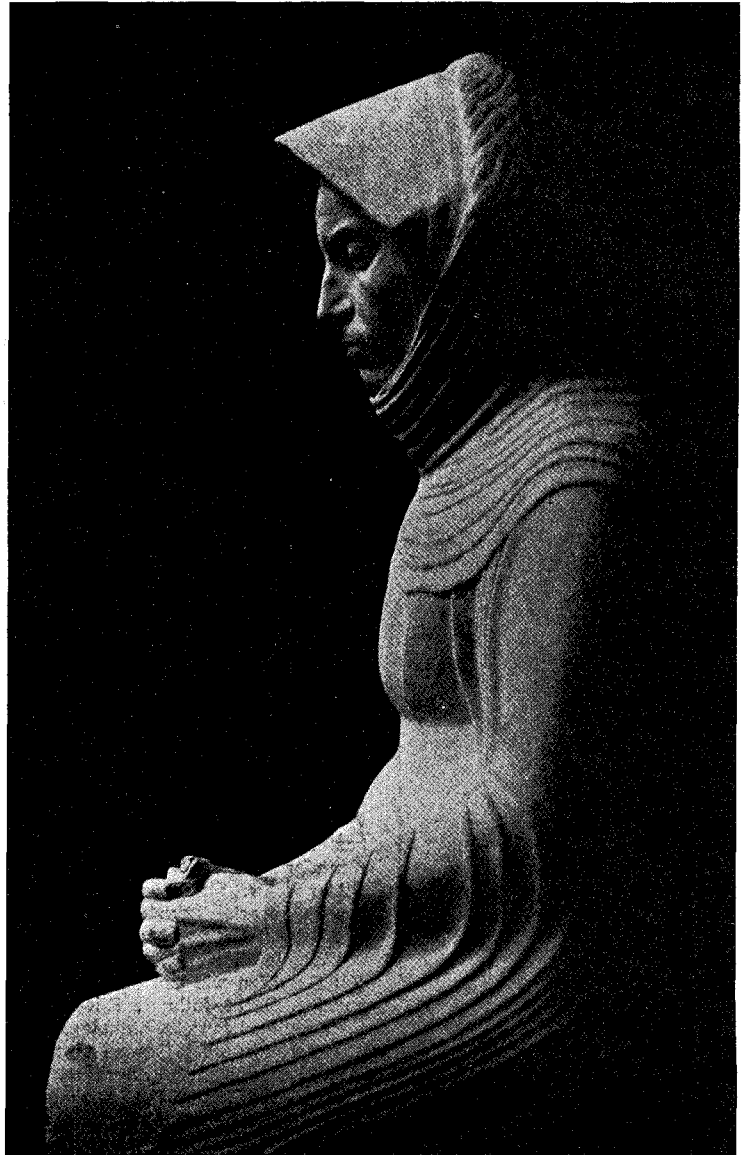
Does Mr. Mann really believe that "the man of robust physical force will show it in his manner of throwing on his paint"? Physical force has nothing to do with it; it is nervous and mental energy that controls brushwork.

But when the author speaks of his own workshop practice he writes something of value, something of real interest to his readers, the bulk of whom presumably will be art students; for although forty-five great portraits (exclusive of Mr. Mann's) are reproduced and faced with appropriate notes, the book is not a history of portrait painting. When he writes about studio lighting, how to deal with the sitter and his relations, and gives such useful hints of studio practice as a list of the colours used by some contemporary portrait painters, he is writing usefully.



From Modern Sculpture
By Herbert Maryon
(Pitman)

ERNST BARLACH—
MOSES (WOOD).
(By kind permission of
Paul Cassirer, Berlin.)



From Modern Sculpture
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IVAN MESTROVIC.
The artist's mother.

To be a great portrait painter one must have a sense of humour. This certainly Mr. Mann has, for seriously he suggests that the impecunious artist should have five or six easels, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty brushes, and never fail to have beside him when painting a portrait a large bottle of chloroform!

But not for the purpose you might suppose.

MODERN SCULPTURE : Its Methods and Ideals.

By Herbert Maryon. 3os. (Pitman.)

MODELLING AND SCULPTURE IN THE MAKING.

By Sargeant Jagger, A.R.A. 1os. 6d. (Studio.)

There is no Book Society for art, no Sunday papers are published for it exclusively; and this perhaps is a bad thing. Those who can see are fewer than those who can read. It is much easier for many persons to trust their own judgments in literature and to react against the vulgarities of book-boosting and reviewing simply because they have some natural, unavoidable training in the use of words. The majority, simply because they are not trained to a great degree in the use of their eyes or to any degree in the manipulation of line, of colour or of masses, are ready to accept almost any judgment on works of art. If there were only an Art Society (Selectors: Mr. Sargeant Jagger, Sir William Llewellyn, Sir William Rothenstein, Mrs. Vanessa Bell and Mr. Edward Marsh), it would act at least as a useful irritant or as a con-



From The Glory That Was Greece
By J. C. Stobart
(Revised Edition)
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

THE PORTLAND VASE.

the kind we employ to decorate our public buildings and our Parthenons of Commerce, the bad yet respectable sculptors such as the Serb Mestrovic or the Swede Carl Millts. Most of the good sculptors are here as well (even Henry Moore), but all are equal in Mr. Maryon's eye, and he writes about them all as he writes of Thornycroft's "King Edward."

I can understand that one may be deceived about such products as those of Millts and Mestrovic. They are something like "The White Company," Masfield or Kipling in one's literary development. The precocious get past such authors speedily; but in the estimation of the arts one is seldom precocious. Before I had examined, felt and considered any good sculpture, I was deceived by the dramatic vigour of Mestrovic, by his gigantic bronze, for example, set up in the peristyle of Domitian's palace at Split and by his mausoleum for the Racic family at Cavtat, in which, at least in the gigantic angels, he comes nearest to being a sculptor; but a person of Mr. Maryon's experience should not be so deceived.

Art to Mr. Maryon is "the arrangement of any material in such a way as to arouse emotion." It must be the same (since emotions include disgust) to Mr. Jagger. His book tells one straightforwardly much about the methods of modelling in clay and bronzing. At the end Mr. Jagger analyses certain works of art. Of the African head known as the Great Bieri, he says: "It is obviously the work of a natural artist, quite unskilled in drawing or craftsmanship. . . . As a sculptured head it is of course childish in its crudeness, but as a decorative shape it is very beautiful." So beautiful that one tears out the photograph, pins it on the wall, and endeavours to forget the self-satisfaction of this A.R.A.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

centration camp, clearly revealing through the barbed wire the vulgar in contemporary art. Mr. Maryon would most easily qualify as secretary of the Art Society, which would recommend his book. "We have in the magnificent group of King Edward I, by Thornycroft, an embodiment of kindly dignity and virile power, in combination with one of the finest horses that ever came from sculptor's hands."

All the bad sculptors—every man who has ever tortured his material into shapes alien to its nature and horrible to the eye—will be found in Mr. Maryon's book; the very bad sculptors of



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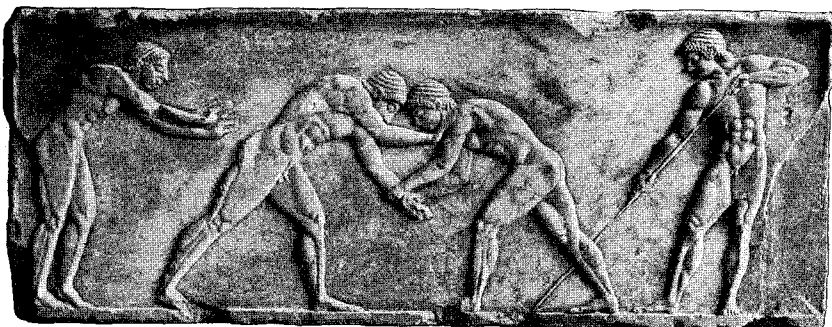
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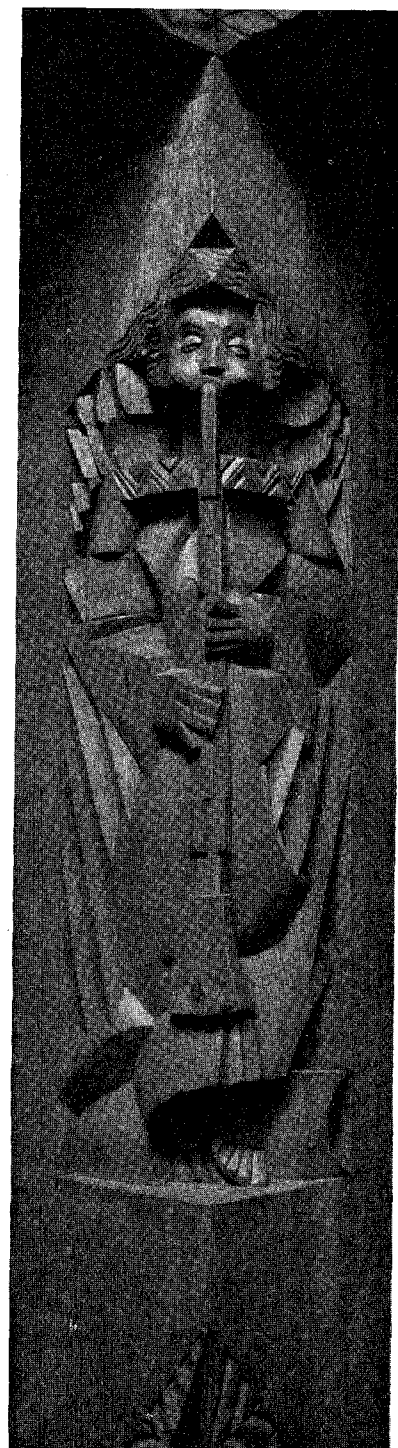
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JEAN SZCEPKOWSKI :
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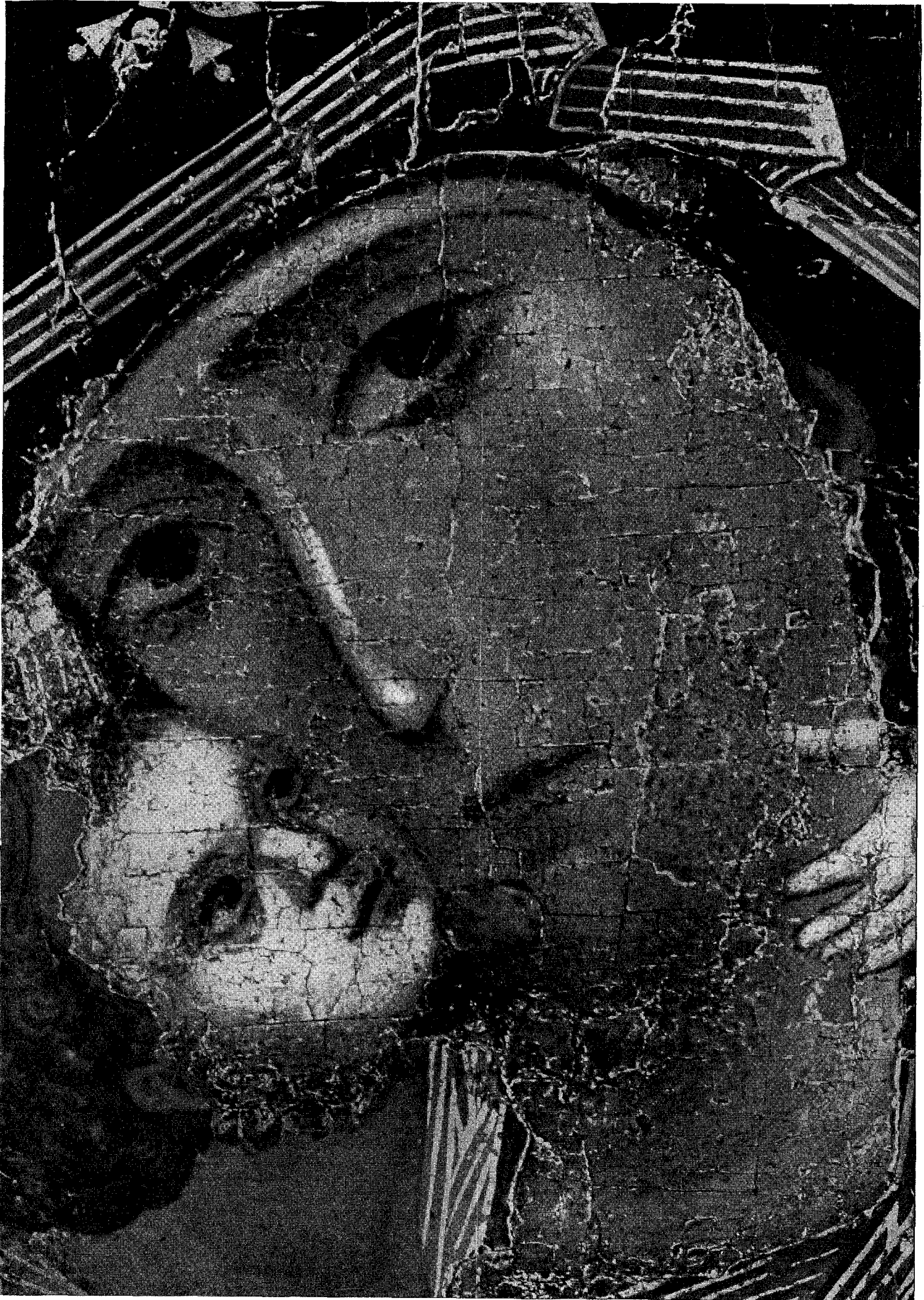
LEONARDO DA VINCI : THE ARTIST.

By Edward MacCurdy. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

This is an exhaustive and admirable guide to the works of the great Florentine master. Mr. MacCurdy, who thirty years ago wrote a brief monograph on the same subject, returns here to an examination of the claims of the recent additions to the canon of accepted works, and, in so doing, examines critically the records of the contemporary scene and analyses the early biographies of Leonardo. His careful acceptance of proven facts and cautious rejection of doubtfully-supported evidence, his orderly marshalling of detail and soberly-advanced findings will commend themselves alike to student and general reader. The author is far from making his material stand forth with any lurid and meretricious sensationalism.

The book is divided into two parts. The first deals

with the records from Leonardo's birth in 1452 to 1493; the work on the Sforza Statue; the records from 1494 to 1519, and a discussion of the Early Biographies. The second part is an inquiry into the contemporary evidence regarding the commission and undertaking of the paintings and sculptures, with a general survey of the incidence of some of the multitudinous drawings. Fortune has not dealt kindly with the master's two greatest works. The Sforza Statue was modelled but never cast; in his own lifetime the model was "partially destroyed" by Gascon bowmen, on the French taking Milan after the battle of Novara in 1500. The painting of the "Last Supper" in the refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie, finished in 1498, was, owing to the painter's unfortunate experimental ground surface, no sooner finished than deterioration from damp set in. In 1796 the refectory was occupied



From First Russia, Then Tibet
By Robert Byron
(Macmillan)

OUR LADY OF VLADIMIR.

by the French under Bonaparte as a stable, and the soldiers amused themselves by pelting the picture with clay. In 1800 the floor of the refectory was two feet under water,

and the walls were covered with mould. To-day the picture survives—"a haunting ruin." *Sic transit . . .*

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POET AND ARTIST IN GREECE.

By E. A. Gardner, Litt.D. (Duckworth.)

A very clear, painstaking account, with excellent illustrations, of the relations between artist and poet in classical Greece. Greek painting is practically lost, what we have left is a unique branch of ceramics. An art, if we omit Cretan ware, that flourished between 800 and 400 B.C., reaching its height only a century before its decadence. Then declined rapidly, took to colour, gilding, multiplicity of figures, became in fact a perfectly horrible "article de luxe," and vanished.

drawings. "Nothing that the gods will is incredible to men of sense," says Professor Gardner, quoting Bacchylides; and on one of the best of them, a bowl signed by Euphronios, Athene is presenting the young hero, Theseus, to "dear and holy and ox-eyed Amphitrite." His tunic falls in flutings, half-way down his thigh, like flowers upside down; a small Triton upholds the soles of his feet and fish circle round him, to show that it is all happening under the sea. The hero has just dived off the Cretan ship, to bring up Minos's ring and prove himself to be a son of Zeus. He stands opposite to Amphitrite, and between



From *Modelling and Sculpture in the Making*
By Sargeant Jagger
(*Studio*)

MESTROVIC. "THE ARCHERS OF DOMORGOI."

While at its height, what an exquisite thing it was. Unique in its lovely sobriety of shape, its fitness for use, its technical mastery within a range so limited as to seem almost childish. Black and white and terra-cotta; black figures on a brown ground; on a white ground. Brown and white figures on a black ground. (Compare the range of Chinese ceramics.) Yet out of these, every variety of exquisiteness; and it was the potter's happy idea to draw on them his pictures of the national saga; what they looked like, the gods and goddesses, the heroes and heroines. There is a touch of lovely familiarity about these fine

them Athene, whose long distaff, held up to her shoulder, divides the composition from edge to edge. In tiny black capitals their names are written round them in air; even the fish called "fish."

With the precision, the careful exactness of one to whom such things are pure joy, Professor Gardner traces story to poet, story to potter. The illustrations are admirable; and one can only say that there are not too few (fifty-two to one hundred and thirty-two pages) when it is impossible ever to have enough.

MARY BUTTS.

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From *British Painting*
By C. H. Collins Baker
(*Medici*)

LAWRENCE. "PINKIE."
(Huntington Library and Art Gallery.)

THE LATER WORDSWORTH

The Later Wordsworth.

By Edith C. Batho. 16s. (Cambridge University Press.)

by Hugh I'Anson Fausset

Miss Batho ends this extremely able and forthright study of the later Wordsworth with the hope that "some misconceptions may have been cleared away, some material collected which may help to form a truer conception of a poet whose greatness and magnanimity become more apparent the more carefully his life and work are contemplated." And as one who has assented too easily to the generally accepted tradition of Wordsworth's later life, I acknowledge with joyful contrition that Miss Batho has compelled me, by the evidence she has so industriously gathered even more than by the force of her advocacy, to abandon a number of belittling misconceptions. On the other hand she has not altered my view of the essential conflict which underlay Wordsworth's spiritual development, or my belief that his failure to resolve this conflict quenched his inspiration as a poet.

After reading this book no one I think can any longer "represent two-thirds of Wordsworth's life as an ignoble sacrifice to compromise." Manifestly it was not ignoble, but it was still, in my view, a compromise and one which

denied to Wordsworth the possibility of ever fully realising the creative faith or imaginative selflessness that give ultimate reality to both poetry and religion. To Miss Batho however such a reading of Wordsworth's nature and destiny will reflect only that "plentiful lack of common sense" which she deplores in most of his modern critics. And certainly her own robust common sense, supported as it is by a scholar's thoroughness in the examination of contemporary documents and a keen appreciation of the relative conditions governing a past age, is a very admirable corrective to too absolutist interpretations.

It is significant that the weakest part of her vindication of Wordsworth is her attempt to prove that there was little, if any, essential decline of inspiration as distinct from production after 1815. And her feeling for reality in poetry, as distinct from impressive or skilful artistry, is obviously far less sensitive than her appreciation of character. She is in fact chiefly concerned with Wordsworth as politician and churchman or as others knew him. And the essential argument of her book is that the accepted portrait of the later Wordsworth "as egotistic and ungenerous in his attitude to his contemporaries, dogmatic, impatient of criticism, narrow in his interests, a bigot in religion, a renegade, or at best a faintheart, in politics" is a libel on a great man.

She marshals her evidence under three heads. The first is the testimony of those who knew or met Wordsworth between 1815 and his death and left records of their impressions. They include such men and women as John Stuart Mill, Hamilton the physicist, Cooper the Chartist, Mrs. Hemans, R. P. Graves, the curate of Ambleside, and of course Crabb Robinson. And certainly their account of Wordsworth's temper and bearing in his personal relationships is without exception that of a kind, earnest and open-minded man.



From *Life and Friendships of*
Dean Swift
By Stephen Gwynn
(*Thornton Butterworth*)

STELLA.

One could I think, if there were any profit in doing so, produce some evidence which would modify a little Miss Batho's picture of tolerant magnanimity. But she is fully justified in claiming that her picture is derived from sketches spread over many years and from a heterogeneous assemblage of people, while the unfavourable portrait came from a small group of men of letters in close association with Wordsworth only from 1818 to 1825 and unduly influenced by the malice of Hazlitt. It is significant however that, in treating of Keats's criticism of Wordsworth, she confines herself merely to his personal impressions of the man and disregards altogether his masterly reading of the nature of Wordsworth's genius and the limitations of the "egotistic sublime."

In her next chapter she considers at great length Wordsworth's political views. And here she has a more difficult task, being compelled for example to argue that Wordsworth's intense dislike of the proposal of secret ballot was "not necessarily a proof of reactionary political views" and to remind us, in considering his doubts "whether an infant should learn much which its parents do not know," that "the children of entirely or almost entirely illiterate parents do in fact sometimes despise their parents—hardly a satisfactory state of affairs."

What she does prove is that Wordsworth, although he hated and feared the Whigs, was himself, in principle at least, an independent and humane Tory who, while he opposed the Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, concessions to the Nonconformists and the young University of London, was anxious for the spread of education and enlightenment



From British Painting ROMNEY. "LITTLE BO-PEEP,"
By C. H. Collins Baker (Pennsylvania Museum of Art.)
(Medici)



From Romance of the White Rose PRINCE JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD
By Grant R. Francis AND HIS SISTER, PRINCESS LOUISA-
(John Murray) MARIE.
(From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.)

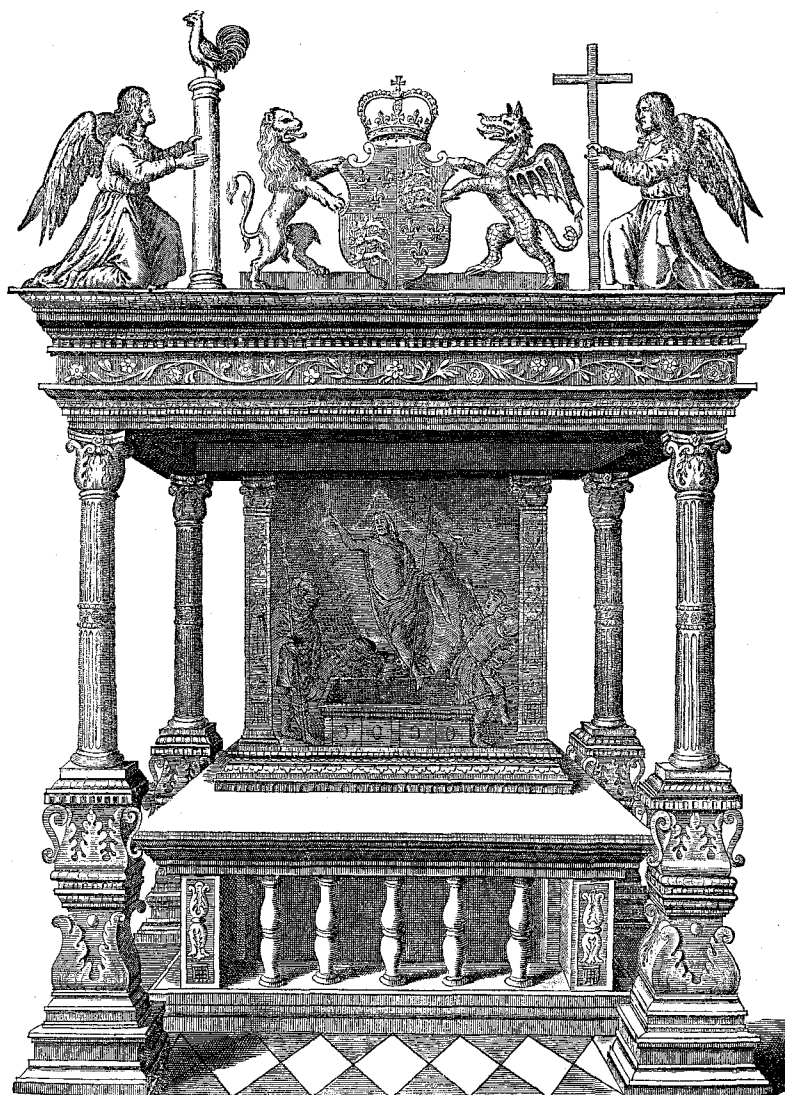
provided it did not come too fast or endanger the organic growth of society. Opinions will differ as to how much his political caution was dictated by that instinct for self-preservation which he described as "the first law of our nature" and how much by a disinterested concern for the unity and welfare of his country. But while accepting Miss Batho's claim that there was much in his Toryism which was nearer to reality than doctrinaire Radicalism, I cannot agree that the later Wordsworth only differed from the earlier in being more conscious of the dangers which beset the cause of liberty and humanity. Or rather his consciousness of these dangers was of a kind to cripple his spirit as a poet, and to make him, in practice if not in profession, much more the reactionary than the "Revolutionary Tory" which Miss Batho names him. Admittedly the unrest and alarms of the post-Napoleonic period almost inevitably engendered such fears in a man who had experienced so intimately the French Revolution. And to this Miss Batho does full justice. Her historical sense is also admirably employed when she turns to consider Wordsworth's attachment to the Church. For she examines not only the nature of his upbringing in the High Church Anglican tradition, but also the currents in the English religious world of 1770-1850. I think she exaggerates the influence of the former on the young Wordsworth and her attempt to explain away his pantheism as "panentheism," together with her almost complete disregard of the powerful influence of Hartley upon him, is unconvincing.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

While too she says some true things concerning popular misconceptions of the mystical experience, her own identification of the "orthodox mystic" with the devout Christian and churchman, which Wordsworth became, reveals how little she understands of the meaning and necessity of rebirth in either the "orthodox" or "unorthodox" mystic. That a devout Christian and churchman might also be a self-liberated mystic, I do not of course deny. But I cannot feel that Wordsworth was. Had he been so, he would not, in becoming "a better churchman," have become, as even Dr. Inge suggests, "a worse poet." But this in her last chapter Miss Batho is at pains to deny, chiefly by collecting evidence, which she has laid before an ophthalmologist, to prove that Wordsworth's inability to go on with "The Recluse" was due to the fact that for the last forty years of his life he was living under the threat of blindness. This is a typical example of the healthy realism which she has brought to bear on her subject throughout the book. But what she fails to recognise is that a man may age without becoming intolerant or hardened, that he may even preserve the instincts of his youth and combine them with a mellow sagacity and an "unconquerable mind," and yet in his inner life have suffered an imaginative defeat. In ordinary men this uneasy compromise between relative and absolute values, and between anxious self-interest and generous self-surrender is common enough. In Wordsworth it may have been inevitable. Nevertheless the deep and wide feeling that it represented in him a decline from the highest possibilities of his genius, or in Professor Harper's words, "a retreat and surrender," is not merely due to ignorant prejudice. It is possible to accept with gratitude the picture of the later Wordsworth which Miss Batho has built up and yet still to regard him, from the standpoint of poetry rather than of politics, as a "lost leader."



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From Life and Friendships of Dean Swift
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THE FACE OF CHRIST : Earliest Likenesses from the Catacombs.

By C. C. Dobson, M.A. 6s. net. (Centenary Press.)

A sub-title of this monograph might well be the romance of research. How the author was induced to trace Thomas Heaphy's forgotten work in the print-room of the British Museum—the album with its copies of likenesses of Christ from the catacombs and from relics somewhat jealously guarded by the Roman Church as well as from designs on glass patera, and with its early portraits of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John and others—is a story in itself. It is a story full of that indefatigable ardour which leads the research student on from some obscure reference to things that are rich and strange, and in some cases throwing a floodlight, and floodlight from an entirely new angle, on history. It is a story too of that passion for verification, for the taking of infinite pains to establish a point, which is the genius of research. It was a reference in a little known pamphlet to the fact that in the Church of St. Prassedes in Rome there was preserved a small cloth with a faint outline of the face of Christ upon it that led the author to make this special study—he had already been interested in the intricate problems of the early days of the Church of Rome. In the album at the British Museum the author found the little picture he was looking for—a copy of the likeness of Christ drawn on a face-

cloth of the dead by, so it was reputed, St. Peter. As he turned over the leaves of the album he discovered another likeness of Christ. The notes gave the information that it was taken from the ceiling of a vault in the catacomb of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo. This must be what was the earliest known likeness. . . . And so, with acknowledgments to Heaphy's work, the author began perhaps the most fascinating study a man ever undertook.

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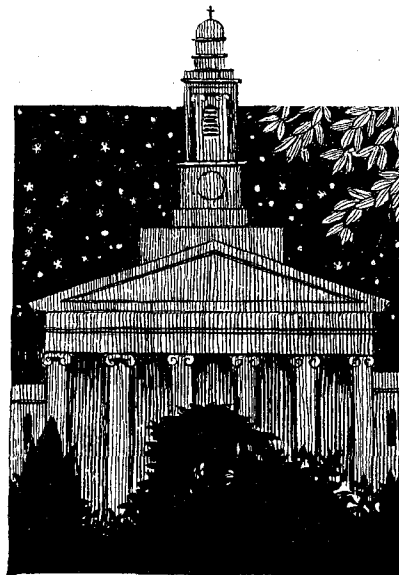


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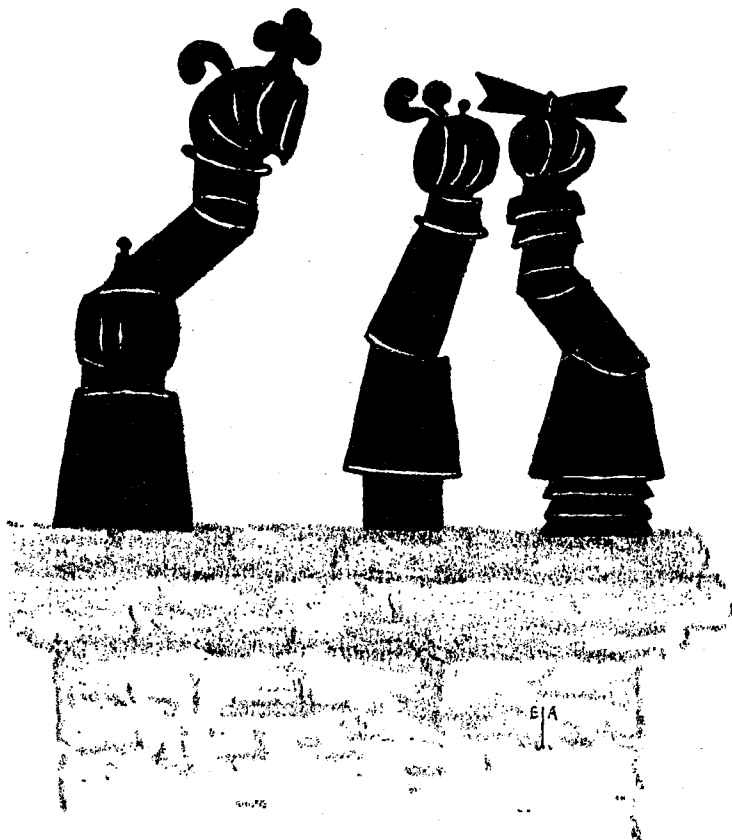
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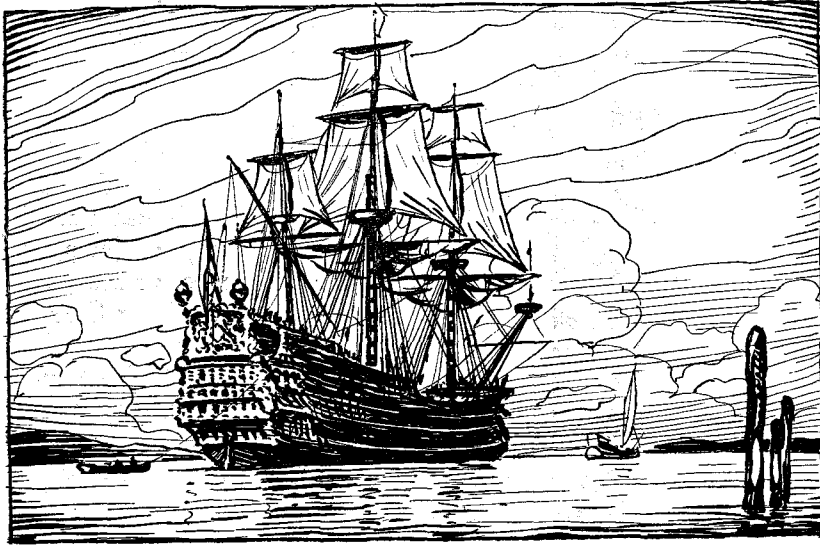
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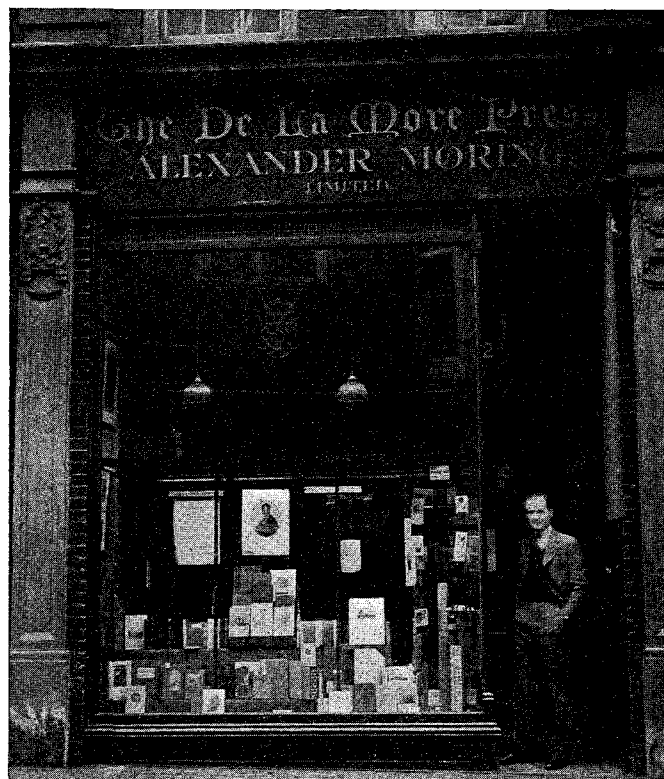
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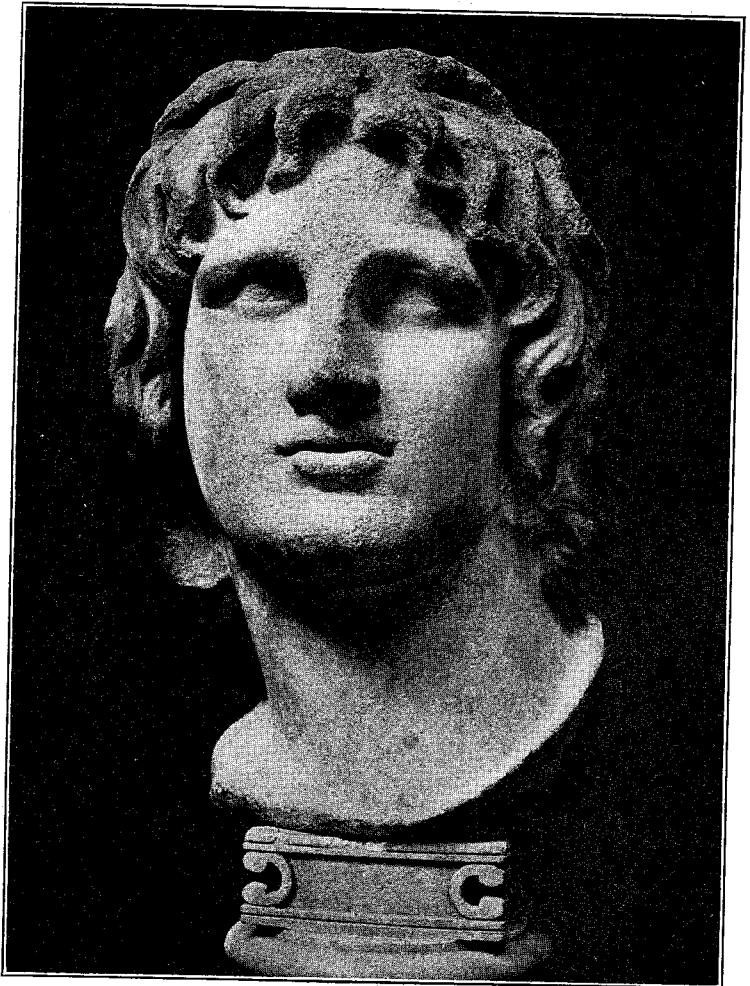
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From Alexander the Great

By Arthur Weigall
(Thornton Butterworth)

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(From a bust in the British Museum.)

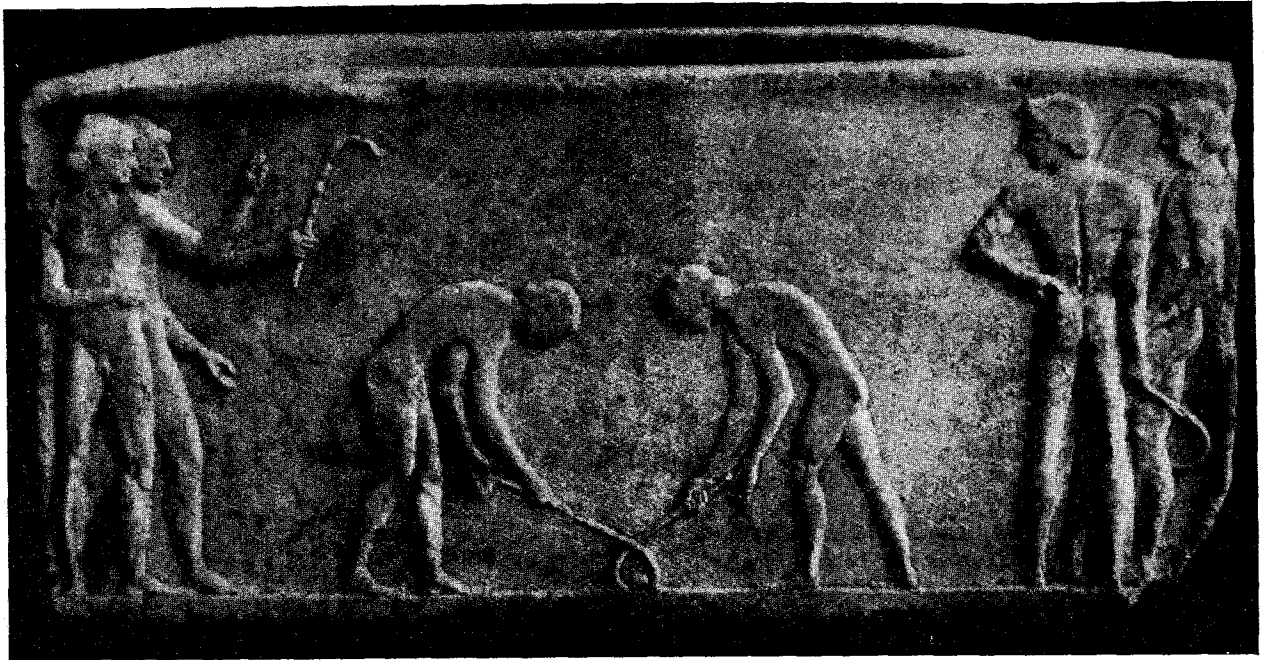
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(From the private collection of
Mrs. Harold Holt.)

his self-consciousness from a sense of his listening audience, while, when he was writing to a friend, he was freer and alone. M. Maurois makes an illuminating point when he traces the outlines of a dual Byron; the one side of his nature controlled by the Calvinism in which he was educated, the other, ranging at liberty in his native atmosphere of humour and good sense. "His poetry was the safety valve of his passions"; when he has "calmed himself by the poetic explosion, he becomes once more Byron—a humorous, sensible creature."

Of this humour and good sense his correspondence bears plentiful evidence. There are some three hundred letters in Mr. Howarth's anthology, and they cover every side of his life and interest. There are early letters to his family and Cambridge friends; a whirlwind of correspondence among the men and women who flocked around and flattered him, when his success was assured; a rich sheaf of confidences to the women who loved, or believed that they loved, him; and a final garnering from the strong and vivid records of his chivalrous enterprise on behalf of the freedom of Greece. To quote M. Maurois again:

"Nothing is more interesting than to see the successive illuminations of the obscure beings touched by a great destiny in its swift trajectory; just as in the ray of a passing sunbeam the specks of dust floating in the transparent air of a room are suddenly lighted up, then, when the ray has disappeared, become once more invisible."

A revealing metaphor, sympathetically Byronic. Like all true correspondents, Byron caught colour from the personality he was addressing. He was a chameleon of the emotions, but his own indomitable temperament made the background of all his confidences.



From *The Glory That Was Greece*
By J. C. Stobart (Revised Edition)
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

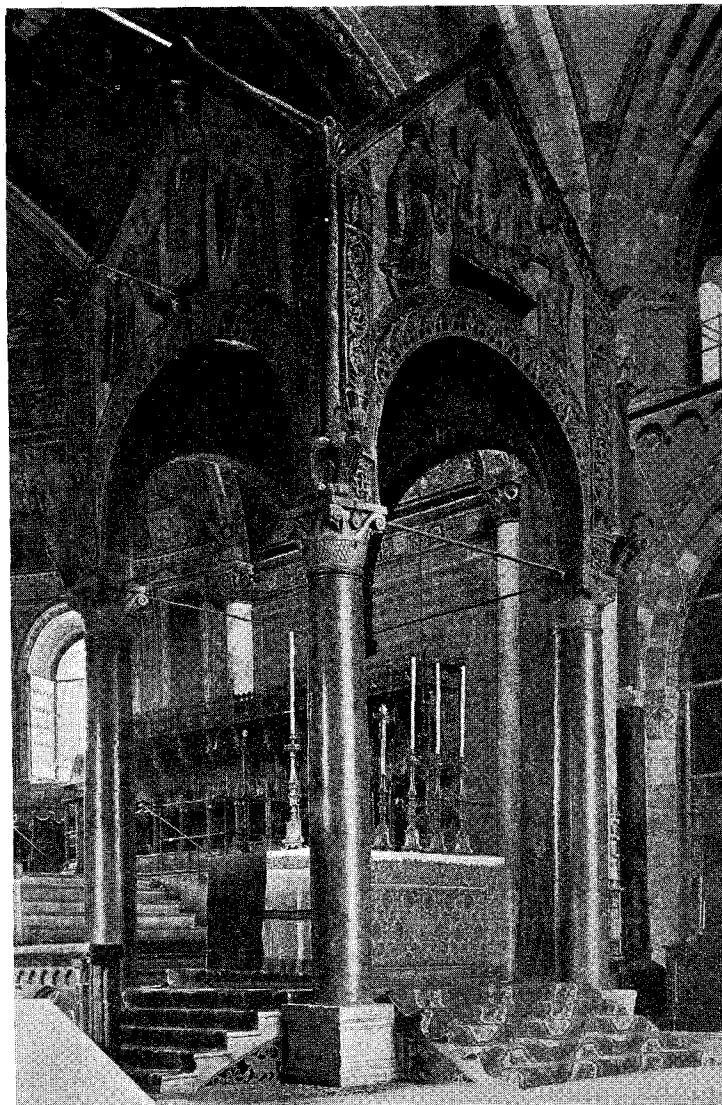
RELIEF OF A GAME OF HOCKEY.

"Egotist though he might be at heart, he was a generous friend, and a liberal rival in the arts. About his own poetry he was never selfish or small-minded; about the poetry of his contemporaries he was always quick in sympathy and admiration, though these qualities did not deter him from offering much sound criticism, mixed with praise, to Moore, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Shelley, Scott, and others of his circle. His letters to John Murray are among the most companionable of the series (even a publisher has his privileges!) and, whenever he is dealing with the commercial aspect of success, he shows himself to be radiantly free from any suspicion of avarice or petty pride.

But perhaps the most revealing of all his letters are those which treat of his intricate liaisons; and nowhere is he franker in this respect than when he is writing to that wise, congenial confidante, Lady Melbourne, with whom he had no temptation to excuse or veil his impulses. To his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, he told many of his heart's secrets; but with her he was always compelled to offer some sort of apology, when involved in a fresh *affaire*.

His relations with her demanded it, but with Lady Melbourne he had no such complications to evade. It is not

to be pretended that his attitude to women was commendable; there is a coarseness in its fibre, amounting at times to brutality, which repels outside sympathy. His references to his wife, to Claire Clairmont, to Margarita Cogni, and indeed to the entire procession of his fugitive loves, may well shock the moralist and disgust the sentimental. But Byron was amoral in the last degree, and persistently engaged in beating down the sentimentality in his nature, which could never be entirely suppressed; so that, in their way, these rather distressing passages have to be accepted as among the most characteristic. For Byron, for better or worse, must be recognised as what he was: the spoiled child of fortune, wayward, provocative, often irreconcilable, yet continually capable of the most generous impulses, gay, simple and sincere, a chivalrous friend, a passionate lover of liberty; and, when all shortcomings are discounted, no less a spirit than Great-heart himself, when the call of honour sounded to courage and self-sacrifice.



From *The Liturgical Altar*
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author of *The Garden* and *Sea Wall*, has made a new departure in *King Richard's Land*, which is a thrilling tale for boys about the time of the Peasants' Revolt. The book is illustrated by C. W. Hodges and the price is 5/-.

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superable for many readers than the superficially more intimidating crags of language.

By comparing his poetry with that of Wordsworth and Herbert, Mrs. Duncan-Jones succeeds in showing the intellectual control which Hopkins exercised upon his emotions, the effort of will he made to direct them,

and the resulting complicated equilibrium of his best poems. It is only to be regretted that she did not allow

INTRODUCTION TO HOPKINS

The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Survey and Commentary.

By E. E. Phare (Mrs. Austin Duncan-Jones). 6s. (Cambridge University Press.)

by Wynyard Browne

Although Hopkins was probably the most important poet of the nineteenth century, until Dr. Bridges's comparatively recent edition of his poems he remained almost unknown. Since then he has been a primary influence on the best of the younger English poets and an object of awe and argument in the universities. There is some reason therefore to write books about him.

Mrs. Duncan-Jones is qualified to begin what is likely to become a series of critical surveys and commentaries by religious sympathy as well as by her sensibility, her Johnsonian good sense and a sound critical training. Although she has said nothing very illuminating, she has indicated the directions from which light may be expected; and for those who have not read Hopkins's poetry her book will be the perfect introduction.

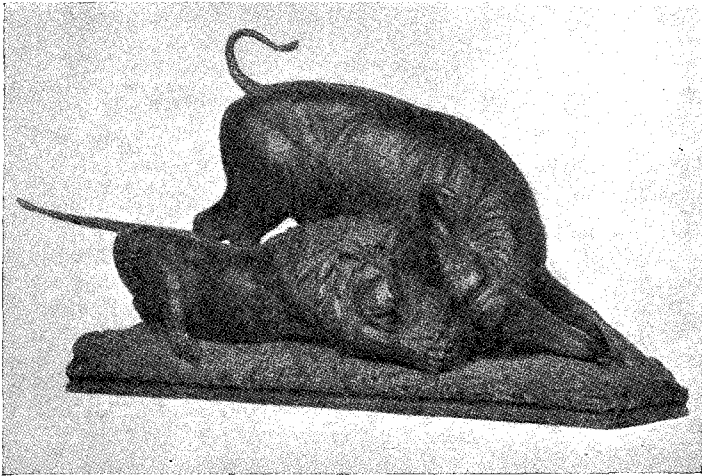
The difficulties which confront the reader of Hopkins are due chiefly to the complications of language which arise when a highly intelligent and sensitive man is also exceptionally honest. In his attempt to give the whole of any experience without simplification, keeping in mind, as Mrs. Duncan-Jones says, all the facts, he is forced to use language of greater complexity than simple symbolism or conventional syntax will allow. The result is of course obscurity; but this obscurity, as Mrs. Duncan-Jones rightly insists, is justifiable, necessary and illuminable. It is of a different kind from the obscurity of those of our contemporaries who write "private" poetry. It is the obscurity of night, not of blindness or short-circuits in tunnels. It takes time. The reader need merely be patient.

But there is another side to the difficulty in which Mrs. Duncan-Jones might perhaps have given more help. Hopkins was a Jesuit. "He uses religion," she says, "not as a solution but as an approach, a way of keeping all the facts in mind without losing sanity." But modern religion, even modern Catholicism, is so personal, so subjective, that it amounts at times almost to a set of private symbols. All Hopkins's extant poetry is "conditioned" by his theology and his personal religious experience. Intercourse with God is notoriously incommunicable. And, for Hopkins, as in a very different, vaguer and simpler way for Wordsworth, the sight of a bird or a bluebell was intercourse with God. This is a side of the difficulty less



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From *Lions, Gorillas and
Their Neighbours*
By Carl and Mary Akeley
(Stanley Paul)

CARL AKELEY'S BRONZE,
"THE LION AND THE BUFFALO,"
SHOWS A DRAW BETWEEN THESE
TWO POWERFUL BEASTS.

herself more space to analyse the effect of this effort on, say, "The Wreck of the Deutschland" or "The Leaden and the Golden Echo," where it may be found to do both harm and good.

The good sense of Mrs. Duncan-Jones, upon which I have already remarked, together with a desire to protect the poet's integrity, have led her to dismiss too lightly the Freudian interpretation of Hopkins's delight in puns. I am not reproving her for slighting Freud but for throwing away a useful instrument of understanding. Mr. Empson's analysis of "The Windhover" owes a great deal of its success (and it is I think more successful than Dr. Richards's) to his use of the Freudian theory. The whole of Hopkins's life was to some degree a struggle, a disarmament conference, not for mastery but for balance, between the senses and the will, the natural and the spiritual man. The balance is achieved in "The Windhover" by a fusion of both desires, which becomes in the word "buckle" a pun. Mrs. Duncan-Jones complains that this interpretation suggests that Hopkins "was unnaturally conscious of being a Jesuit" although she stresses more than once his exceptional self-awareness, and knows that he was sufficiently aware of the obligations and limitations of his Order to burn his early poems. And although we should all be sorry to give "exclusively liturgical associations" to the words *gold*, *gash* and *gall*, it would be impossible for a Christian of Hopkins's intense seriousness, not to have for those words, or at any rate for the last two, associations specifically religious. That

would be no reason to call him "churchy": and that is all that Mr. Empson's interpretation demands.

These are perhaps peevish complaints against a critic who seldom writes vaguely and never writes nonsense, who keeps her eye for the most part on the poems themselves and not only on the movements of other critics, and who may, if her book falls into their hands, do a great deal to make Hopkins accessible to people who have or would have found him too difficult to approach alone.

THE GENIUS OF KEATS.

By A. W. Crawford, M.A., Ph.D. 6s. (Stockwell.)

Professor Crawford's book proceeds along the lines made familiar by the writings of Fausset and Murry. It is primarily a study of Keats's development from a merely sensuous to a philosophic poet, of his efforts to attain to an attitude of contemplative serenity beyond the troubled speculations into which he was led by the doubts which assailed him after the unconscious lyricism of his earlier years; and his poems are studied chiefly as representing successive stages in the unfolding of this inner drama.

It is obvious that the sense in which Keats can be described as a philosophic poet requires to be accurately defined. Professor Crawford is careful to point out that by philosophy Keats meant general wisdom. He knew nothing of the metaphysics of the schools, and deeply distrusted the discursive intellect. He was profoundly conscious however of the conflict between the inner and the outer, and between dreams and actualities.

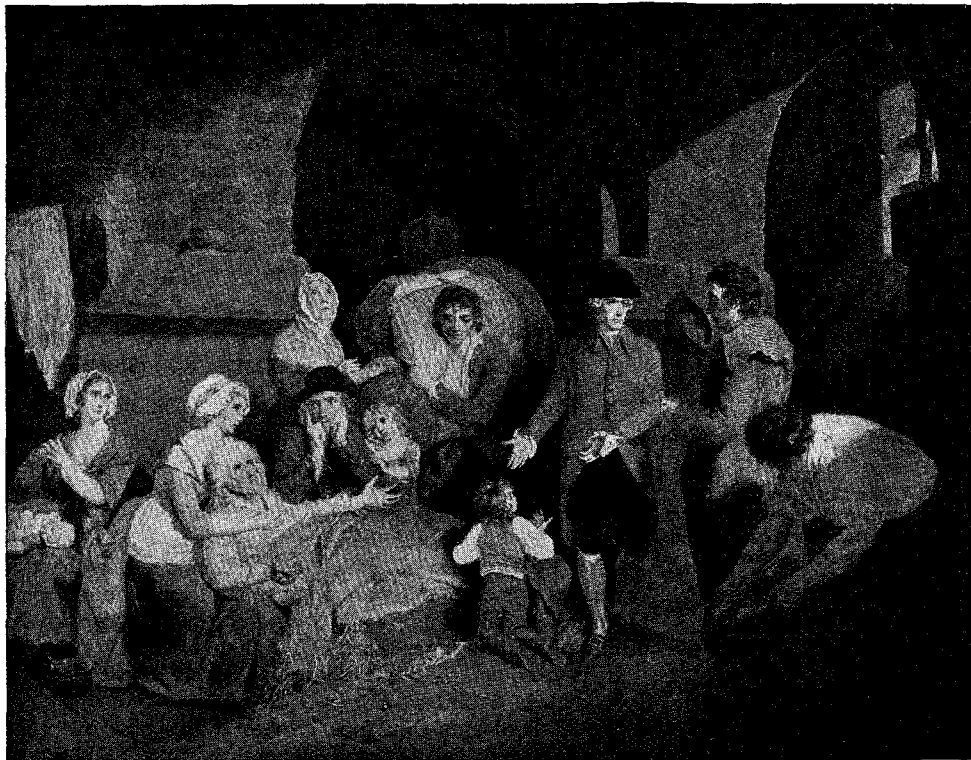
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THE NEW YEATS

The Winding Stair.

By W. B. Yeats. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

by C. Henry Warren

It is four years since "The Tower" convinced us that Yeats is now our greatest poet. "The Winding Stair" continues the theme and drives home the conviction. Where is there another poet to-day who can match this maturity of thought and feeling, this passion of heart and intellect?

Hardy in his time was such a man. But Hardy had framed for himself a philosophy of life so essentially dramatic that the expression of it, in all its various phases, was sometimes in danger of becoming almost automatic. Only a passionate faith in the fitness of that philosophy saved him, in his old age, from mere repetitiveness. And Housman, in his degree, is also such a man. But then Housman too can fit his poetry into the pattern of a convenient philosophy. For Yeats however there is no such saving scheme of things. He has no touchstone save truth itself.

"Through all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the truth,"

he wrote in his forty-seventh year; and now, in his sixty-eighth, that truth stands naked as a bone upon the pages of "The Winding Stair":

"No longer in Lethean foliage caught
Begin the preparation for your death
And from the fortieth winter by that thought
Test every work of intellect and faith
And everything that your own hands have wrought,
And call those works extravagance of breath
That are not suited for such men as come
Proud, open-eyed and laughing to the tomb."

Removed as the poems of the present volume are from such earlier volumes as "The Wind in the Reeds" or "In Shadowy Waters," they are quite clearly related; indeed the relationship is even more evident here than it was in "The Tower." Long as the journey has been from the one phase to the other, the road is the same—but only a

genius of the major order could have sustained that journey triumphantly.

It is a long time since Yeats wrote: "I planned a mystical order which should buy or hire a castle and keep it as a place where its members could retire for a while from the world, and where we might establish mysteries like those of Eleusis and Samothrace." But the plan, though changed considerably, has come to pass. Thoor Ballylee, Yeats's lonely tower on the Irish coast, is the castle; and if he is the sole oracle of the mysteries that are established there, they are not the less noble for that. The only difference is that, although the poet has learned how to keep intact his isolation, he has not done so at the expense of a shirking retirement from the world. And that is his strength—and his peculiar significance for us to-day.

"Blessed be this place,
More blessed still this tower;
A bloody, arrogant power

Rose out of the race
Uttering, mastering it,
Rose like these walls from these
Storm-beaten cottages—
In mockery I have set
A powerful emblem up,

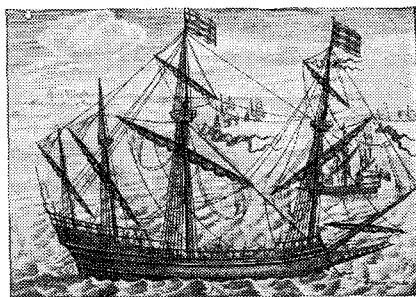


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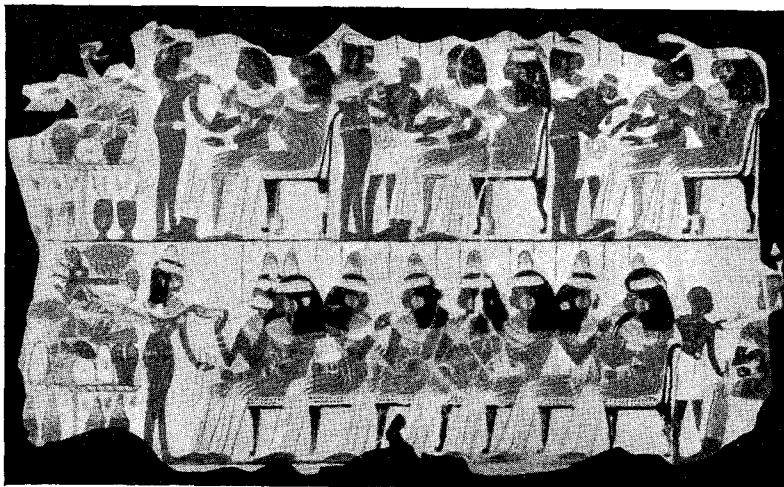
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From *Love Through the Ages*
By Diana Strickland
(John Long)

TOMB OF AMENEMHAB AT THEBES.—MALE AND FEMALE GUESTS ATTENDED UPON BY NUDE GIRL SLAVES.

And sing it rhyme upon rhyme
In mockery of a time
Half dead at the top."

"A time half dead at the top"—that is what he sees from his crumbling tower. Yet he does not seek escape in isolation (and this is surely what one would have expected from the poet of "Innisfree"), or the brocaded dreams of youth:

"We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness;
Whatever's written in what poets name
The book of the people; whatever most can bless
The mind of man or elevate a rhyme;
But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood."

Nevertheless there is work to be done, beauty to be won:

"Though the great song return no more
There's keen delight in what we have:
The rattle of pebbles on the shore
Under the receding wave."

Such a quatrain (it is called "The Nineteenth Century and After") might well be taken as the text of most that is best of modern poetry. But then, as this book proclaims, Yeats is as modern in spirit as any poet of the present generation—with this difference, that, whereas Yeats's disillusionment is based upon experience, the disillusionment of the poet of the present generation is too often merely an inherited mood.



From *The Poems of George Crabbe*
(Sheldon Press)

THE HOUSE OF CRABBE'S FATHER.
(Drawn by C. Stanfield. A.R.A.)

The best thing about "The Winding Stair" however is not its contemporaneity; given indomitable purpose, Irish blood and a stern integrity, one might perhaps have expected that. The best thing about this book is the passion that permeates every page of it; here is one poet anyway to whom the true magic of poetry still comes at his bidding:

"animate
The trivial days and ram them with the sun,"
and:

"Beloved, may your sleep be sound
That have found it where you fed
What were all the world's alarms
To mighty Paris when he found
Sleep upon a golden bed
That first dawn in Helen's arms?"

and this (of one of the swans at Coole):

"That stormy white
But seems a concentration of the sky;
And, like the soul, it sails into the sight
And in the morning's gone, no man knows
why;

And is so lovely
that it sets to
right
What knowledge or
its lack had set
awry,
So arrogantly pure,
a child might
think
It can be murdered
with a spot of
ink."

But one could go on quoting instances from almost every poem in the book.

Another thing: weighty as are the themes of the poems here, they all soar on the wings of humour. Like all masters who are sure of themselves — and therefore sure of their craft also—Yeats can afford to temper his authority with a good-natured wit.

Who but such a master, for instance, could thus dare to declare his "Gratitude to the Unknown Instructors":

"What they undertook to do
They brought to pass;
All things hang like a drop of dew
Upon a blade of grass."

Years ago, in a poem addressed to a fisherman, Yeats said that one day he hoped "To write for my own race And the reality." That day has arrived. Here, written in full consciousness of a "time half dead at the top," are poems that are indeed "as cold and passionate as the dawn."

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A PAGE FROM THE SHAFTESBURY PSALTER.
From *A Short History of Painting in England*
By Miles F. de Montmorency
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

COLLECTED POEMS : 1915-1923.

By Richard Aldington.
ton. 5s. (Allen &
Unwin.)

From Mr. Aldington's newly added introduction to his Collected Poems, published now in an edition at 5s. (as legible, incidentally, as the much more expensive 1929 volume) one gathers that the suggestion for their reprinting comes, like an encore, not so much from the author, as from his auditory. This I feel can act in a way as an excuse; an excuse which, considering Mr. Aldington's poetic periphery, this collection on the whole cannot dispense with: the book contains less poetry per page, so to speak, than almost any other book of Mr. Aldington's has contained. I suffer a definite sense of disappointment and unsatisfaction on reading it.

Certainly the inclusion of "The Blood of the Young Men" leaves one with a notion of rehabilitation, purely out of its own poetic autonomy; as a poem, I have often felt that it gains a par, practically, with better known poems such as the same author's "Dream in the Luxembourg"; an equality which circumstances denied, the "Dream in the Luxembourg" possessing a quality—external to poetry, I think—which rendered it, accidentally, more popular than the "Blood of the Young

Men." But the power and clarity of the poem's trajectory relegates the remainder of the poems to a discrediting minor grade. Lyrics such as "Daisy," "Evening," "Lesbia," etc., contradict most conceptions I have of Mr. Aldington's faculties: they die with a factitious lame echo as one reads them; having about them the air of verses written out of domestic necessity, not inward poetic overflow.

Most of the poems appeared in Imagist volumes, either in England or America; none, with the probable exception of the "Blood of the Young Men," attains the regions of clear passionate sensation which the best of his later poems attain. He writes in the introduction, "when I wrote these things (i.e. the Collected Poems) I failed to express more than a fraction of what I thought I was expressing—a common experience." Summarily, this is so; it is from this inadequate expressing of the poet's intentions that I suppose my disappointment rises; but one need not worry enormously: Mr. Aldington has produced and will we hope continue to produce poetry which claims precedence over most—including, one might appositely add, his own Collected Poems, 1915-1923.

GEORGE BARKER.



From *The Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon*

By Edith Humphris
(Scholaris Press)

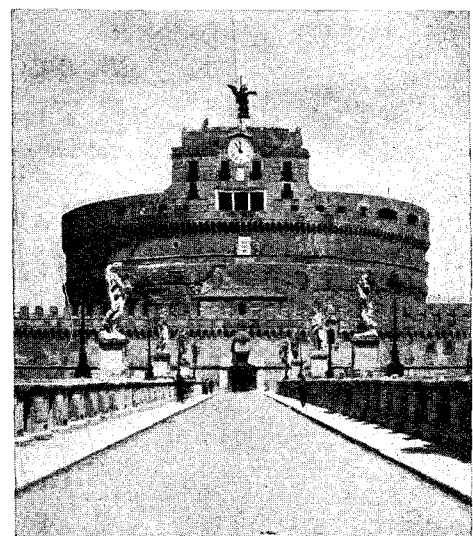
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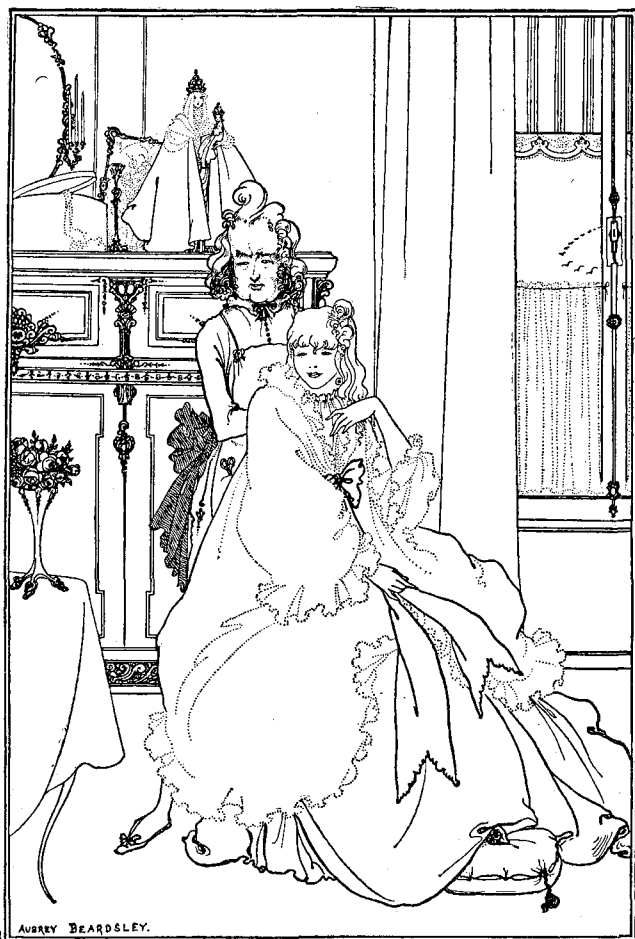
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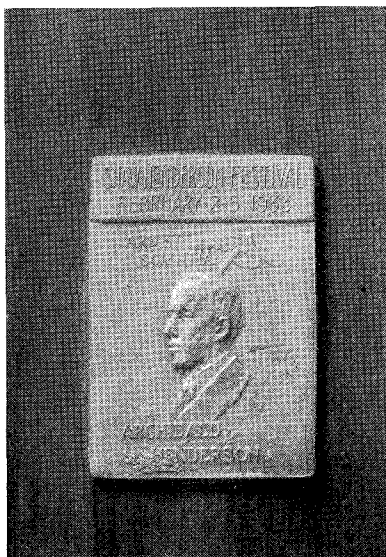
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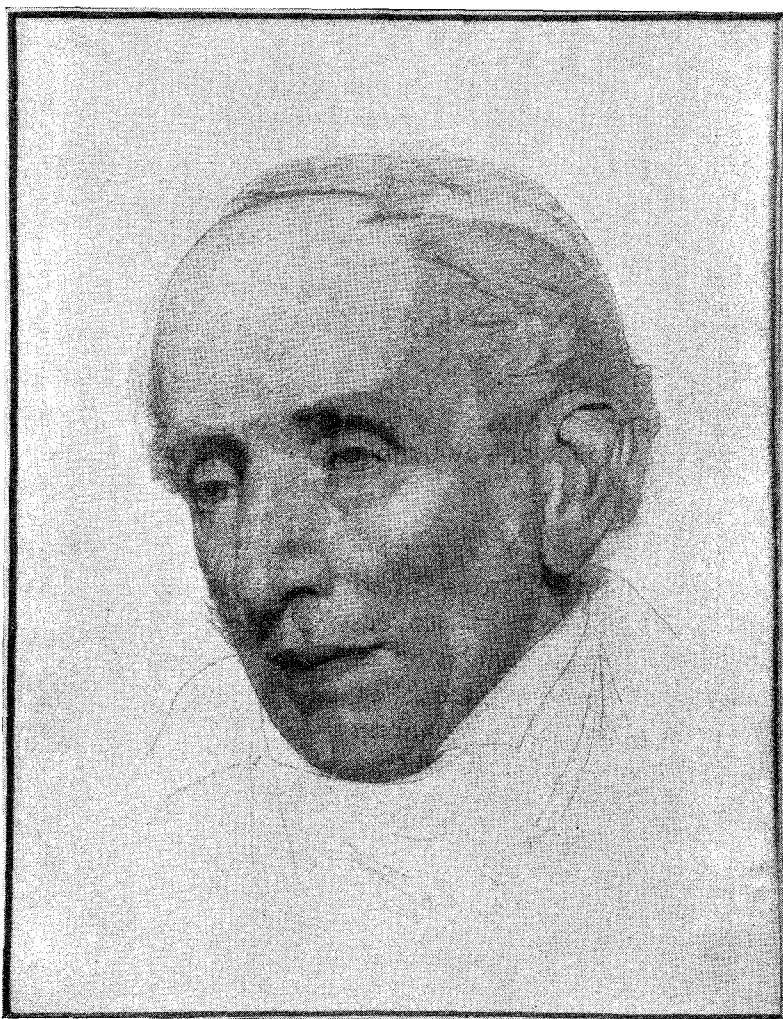
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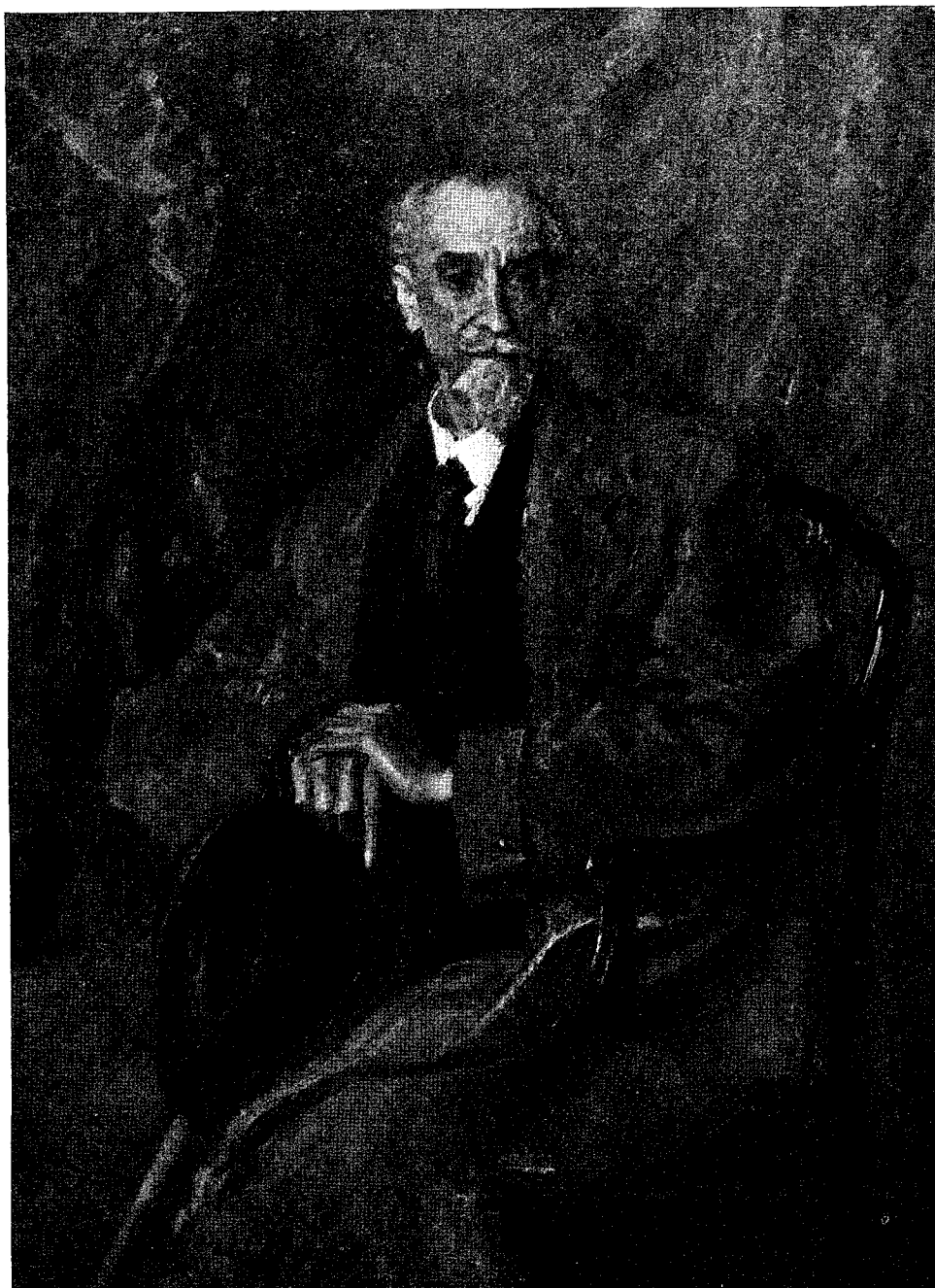
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John Brown was a man crazed with dreams of God and vengeance. He flung himself against the slave-drivers, and dragged with him the whole North against the South. Deliberately, knowing his inevitable fate, he went to his death, a conscious martyr for freedom. He was a terrible creature this John Brown, a fanatic who used sabres to make silent work, who took poor devils from their beds and murdered them in cold blood, who slaughtered families when their only crime was that they owned niggers. "They'll be against me now," thought the old man, after he had murdered the unfortunate Williamson while Mrs. Williamson was too sick in bed to move, "but I had no choice. My heart was sick doing it. I didn't do it for revenge. They'll all be against me now—but it was ordained. I had no choice." He had no choice, he was driven on by the words of his god, by the holy spirit of vengeance; but his sons followed him, not hearing this divine tongue, they followed blindly. The old man had "ideas," they envied these ideas, but they could not share them. Yet his indomitable will and their fearful veneration for him made them his slaves. They might rebel, as Oliver rebelled, yet they were ashamed of their treachery; the old man was made almost divine, he had "ideas," and they were but clay for his handling. "Tell my sons," he wrote, "despite they are set strong against me *I do not release them.*" And when John Brown spoke thus, he was but the mouthpiece of his god.

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him. Grudgingly they gave him a little money, a few guns ("it must be understood however that we favour only *defensive measures*"), and the old man smiled grimly, humbling his proud spirit for the sake of vengeance; he took the money, he took the guns, and he despised the givers. He took whatever came to hand; even his sons he dragged from the soil and the women they loved, he

dragged them after him to certain death. When at last they more or less rebelled, and he rode with them in a cart, rode away from action, an army passed them. Then the sons were shamed, for as the army swung by, the men shouted exultantly, they waved their hats and turned to the dirty old man sitting bunched up in a cart; and as the shouting army marched past, the tired almost-conquered fanatic gazed at the soldiers without a smile, and his sons gazed up at him, proudly, and ashamed of their own weakness beside his fire. In a few years John Brown's name had come to mean so much that the very whisper of his proximity could



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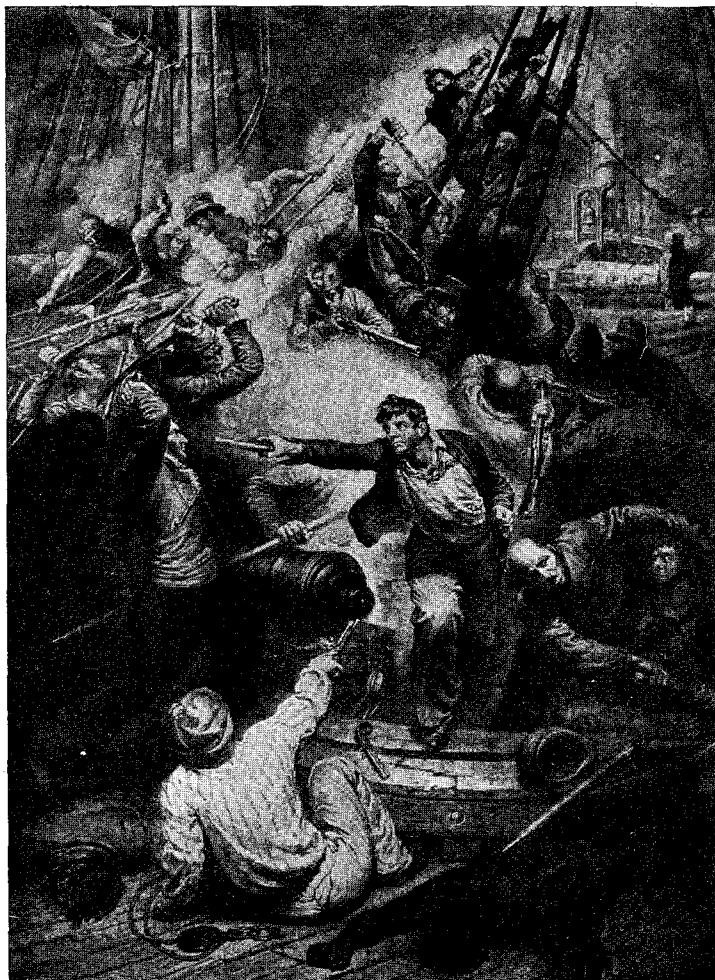
scatter armies. He was godlike to the men of the North, this strange gaunt fanatic with a Bible and a rifle. Fifteen hundred soldiers were massed when he was brought to his death. At each end of the field howitzers were trained in readiness for an attack. Yet no man came to rescue John Brown. Alone he had led the North against the South, and at his death—with the five survivors of his "army"—he stood alone. As he rode in the wagon towards the gallows, John Brown gazed wonderingly about him. "This is a beautiful country," he said. It was the first time that he had seen it, for until that moment his eyes had been blinded by the word of God.

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why he was always so horrified when faced with his own actions. Against the dynamic of John Brown he wilts.

Although the Quakers produced a Fox, I doubt if they could have produced a John Brown. Could we for example imagine Brown standing still when his hat was knocked off? Many Quakers not only stood still but actually invited the knocking off of hats. The hat became to them a symbol of both arrogance and humility. Only to God would they lift it, never to any man, not even to a judge. There was that extraordinary creature Perrot—one of the lunatics who attempted to convert the Pope—who almost started a schism on this question and wrote a book called "The Spirit of the Hat." Really, the hat became to the average Quaker more important even than the "Inner Light." Penn was a worldly gentleman and being a Quaker made him prominent. If the world listened to him, he was happy; but he never wished to convert the world, as John Brown wished to convert it. Brown carried a Bible and a rifle; Penn carried a stick, not that he wished to hit anybody, but it was useful to lean on and to make courtly gestures with.

How does Swift fit into this group? Only by his passion, by his love of man and his hatred of man. He was as dynamic as Brown and as worldly as Penn. And he too was a man of God, although we are liable to forget that. When we think of Swift we think of Stella and Vanessa, we never think of him as a politician and a clergyman. Yet he was both. Many readers may quarrel with Mr. Gwynn for giving in such detail those parts of Swift's life that do not deal with his love affairs, yet after all those are the most interesting passages. His sex life will always remain a mystery. Did he love Stella or Vanessa? Did he love them both? Or was he incapable of loving either? These are questions that every biographer must face even if he cannot solve them. Mr. Gwynn does not solve them simply because there is no fresh evidence to produce. And does it really matter very much? As the tortured lover, as a kind of Dostoevskian *Idiot*, Swift is mainly remembered. We see him with his darling Stella and with the pupil that behaved as so many pupils behave towards their masters, as Héloïse behaved to Abélard; but what was the truth behind it all we shall never know. It is safer to turn to the "Tale of a Tub" and to "Gulliver": to forget the man in contemplation of those great works. But there is one debt that every lover of Swift must pay



From *Three Women of France*
By June Meade
(Hurst & Blackett)

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

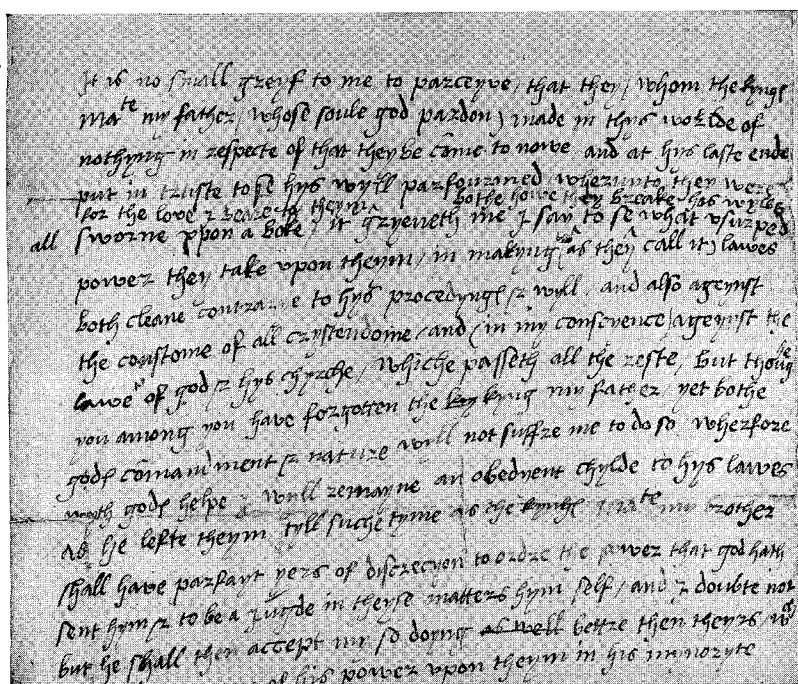
to Mr. Gwynn; he has given us many delightful quotations from those letters buried in Elrington Ball's six monumental volumes.¹

Du Guesclin, that splendid medieval soldier, should fit into this group; but I fear that Miss Coryn's rendering of his life is scarcely worthy to stand beside the fire of Mr. Ehrlich's book, or the good-humoured scholarship of Mr. Gwynn's and Mr. Vulliamy's biographies. Miss Coryn writes of du Guesclin as if he were the hero in a fairy-story, and her style is reminiscent of a boys' adventure yarn, with all the fustian and noise of a Henty or a Fenimore Cooper.

A WHORESON MAD FELLOW.

By W. R. H. Trowbridge. 12s. 6d. (Grayson.)

The author of "A Whoreson Mad Fellow" possesses perhaps the most violent, lively, exciting and incontinent style of writing I have yet encountered in a biographer (one can gather as much, in a way, from the title?); "What, a book about me! But I am nobody, of no importance. All that I have done worth recording would make but a chapter or two." And the subsequent account of Labusier's frolics and escapades spins across one's vision with the brilliance and rapidity of a kaleidoscope. "An unconventional biography" the publishers dub it; unconventional, I assure them, is the word; from the title to the final sentence the book teems as it were with intense life; not of the subject so much as with the vitality the author donates the whole scope and screen of the story; a vitality that intimates that Mr. Trowbridge might if he so cared construe a novel that would consign most contemporary fiction to the dust of their own jackets.



From *The Tudor Wench*
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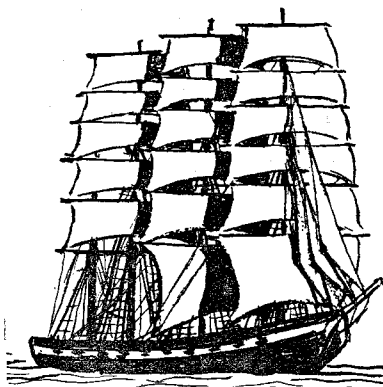
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by Hugh Kingsmill

The letters of William Blundell, who was a Catholic gentleman living in Lancashire, give an extraordinarily interesting and moving picture of the martyrdom inflicted on Catholics in the England of the seventeenth century. Born in 1620, William Blundell's childhood and youth were comparatively undisturbed. In theory Catholics were exposed to the following penalties during the reign of Charles I: the forfeiture of two-thirds of their estate on inheritance, and imprisonment or heavy fines if they admitted priests into their houses for any of the usual purposes—baptism, marriage, funerals and education. In practice a composition with the Crown could be made, and comparative tranquillity purchased for a yearly payment. William Blundell's real troubles began with the Civil War. A few months after it had broken out, Charles empowered Catholics to take arms in his defence, and Blundell rode off to join Lord Derby's force, leaving his young wife to look after his estate. In an attack on Lancaster, Blundell was shot through the thigh and crippled for the rest of his life. The defeat of the king at Naseby two years later was followed by the sequestration of the estates of those who had fought for him. Blundell's position was especially bad, since he was a Catholic as well

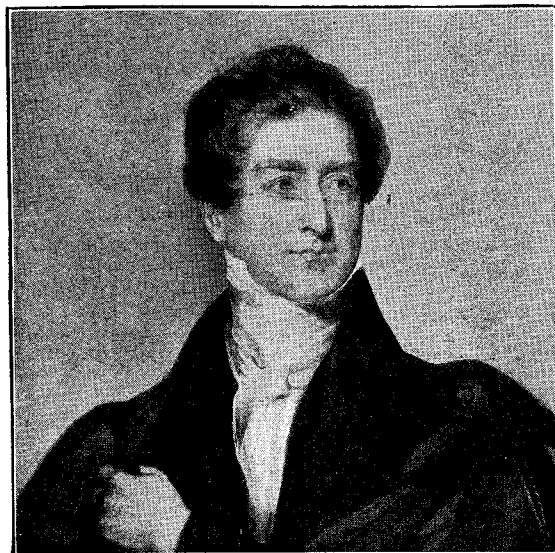
as a Royalist. He was imprisoned four times during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and his wife was allowed only one-fifth of his estate for the maintenance of herself and her children. During some of these years Blundell lived at home as a prisoner on parole. At other times he is believed to have disguised himself as a woman, and to have helped, with a game leg and in the voluminous petticoats of that age, to plough his own fields.

The Restoration did not benefit Blundell who, like the other Catholic supporters of Charles I, had hoped that Charles II would relieve them from their crushing disabilities. Parliament resolutely opposed the granting of any relief to "Popish recusants," and Charles was not prepared to quarrel with Parliament. The persecution of the Catholics during the reign of Charles II culminated in the Popish Terror, engineered by Titus Oates. At the age of fifty-nine Blundell had once more to disguise himself and leave his dauntless wife to manage what the law allowed her of her husband's estate. This time he went to the Continent, probably sailing from Liverpool with the connivance of Protestant friends. It is clear that he could never have surmounted the incessant persecutions to which he was subjected, had he not been helped by his neighbours. Before he escaped he had to yield up the sword which he had drawn for Charles I to a man who had fought on the side of the Parliament.

Under James II Blundell enjoyed a brief breathing space, but his troubles began again with William III. An ex-highwayman pretended to discover a plot against William among the Lancashire and Cheshire landowners, and Blundell's son William was arrested with seven others and taken to London. They were acquitted and William returned home in triumph, but his old father seems to have at last been worn out by the miseries he had borne

with such extraordinary courage. "Our condition here is very low and hard," he wrote to one of his daughters. His last years were however spared active persecution, and he died shortly before a fresh wave of Protestant fury broke over the Catholics.

Apart from its historical interest, this book is a fascinating record of unpretending heroism. Blundell is the ideal



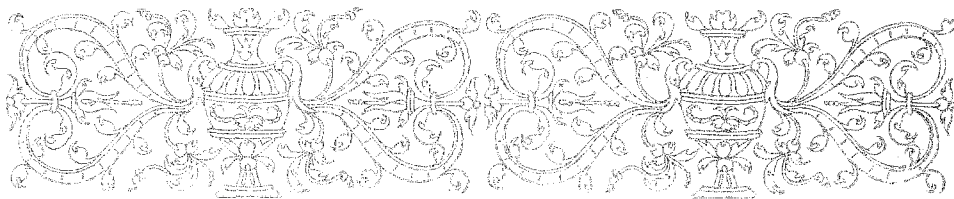
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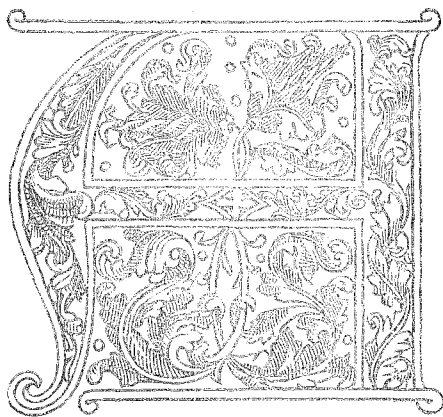
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AT Burlington I made an acquaintance with many principal people of the province. Several of them had been appointed by the Assembly a committee to attend the press, and take care that no more bills were printed than the law directed. They were therefore, by turns, constantly with us, and generally he who attended, brought with him a friend or two for company. My mind having been much more improv'd by reading than Keimer's, I suppose it was for that reason my conversation seem'd to be more valu'd. They had me to their houses, introduced me to their friends, and show'd me much civility; while he, tho' the master, was a little neglected. In truth, he was an odd fish; ignorant of common life, fond of rudely opposing receiv'd opinions, slovenly to extream dirtiness, enthusiastic in some points of religion, and a little knavish withal.

We continu'd there near three months; and by that time I could reckon among my acquired friends, Judge Allen, Samuel Bustill, the secretary of the Province, Isaac Pearson, Joseph Cooper, and several of the Smiths, members of Assembly, and Isaac Decow, the surveyor-general. The latter was a shrewd, sagacious old man, who told me that he began for himself, when young, by wheeling clay for the brickmakers, learned to write after he was of age, carri'd the chain for surveyors, who taught him surveying, and he had now by his industry, acquir'd a good estate; and says he, "I foresee that you will soon work this man out of his business, and make a fortune in it at Philadelphia." He had not then the least intimation of my intention to set up there or anywhere. These friends were afterwards of great use to me, as I occasionally was to some of them. They all continued their regard for me as long as they lived.

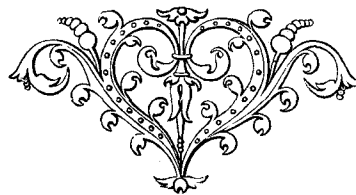
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From The Diary of
Benjamin Newton
Edited by C. P. Fendall
(Cambridge University Press)

BENJAMIN NEWTON AT THE
TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

Cavalier, loyal to his king and his religion, and without a trace of resentment against his enemies, or even against those whom he had served and by whom he had been betrayed.

To pass directly from William Blundell to Ismail, the Egyptian Khedive whom Mr. Crabités defends against Lord Milner and others, is perhaps not quite fair either to the Khedive or to his champion. The portrait of Blundell, which is given as a frontispiece to his letters, shows a candid and delicate face, saddened and perplexed by the cruelty and injustice of life. The photograph of Ismail shows a man against whom almost any charge might be brought without provoking incredulity. It was a tactical error of Mr. Crabités to place such a photograph at the beginning of a book designed to win sympathy for the sitter.

The main charges against Ismail are summed up as follows by Lord Milner: "Luxurious, voluptuous, ambitious, fond of display, devoid of principle, he was at the same time full of the most magnificent schemes for the material improvement of his country. Over and above the millions and millions wasted in entertainments, in largess, in sensuality, in the erection of numerous palaces—structurally as rotten as they are aesthetically abominable—he threw away yet other millions upon a vast scheme of agricultural development, started with inadequate knowledge at inordinate cost."

Mr. Crabités adduces English and American testimony to the efficiency and industry of Ismail, qualities which do not seem compatible with the

unbridled luxury and voluptuousness charged against him by Milner, whom Mr. Crabités implies to have been a poor judge of voluptuousness and luxury. Mr. Crabités further strengthens the case against Ismail's extravagance by pointing out that by his own efforts as a landowner he had acquired a fortune of £160,000 a year before he became Khedive. "A tight-fisted farmer," Mr. Crabités calls him, and certainly the photograph of him suggests a usurer rather than a spendthrift. On the subject of Ismail's public expenditure, Mr. Crabités takes the view that Ismail was too far ahead of his time, was a pathfinder sacrificed by a world which prefers mediocrity to genius.

The general impression left by Mr. Crabités defence is that Ismail, though completely unattractive as a human being, was badly treated by England and France, and has been misrepresented by English politicians in the interests of our imperial system. The American Consul-General in Egypt, at the time of Ismail's forced abdication, condemned England and France. "The newspaper war," he wrote, "that has been carried on in Europe against him for the last two years, principally through the influence of groups of large stock speculators and by means of their money, has created an erroneous public opinion and very unjust prejudices." This is no doubt the truth, for an American in Egypt, like an Englishman in Mexico, can judge a situation without bias and from the moral standpoint.

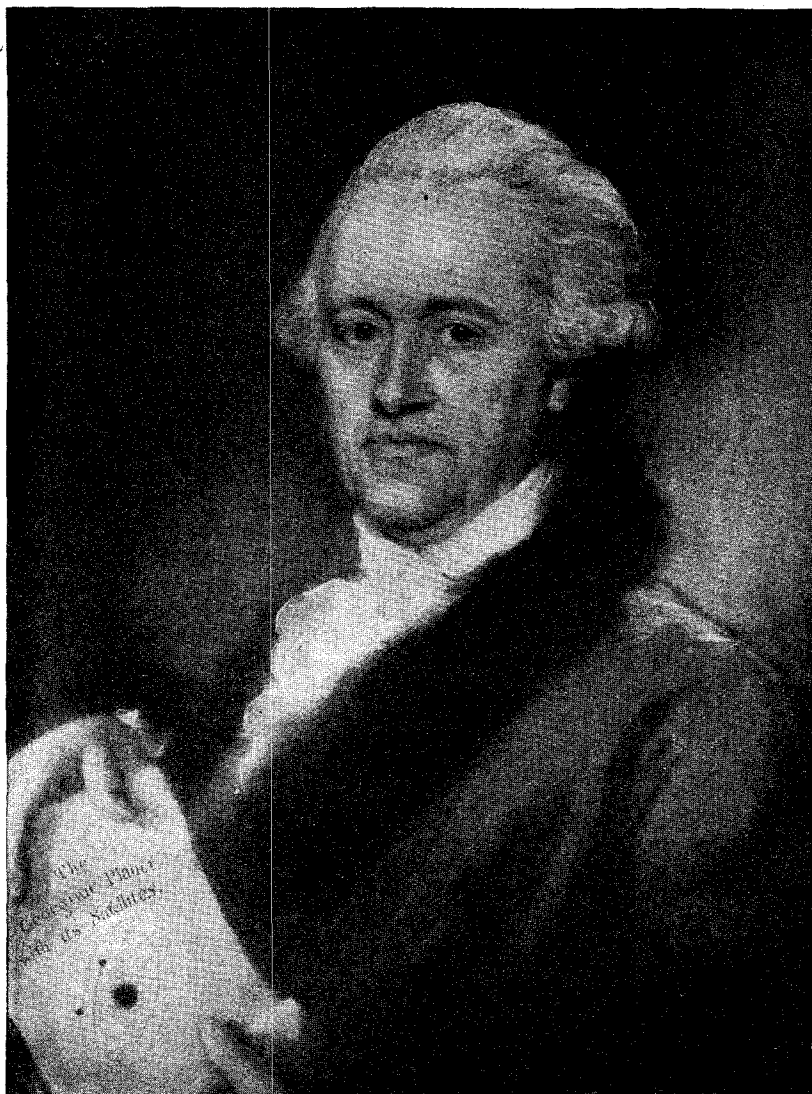
Francisco Solano Lopez, ruler of Paraguay from 1865 to 1870, is the subject of Mr. Cunningham Graham's



From Blessington D'Orsay
(Constable)

LADY BLESSINGTON
(About 1830)

(After R. J. Lane's engraving of a drawing by Landseer.)



From *The Herschel Chronicles*
Edited by Constance A. Lubbock
(Cambridge University Press)

HERSCHEL AT THE AGE OF 56.
(From the pastel by J. Russell, R.A.)

"Portrait of a Dictator." Mr. Graham, like Mr. Crabités, has committed a tactical error in prefacing his book with a photograph of his subject. Lopez, as shown in this photograph, is by no means unattractive. It is not the face of a poet or an anchorite, but equally it is not the face one would expect to find on the shoulders of a man who "excelled all Eastern tyrants or the worst Roman emperors in his enormities." Mr. Graham, who was in Paraguay three years after the death of Lopez, himself saw and spoke to many of Lopez's victims. "I remember several," he writes, "whose hands looked scarcely human, they were so distorted." He has accumulated considerable evidence of the crimes with which he charges Lopez, and which include flogging his own mother and sisters repeatedly on an imaginary charge of conspiracy. But he has failed to explain the character of his villain. To present a monster of cruelty at length without tracing the springs of his actions, and so linking him to humanity is an unrewarding task. Peter the Great was almost as cruel as Lopez, but the devilish elements in him merge into the human, and each help to explain the other. The fact that Peter's life was never attempted is also easy to understand. His enormous height and strength cowed his victims. But Lopez was short, stout and, according to Mr. Graham, very cowardly. Yet no one ever tried to assassinate him. Mr. Graham recurs several times to this strange fact, and admits his incapacity to explain it. The only reasonable explanation is that Lopez was both far abler and more courageous

than Mr. Graham allows, or alternatively that the Paraguayan soldiers were not the dauntless characters Mr. Graham affirms them to have been. The American Minister in Paraguay is quoted by Mr. Graham on the cowardice of Lopez, but his remarks prove only that Lopez had a very well developed instinct of self-preservation.

The most interesting person in this book is the Irish mistress of Lopez, Madame Lynch, a brilliant adventuress who managed Lopez with extraordinary adroitness and returned to Europe with a large fortune. Towards the close of her life she went to Palestine and lived in Jerusalem for three years. Mr. Graham queries the view that she went there as a penitent, and conjectures that she died game, like the impenitent thief. If Mr. Graham thinks a stream of malignant abuse a creditable occupation for a man's last hours, it is difficult to understand why he should go to the pains of writing nearly three hundred pages of moral indignation over a Paraguayan half-breed.

GEORGIAN PEEPSHOW

Blessington—d'Orsay : A Masquerade.

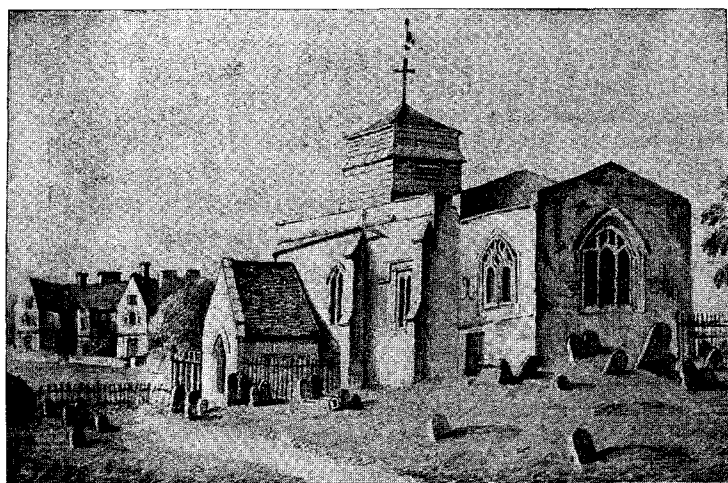
By Michael Sadleir. 9s. (Constable.)

by Geoffrey Wellington

Mr. Sadleir calls his study a masquerade, and he certainly sustains the atmosphere of make-believe that belongs to the flamboyant characters in this Georgian carnival. The show is presented with erudition and wit—everything that can make it delicious, from the dark Irish back-cloth to the gorgeous stage furniture of the period of "The Charterhouse of Parma," is provided lavishly. It is Mr. Sadleir's misfortune that the play

turned out to be a tragedy with the utmost disregard for the unities.

Lord Blessington, "the queerest tangle of acuteness, good-nature, self-indulgence and absurdity," acquired the fascinating Mrs. Farmer more as an ornament than for the usual motives. She had been sold into marriage with a sadist when she was fifteen, and left him only to be compelled to seek the protection of the dilettante Jenkins.

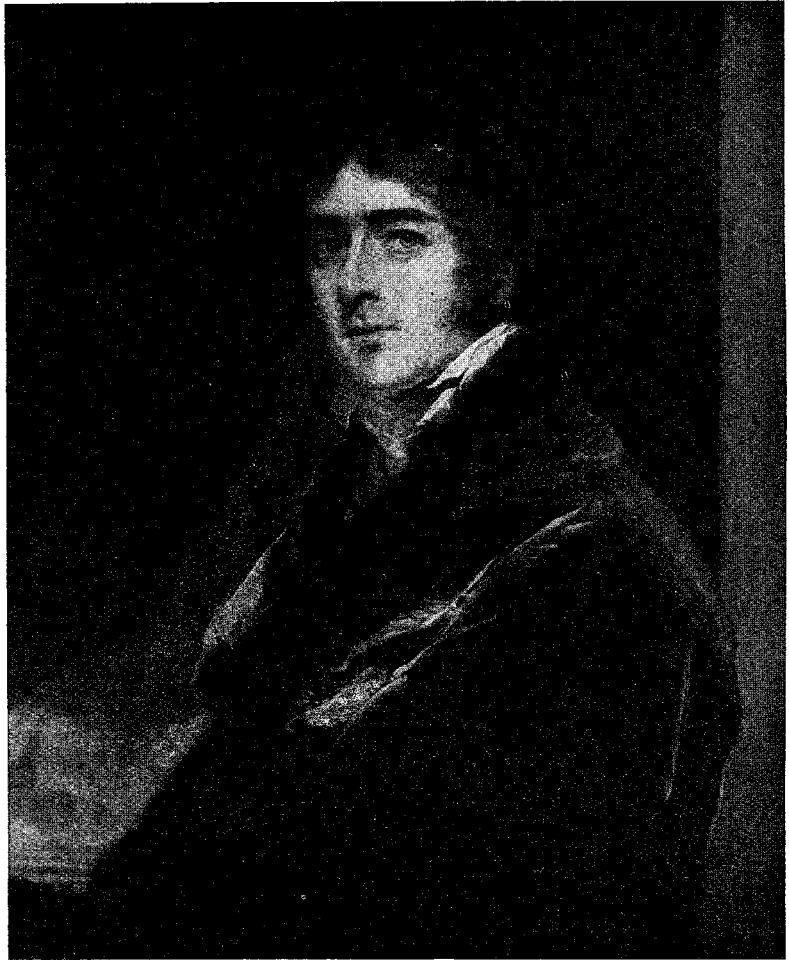


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"Capable of affection, she was incapable of love; able by her physical beauty to provoke (and if unavoidable to submit to) desire, she lacked the power to reciprocate and was therefore unable to satisfy it." Alfred d'Orsay was her counterpart in his emotional incompleteness—a beautiful and unfortunate doll whom Mr. Sadleir explains to his own satisfaction, if not to that of people less versed in those subtleties of dandyism on which he is at pains to correct Barbey d'Aureilly.

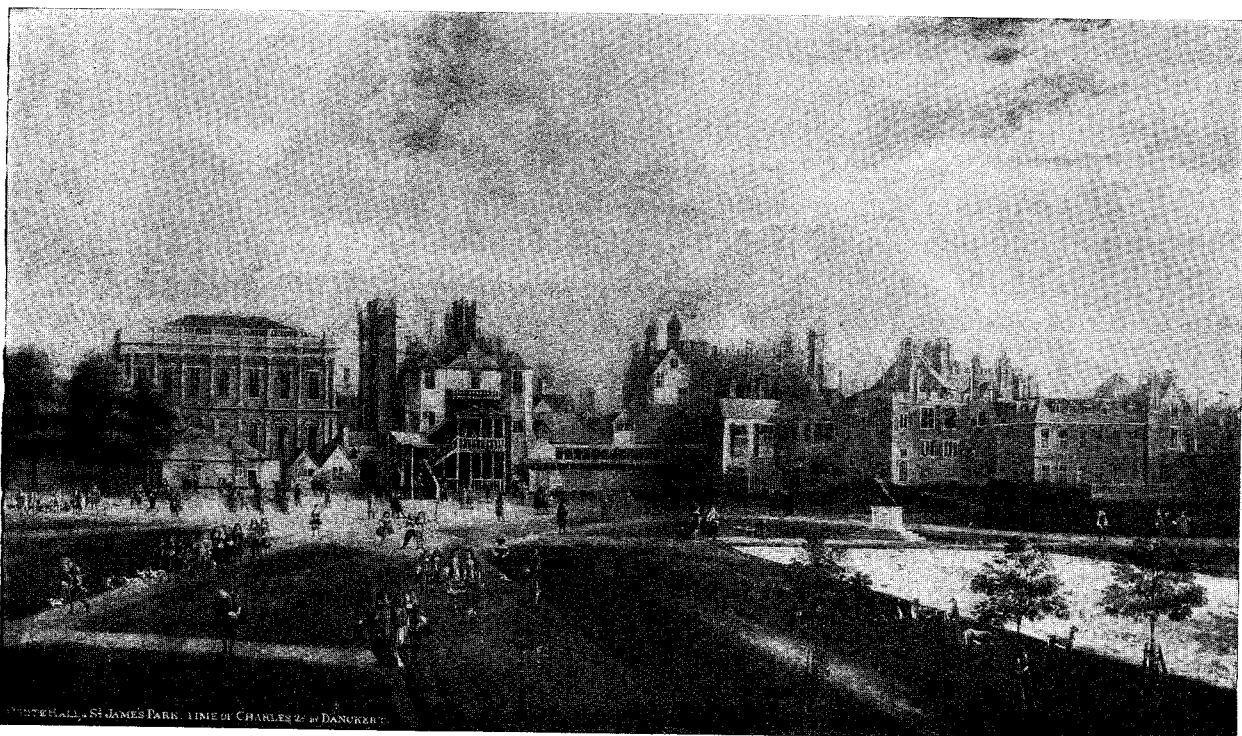
"Mounting Melody," the first section, is the overture; with "Fanfare" Mr. Sadleir rings up his curtain, the three strange characters are on the stage and the amazing performance begins. After her death, d'Orsay said that he had lost a mother in Lady Blessington, and there is now no reason to believe that their friendship was anything but indiscreet. Blessington himself was infatuated with the magnificent youth whom he insisted on making his son-in-law; but his "connoisseurship was very strong," and it is not probable that he permitted any handling of his chief object of virtue. It is likely that he was aware that d'Orsay's own physical and psychological complications precluded a real love affair, and that his wife's passion was spent long since. Yet it is not surprising that intimacy of one sort was mistaken for something quite different. For the better part of a decade the three ranged the continent of Europe in a style that was curious even in an age familiar with Lord Bristol and William Beckford. They travelled in state with several coaches, a retinue of servants, some poor relations, and a schoolboy architect for a pet. Years of tumbling about the indifferent roads of the Papal States, Naples, and Tuscany cannot have failed to make a bond of sympathy between poor bored Lady Blessington and the charming adventurer who saw his only future security in the bosom of her family. On her husband's death she inherited the protégé, but not the fortune with which to support him, and with no more than the decent



From *Queen Victoria and
Her Ministers*
By Sir John A. R. Marriott
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**WILLIAM LAMB,
2ND VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.**
T. Lawrence, *paxd.* McInnes, *sc.*

income that was hers under the terms of her eccentric husband's more eccentric will, she was bold enough to return to London and to try to dominate society



From *Samuel Pepys*
By Arthur Bryant
(Cambridge University Press)

WHITEHALL FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.



From *Napoleon III, the Modern Emperor*
By Robert Sencourt
(Benn)

NAPOLEON III.

in the face of her own reputation and expert competition from the Ladies Holland, Charleville, and Cork. The genius that she inherited from noble if distant Irish relatives, and which was perfected in the obscure and equivocal companionship of Mr. Jenkins of Hampshire, was for entertaining in the grand manner; but the charm that put the most awkward at their ease, and the taste which enabled her to see through the shoddy tinsel coronets of Byron, were the very gifts that were misunderstood. They enhanced the hazy glamour that was hers already for the precarious social position resulting from the horrors of her teens, but were in fact substitutes for wantonness, not the wanton's stock-in-trade.

The attempt was valiant, but the odds were against her. Mr. Sadleir has obtained new evidence for his interpretation of the intrigues centring on Harriet d'Orsay, and prints some very remarkable revelations of Lady Charleville's. There had been unsavoury rumours from the start, definite scandals dashed Lady Blessington's hopes, nearly severed her from d'Orsay and defeated many of her ambitions. Perhaps she really died in 1831:

she was defeated and the "False Relation" established permanently.

She found relief in writing, and her poverty prompted what would have been an exquisite revenge had it not been so entirely conventional. It is almost certain that her own acid humour found its way into many of the malicious passages in her "Conversations with Lord Byron"; novel-writing too gave her the satisfaction of hitting back at her enemies—it also provided her with the means to continue to entertain her friends. But d'Orsay was an expensive luxury, and she wore herself out in trying to make both ends meet. She edited annuals and albums, wrote novels and recollections in an heroic effort to keep the wolf from the door. She slaved over "The Book of Beauty" and "The Keepsake," sacrificed her fading beauty and faded hopes on such rubbish as "Portraits of the Children of the Nobility"—the English were child-mad, it seems, then as now. It was all in vain, the wolf came upstairs and Lady Blessington was forced to sell everything she had in order to pay their debts. The crumbling pageant ended with exile and death; d'Orsay lived long enough to sign his tarnished name as Louis Napoleon's minister of fine arts, and followed the woman who had loved him in her own fashion to the tomb which he had himself designed.

It was their tragedy that they could not live up to their reputation, and Mr. Sadleir has shown that their involved masquerade was an attempt to retain the secrets to which the world had its own answers—so much more picturesque than the truth.

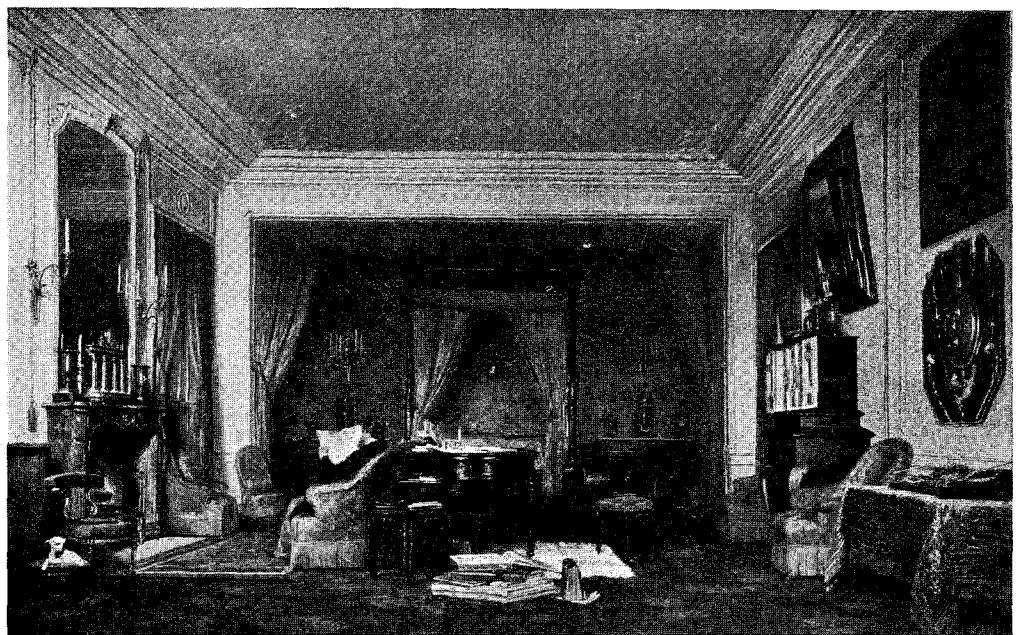
THE MODERN EMPEROR

Napoleon III: The Modern Emperor.

By Robert Sencourt. 21s. net. (Benn.)

by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard

Mr. Sencourt only misses making me a convert by a hair's breadth, and I am "almost persuaded"—but not quite—that a man dying sixty years back with the tragic "Sedan!" on his lips may still be called the modern Emperor. This old world of ours has had so many rulers with their theories, dreams, experiments and changes, which are but the echoes of past reigns and days. There



From *Napoleon III, the Modern Emperor*
By Robert Sencourt
(Benn)

THE EMPEROR IN HIS BEDROOM AT THE TUILERIES.

(From the painting in the Duke of Alba's collection.
"He rose early and worked hard.")

The Observer

1791—1933

The Nation's Newspaper

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From *The Life of Stratford Canning*
By E. F. Malcolm Smith
(Benn)

were town planners in France before the third Napoleon—our own first Edward was one. There was a King of France who wanted every peasant to have his fowl in the pot. There was a French Emperor who made good roads, and would have made railroads if Waterloo had not been fought only a year after Stephenson's first locomotive had done its gallant six miles an hour under steam in England. And surely, in the long history of Conferences, Congresses, Pacts, Holy Alliances, Petticoat Leagues and the like, some tiny seeds of the future League of Nations must have been sown before the Congress of Paris?

But Mr. Sencourt makes out a good, and an extremely interesting, case; a dreamer and theorist and philosopher rather than a man of action, Louis Napoleon is shown in this very able book as a ruler who at least predicted with an insight almost uncanny the changes which the decades following his death have brought about. The central idea of his "*Des Idées Napoléoniennes*"—dictatorships founded on plebiscites, and guided by ability, to make the masses of the people prosperous—is being acted upon, sometimes with very dubious success, in three of the five continents. His attitude towards freedom of the press—to let journalists run about, but with strings on their paws, to pull them down if they run too far—is not very different from that obtaining to-day in our own country. His "distinctness of vision," as the author aptly puts it, is illustrated perhaps most forcibly in his question to the German-Jewish journalist, Mels (who was one of the contributors to *The Times*) when he was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe. "Do you know," asked the fallen Emperor, "what the dream of a united Germany will cost you? A price which I hope will cure once for all those who let themselves be carried away by fancies of sovereign power. In spite of herself, yes, I really believe it will be in spite of herself, Prussia in twenty or

thirty years will be forced to become aggressive. And then all her clever turns of diplomacy, all the valour of her troops will avail her nothing. Europe will crush her. Then it will be seen what Bismarck's dreams have cost her."

Some of Napoleon's own dreams had cost his country, and Europe, and himself, dearly enough. A man hating bloodshed, desperately anxious, as Lord Cowley once wrote, for peace, strife and bloodshed were the steps to his throne, the steps by which he descended from that throne. Italy, the Crimea, Austria, Mexico, the last great débacle—Mr. Sencourt tells the whole varying yet, in a sense, unvaried story so that, although it has been told so often, it takes on a new interest, a new importance and significance. The young adventurer and dreamer of Carbonari days—that "Prince Floristan" wandering in jeopardy on the Tuscan roads with Hortense—looked into his own heart, "not knowing in any wise what it might one day suffer." Perhaps Rochefort's ideal Emperor, the second Bonaparte, who never levied taxes, never made war, never reigned, was the best after all of that brief and hapless dynasty. But from the Man of December and Sedan it is impossible to withhold the meed of sympathy, of pity, and (when one reads Mr. Sencourt's closing pages) even of admiration and some affection.

THE HERSCHEL CHRONICLE: The Life Story of William Herschel and His Sister Caroline.

Edited by his Granddaughter, Constance A. Lubbock.
(Cambridge University Press.)

Man is continually making a highly selected picture out of favourite points in the past. Some moment or epoch or group of persons takes his imagination, and he at once begins to turn such data as he has into a work of art, rejecting and selecting and arranging, until he arrives at a



From *Thomas Hardy, O.M.*
By Clive Holland
(Herbert Jenkins)

THOMAS HARDY.

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By OLIVER BALDWIN

Oliver Baldwin has dared to write a book that every man or woman should have the courage to read. Although the *SUNDAY DISPATCH* describes it as a scandalous book, of which much should never have been published, *JOHN O' LONDON'S WEEKLY* says: "Mr. Baldwin is following in the footsteps of Lord Chesterfield." *Third Impression. 10s. 6d.*

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

satisfactory composition. It is a game we all play, hurrying truth, which is often tiresome, out of sight.

Enthusiasms for periods go in waves. The eighteenth century is in now. Our eighteenth century—a highly gallicised affair, with Voltaire and Madame du Deffand, Horace Walpole and Bath and exquisiteness as representative. But as Lord David Cecil in his great life of Cowper reminds us, the better part of the century was not in the least like that. How little like the lovely fidelity of the Herschel Chronicle shows. It is a superb piece of work, the editor providing no more than the necessary lines of commentary on the life of the great family, telling itself in nearly four hundred pages of letters, covering nearly a century of time.

Simple, deeply god-fearing, courageous, intelligent, the discoverers of a new planet—nothing could be less like our conception of cynical speculation or modish wit.

It was an age when everyone it seems wrote good letters, thus making it one of the most readable of books; and there were certainly other families as unpretentious and as diligent. What makes the life of this brother and this sister unique, gives to their talk of everyday difficulties—dishonest servants, the tendency of telescopes to break at



From Edwardian England
By F. J. C. Hearnshaw
(Benn)

WRAPPER DESIGN.

the least provocation—an unearthly quality, is the fact that they were two of the greatest of astronomers, and that with this preoccupation with the heavens went a love of music. In their life were all the petty irritations of an age which lacked many of our conveniences; there were the stars and all the hosts of heaven; there was the music of Handel and Mozart.

Last of all, there was their love for one another, the unbroken fifty years of common devotion, to each other, to music, to the stars. With these things they were in too perfect an association to rhapsodise. Identified with what they love, they protest nothing. So the book gives the impression of two utterly satisfactory lives. Two persons who are doing to the utmost of their powers exactly what those powers are good for; who would not change for any creature on earth; who have themselves attained a completeness of being which they might well have called a foretaste of the blessedness of heaven.

"Coelorum perrupit claustra."

Or as they englished it on William Herschel's tomb: *"And lo! Creation widened to Man's view."* That was what they did, the brother and sister, enlarging not only our exact knowledge, but our sense of the universe round us.

MARY BUTTS.



From Ourselves
By Irene Clephane
(John Lane)

ARRIVING FOR THE ETON V. HARROW MATCH
(JULY 12TH, 1912).

TRAVEL and ADVENTURE



From First Over Everest
Edited by Col. P. T. Etherton and Col. L. V. S. Blacker
(John Lane)

MAKALU, WITH EVEREST BEHIND A BANK OF CUMULUS.
(Taken April 19th, 1933, from a distance of over a hundred miles,
with infra-red plates. By courtesy of Ilford.)

CONTAINING REVIEWS BY
W. FRANCIS AITKEN, DOUGLAS GOLDRING,
MOORE RITCHIE, R. P. ROSS, ETC.

ENGLAND

Week-Ends in England.

By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. (Richards.)

by Mary Butts

The curse on Mr. Mais is kindness, and his effort in general the laudable one to get people out-of-doors. Out-of-doors by themselves, encouraging them with the promise of sweetness and light all the way, and lots and lots of queer and funny and tear-provoking sights. While people are only too certain to follow him; and one is torn in two by the knowledge that if one half of our people do not get back to some kind of contact with the earth, civilisation will perish out of England, and disgust of the kind that comes, mass-trespassing, taking gates off their hinges, cutting through villages at fifty miles an hour, bringing their city vulgarities into the serenest and loveliest places; corrupting the *values* of village communities, teaching them to scrounge. Stealing their salt. One wishes hearty enthusiasts like Mr. Mais would think a little more what they were doing before jollyng people along in this fashion. He should see the village where this is written, just re-cleansed of its summer visitors, its great shore pure and

It is this desire to be cosy, to be 'matey,' to be at home with everyone, everywhere, that betrays him. At Durham we have the inevitable sanctuary knocker, with this for comment of the Cathedral and its nave. Those awful pillars, bones of the Leviathan, the despair of the great masters of language; whose majesty, once realised, makes Gothic elegance seem no more than a playing with stone; those columns whose stark designs trace, as though under some final formula of the mathematician, the movements of nature—well, Mr. Mais says: "the nave is upheld by the stoutest and queerest pillars I have ever seen."

While in his desire to advertise England, he has added a chapter on travel in France of such astounding prejudice and ignorance that it is difficult for one who has travelled and lived there for many years to know what to say. France of all places, a land it is fantastic to suppose to be behind England in interest and amenity. Perhaps it is only Mr. Mais's playful way, but that chapter is incredible.

In a final wish to be fair—one does not doubt that Mr. Mais is a sincere lover of England. One has only to hear his voice on the wireless to know that. But his is a kind of smoking-room familiarity. Surely it is the business of the lover to respect the modesty, not to advertise the charms of the beloved?



From The Diary of Benjamin Newton
Edited by C. P. Fendall and E. A. Crutchley
(Cambridge University Press)

WATH RECTORY AND CHURCH IN NEWTON'S TIME.

empty, with still a scum high up its beaches, out of reach of the tide-scour. A list is tempting of their crimes and insolences, their contempt for the essence of what, presumably, they have come to seek, their want of tranquillity, good manners and the elements of fine taste. They are gone, and the place turns over on its side; their presence a source of cynical amusement or genuine horror to the fishing and farming folk, who nevertheless have learned to prey on them.

Taste is one of the abstract words capable often of only negative definition. One recognises it by its absence in this book. It has something to do with Mr. Mais's wish to have it both ways, to assure the townsman that everything in the garden *is* lovely, that out-of-doors he need never get cold or wet, let alone really lost or awed or afraid; that there is nothing wrong with him, and if there is, all he needs is a week-end katharsis:

"In other holiday resorts a man makes certain of his tennis or his golf, his billiards or his bridge. Cornwall, while she can supply all these, needs no artificial aids to amuse her guests. By some magic process she turns us all into rabidly enthusiastic archaeologists and students of folk-lore. . . . If you go gathering whortleberries on the sides of 'Rowter' you will forget your purple-stained mouth as your eyes alight on some pixies' ring or antique track where even now you can hear the ghostly jangle of pack-horse bells. Safe again in prosaic London you may laugh, but down in the Lost Land of Lyonesse," etc.

DOWN ENGLISH LANES.

By Lukin Johnston. 7s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

One feels only, in reading such books as Mr. Johnston's "Down English Lanes," the pity it is, that a greater number of people do not experience the tremors of affection for the country-side that Mr. Johnston and men similar to him manage to experience. These books have the air of being drawn from internal sources which the commonality of persons do not possess. I for one am quite sure that after no great length of time, peregrinating around the rural corners of England would end in an insufferable boredom—noting "the cattle feeding lazily in the deep lush grass, the river looking so still and peaceful." But for those—few as they are, I fear—such as Mr. Johnston, one feels only a sort of envy, that the palliation of all contemporary quandaries lies so contiguous to them. So contiguous indeed that no quandaries appear to exist, the "indestructible soil from which we spring" and local charms of country-sides alone having any power to attract their eyes, to assimilate their imaginations.

Of its type, Mr. Johnston's book is nevertheless excellent; its style a perfect mimicry of the author's rambling nature, its preoccupations so entirely devoid of self-consciousness

HARRAP "BOOKS BEAUTIFUL"

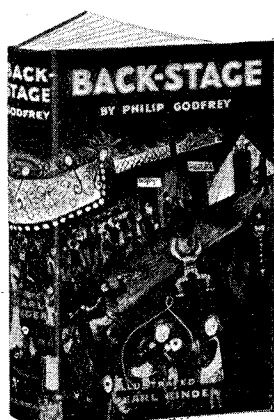
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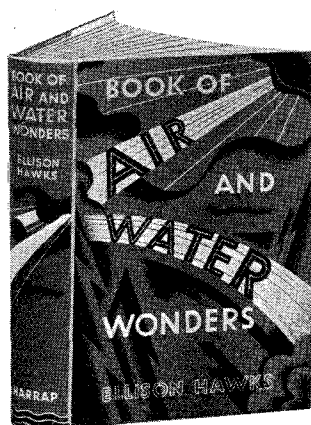
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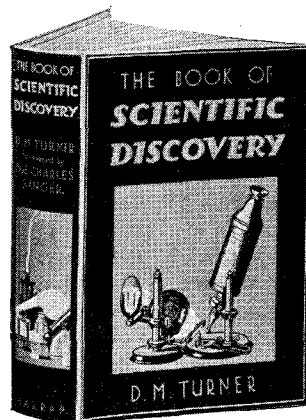
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From *The Literary Ghosts of London*
By E. Beresford Chancellor
(Richards Press)

FANNY BURNLEY'S HOUSE
IN ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

that one seems to be invisibly overlooking the man himself, not his work. He starts for Pershore, but on the way is "lured from his purpose by the charms of Evesham," and visits nine churches in twenty-four hours; "not to mention" in his own words "lunch at Bredon Vicarage." Such innocuously objective stuff as this could act upon worried young men as an inexpensive anodyne, if only Mr. Johnston *would* write a trifle more like an adult about things and places. It was how many years ago that visiting Buckler's Hard we "saw visions of Nelson's fighting ships," or, in rinate castles, thought we heard "tales of romance and daring," or went "forth to see the Glory of England in Springtime"? In spring perhaps. But—so help us—never in springtime.

COUNTRY DAYS.

By A. G. Street. 6s. (Faber & Faber.)

Mr. Street is now so well known that a long notice of his new book would be superfluous. "Country Days" is a further collection of his broadcast talks, and will deservedly gain as many readers as his previous volumes. He is appreciative without being sentimental about the country-side, and he knows what he is talking about. But there must be few English people who have not listened to him or read his books, and recommendation savours of impertinence.

LONDON

Two Thousand Years of London.

By C. Whitaker-Wilson. 12s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The Literary Ghosts of London.

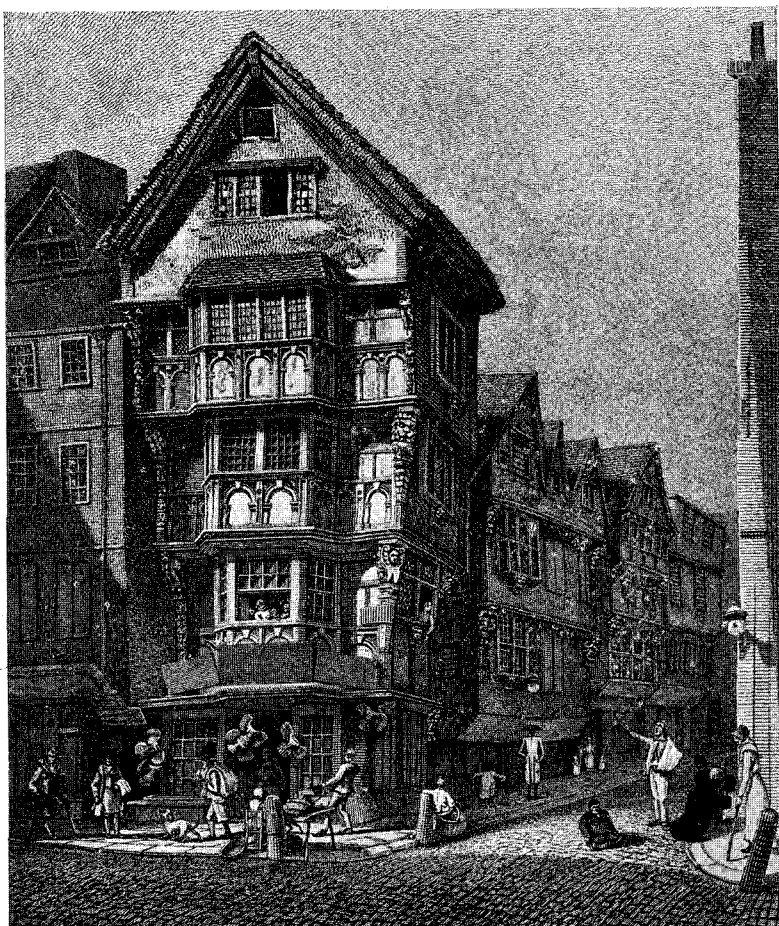
By E. Beresford Chancellor. 12s. 6d. (Richards Press.)

by W. Francis Aitken

These two additions to the growing spate of books about London and Londoners are similar in plan if distinct in style. Each is divided into periods. Mr. Whitaker-Wilson's sixteen chapters take us from pre-Roman to post-War days and are illustrated by twenty beautiful photographs. Mr. Beresford Chancellor's twelve chapters begin with early British writers, close with the Victorians, and are accompanied by sixteen notable illustrations. Mr. Whitaker-Wilson, known for his *Lives of Schubert and Wren*, approaches his task equipped with a rare store of well-digested archæological and other data. He bears the burden valorously and writes with wit, humour, and precision. His style is forthright and downright. To him things *were* thus and thus; So-and-So definitely said this, that, or the other thing. His vivid reflections of people and events flash before the reader like pictures on the screen. If some of his close-ups are a little startling they bear a convincing resemblance to reality. He begins with a passage typical of the whole book:

"Two thousand years ago London was really British. In the year 67 B.C. few if any foreigners lived in it. . . . A pleasant little town."

His first page has a paragraph pointedly topical about the influence of the Fleet and the Walbrook on the foundations of St. Paul's. He advances the theory that the name of the city derives from the Old Celtic adjective *Londos* (commanding) and suggests that the Romans rather



* From *Literary Ghosts of London*
By E. Beresford Chancellor
(Richards Press)

ISAAC WALTON'S HOUSE IN FLEET STREET (CHANCERY LANE).

badly Latinised this word. There is a piquant reference to the qualifications for membership of the Witenagemot. As an example of his personalia take this of Cæsar:

"Cæsar considered Londoners well dressed. A little addicted to using woad-stain perhaps, but not otherwise amiss. This is saying a good deal, because Cæsar himself knew something about fashion."

Or take the retort of Norman William to his son Robert, who seemed to be assuming a grand position in the land:

"Candidly William thought it rather bad taste on Robert's part, and asked him what he thought he was doing. 'Oh, Father,' replied Robert, 'I rehearse for the day when the Duchy (of Normandy) becomes mine.' 'Do you?' said William. 'Allow me to tell you this, my boy: *I never take off my clothes until I get into bed!*' And he left Robert to think it out."

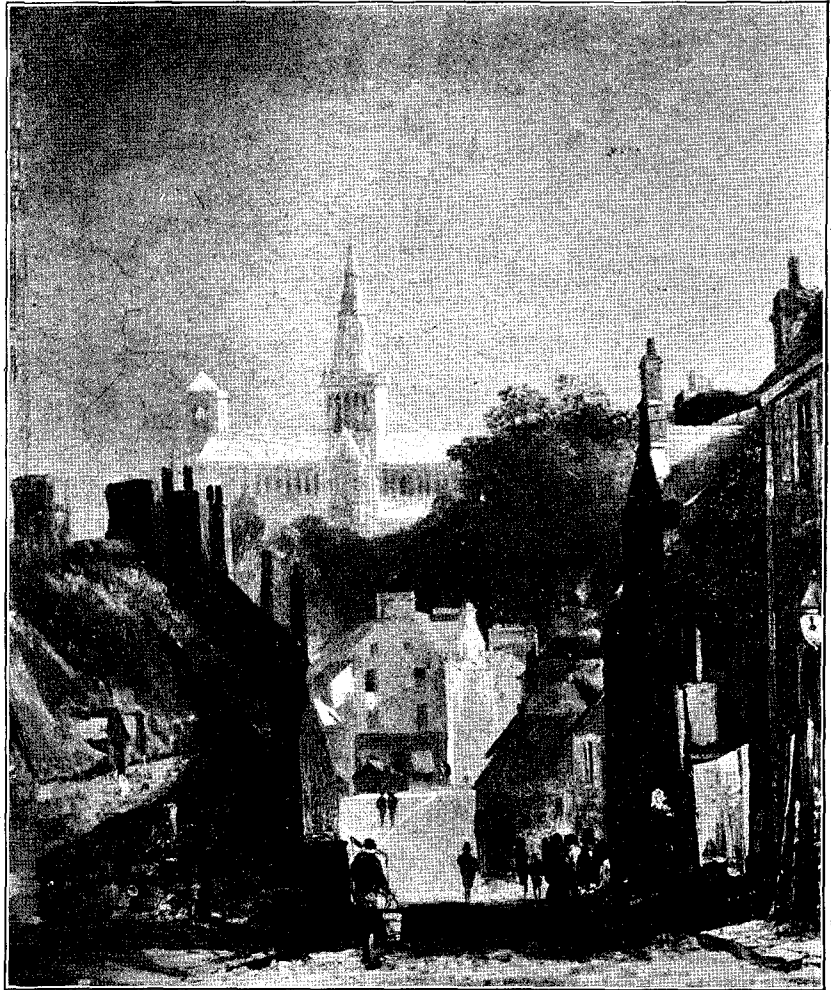
Again, when Henry VIII told Wolsey he meant to marry Anne Boleyn, Wolsey opened his eyes very wide:

"'But, Your Majesty!' . . . Henry opened his eyes at the expression. 'Your Highness' or 'Your Grace' . . . but 'Your Majesty' was a wonderful title. Henry thought it suited him."

The description of the dissolution of the Long Parliament has a similar virility. Frequently one comes upon the unexpected, as in the explained transposition of the usual order of the words of the punishment by hanging, drawing and quartering; and in this:

"The reign of Mary was a veritable hell for London. . . . The churchyard of St. Paul's was an appalling sight. Every spike in the railings round the Cathedral had a head stuck on it. When one batch was taken down another was put up."

Science, art, architecture, music (we like the story of Handel and Francesca), the stage, habits and customs, publichealth, statcraft all come into the survey, and the closing chapter is both a crisp recapitulation and an eloquent epilogue. Here are the final words:



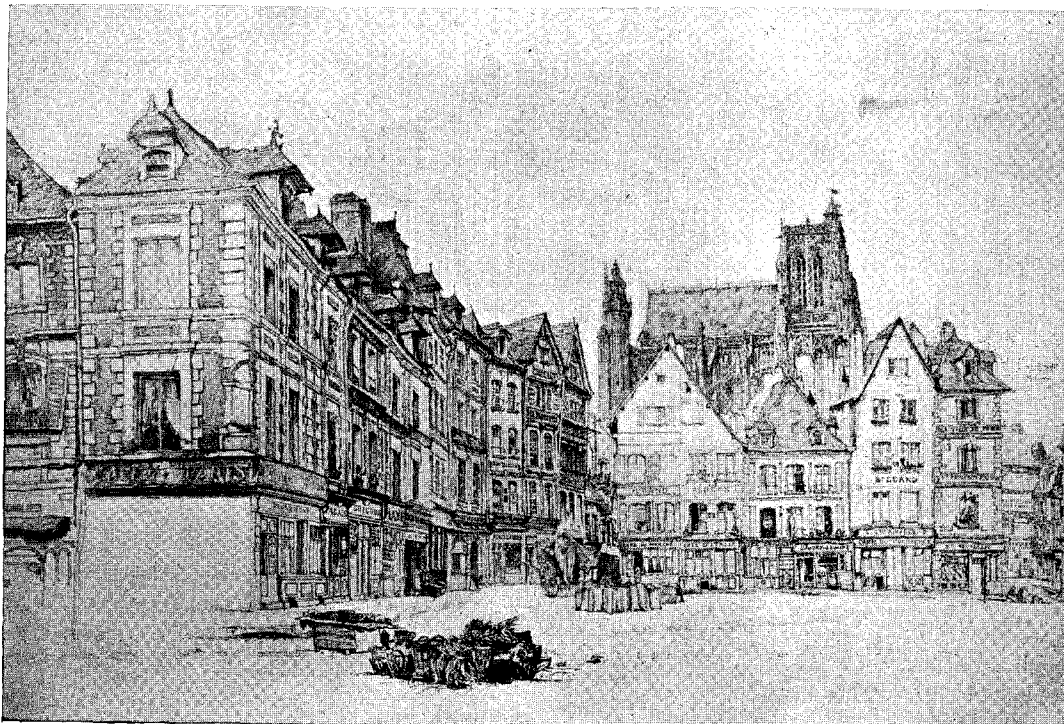
From The Scotland of our Fathers
By E. S. Haldane
(Maclehose)

THE DRYGATE, GLASGOW

"London is yours—yours and mine. She expects so little, yet gives so much. Her heart is generous. She has beauty and dignity, peace and tranquillity, to set off against the thunder of her traffic, her dirt, her grime. You may seek her in Springtime when her parks are ablaze with daffodils;

you may tread her burning pavements at noon in high Summer; you may watch the last of her leaves seared in the blast of an Autumn storm; or you may seek her in the light of a hundred thousand lamps while she hides her proud head in the gloom of Winter fog. *She is London*, whichever way it is—England's Old Sweetheart, loved by her sons for two thousand years."

Every London-lover owes to Mr. Beresford Chancellor a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. It is therefore deplorable to find so many slips and misprints in his latest book on the city he knows so well. The comma and the apostrophe zigzag as if they had "drunk deep" at the many taverns that have called for mention. "Stype" for



From John Ruskin
By Annabel Williams-Ellis
(Jonathan Cape)

THE MARKET PLACE, ABBEVILLE.
(From a drawing by John Ruskin.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

"Strype," "Agar" for "Agas," "Austin" for "Austen," "Foublanque" for "Fonblanque," "Beau's Stratagem" for "Beaux' Stratagem," "Humphrey Cluiker" for "Humphrey Clinker," "Bloombury" for "Bloomsbury," "Meurice" for "Maurice," "Auto Theatre Club" for "Arts Theatre Club," "King-at-Arms" for "King-of-Arms" are examples. There are some things a

little more serious, and some opinions it is possible the author would be willing to revise on appeal. The tradition about Shakespeare holding horses for theatre-goers is associated on one page with The Theatre in Shoreditch and in another with the Red Bull Playhouse in Clerkenwell, which was not built till about 1600. In this connection surely The Globe, not The Theatre, was the Wooden O of "Henry V." Marlowe's death is attributed to "Francis Archer," a legend upset by the researches of Dr. Leslie Hotson in 1925, and the reference to "Marlowe's mighty line" is attributed to Milton instead of to Jonson; while, unless the famous "Conversations" are forgeries (here, by the way, printed "fugeries"), the story of Chaucer's death by hunger was told by Jonson, not by Drummond. Swift was with Sir William Temple at Moor Park, not at Sheen. Matthew Arnold is located at Foxholes instead of at Fox How; and Addison at the "Bull and Bush" at Hammer-smith instead of at Hampstead. St. Peter ad Vincula is placed on Tower Hill instead of on Tower Green. Book titles are loosely dealt with and the title of Suckling's lines to water drinkers appears as "From the Wine Drinkers to the Wine

Drinkers." Probably the reference to Forster's Life of Landor as "unfinished" is due to some confusion with his unfinished Life of Swift. As to the opinions, one doubts if Dekker is "best remembered" by "The Gull's Hornbrook" rather than by "The Shoemaker's Holiday," or if "Pickwick" "after the Bible, is the best known book in English literature."

Mr. Beresford Chancellor has warm appreciations of Steele and Boswell, but applies the contemptuous epithet of "poor" to Goldsmith's personality, a judgment worthy only of those who know no more of this supersensitive and self-conscious man than is contained in the wretched witticism of David Garrick. The illustrations are excellent,

but their captions are mere labels, and this, where the drawings by Maclise (who is not named) are concerned, is a pity and, as regards "Goldsmith's Grave," misleading. "Regina's Maids of Honour" will probably puzzle readers unfamiliar with the story of *Fraser's Magazine*. But a truce to fault-finding. As Goldsmith wrote, "a book may be amusing with numerous errors." Mr. Beresford Chancellor's pages are both entertaining and instructive. He has peopled the London highways and by-ways with many famous and unforgettable "ghosts," locating their familiar haunts and setting forth, usually with sympathetic understanding and often with vivifying anecdote, their varied and more or less immortal characteristics.

THE WELSH MARCHES.

By John C. Moore.
7s. 6d. net.
(Chapman & Hall.)

Border countries always have an atmosphere of lingering violence hanging over them. Racial traditions die harder in a country where nation once challenged nation, and in the light of intense patriotism everyday things such as cattle lifting and local greed and vengeance take on a nobler aspect. A vendetta assumes the proportions of an epic in next to no time, and it becomes a matter of life and death which side of a river you were born on. Nowadays it is pleasant to walk in those lands where brave things happened in the past, and Mr. Moore can be recommended as a guide to the western frontiers of England.



From The Face of Scotland
By Harry Batsford and Charles Fry
(Batsford)

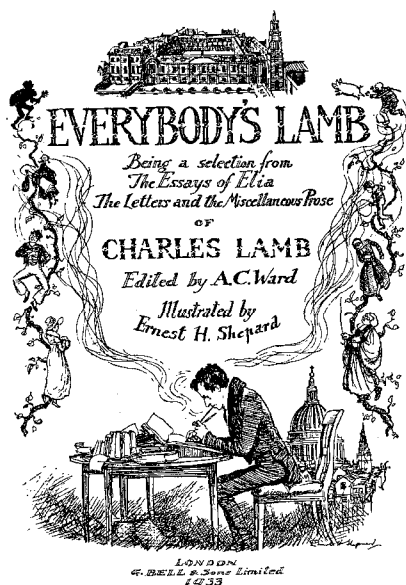
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LOCH LOMOND.

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By Anthony Bertram. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Bertram is very frank in prefacing his book as "a book of cackle. . . I have nothing for sale but impressions, thought and fancies." There is however some charm in meeting a person who travels for fun; is as frankly bored abroad as at home; refuses to look at something which is to him not interesting; and finds amusement in small mishaps by the way. Those who always travel along the well known tourist routes should read this book to realise what joys they miss.

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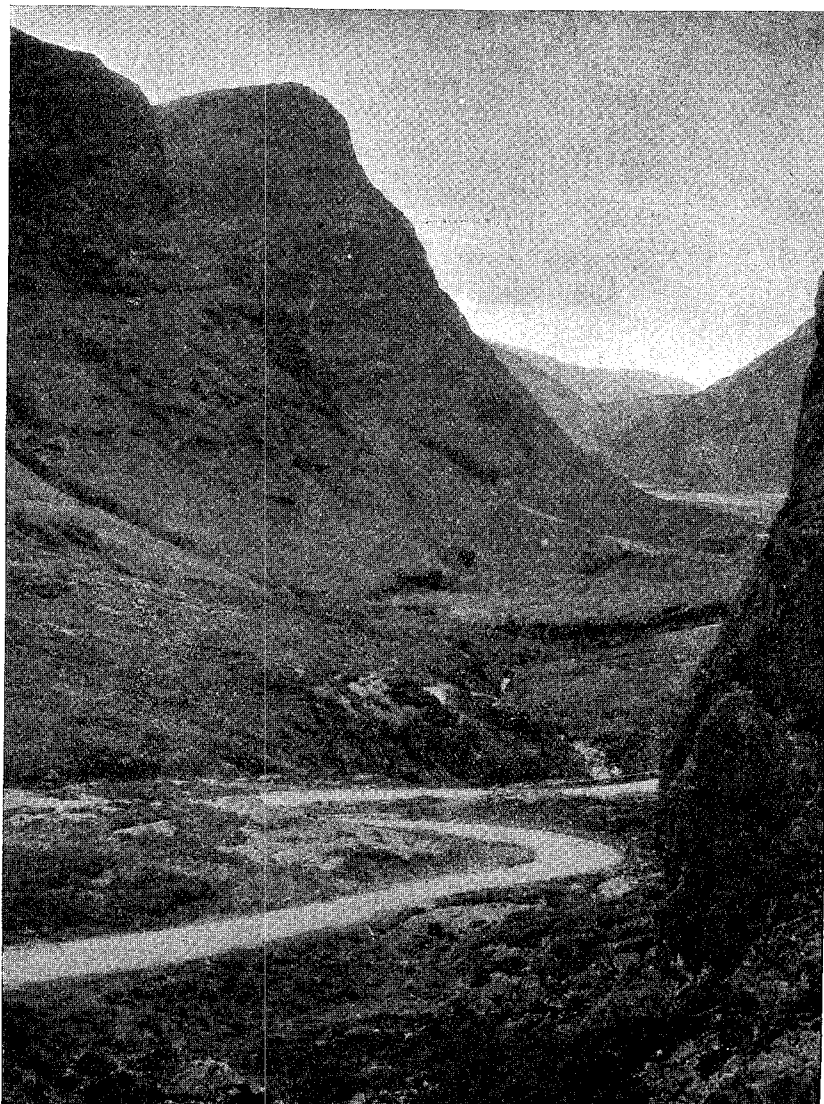
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From *The Face of Scotland*
By Harry Batsford and Charles Fry
(Batsford)

THE OLD ROAD THROUGH GLENCOE.

But Miss Haldane's book, so eagerly awaited, is in no way to be confused with this category. The authoress's name alone, declaring herself a daughter of a famous Scottish house, should command attention; and her sparing use of anecdotes should inspire respect among the writers of memoirs. In fact she only uses personal memories as a reinforcement when the mind rejects statements so incredible or statistics so unconvincing concerning the barbaric conditions prevailing in Scotland within living memory. When it is considered that the Scotland of only two centuries ago was to the cultured nations of Europe as Albania is to-day, and that even the plough was not introduced before the eighteenth century, it is not surprising that changes came with speed, and not without violence. She had far to go in a short time.

Descriptions of industrialism in the nineteenth century are always horrible, but in Scotland they seem to have been more than ordinarily horrible owing to the savagery of the workers and the early influx of the Irish. In fact ferocity seems to have been the prevailing characteristic of Scotsmen in the nineteenth century; in their religion, their evictions, their drinking, their upbringing, even in their funerals, it seems to have been the one element that one could count on.

The picture of Glasgow a hundred years ago, with its riots, body-snatching, public hangings, panic of the cholera epidemics sweeping across from the Continent, with local obstructionism making it impossible to prevent their arrival, the lack even of a decent water supply, and above all, the awful poverty, is truly terrifying.

Against this we get pictures of Edinburgh in its prime, when it really must have been the most beautiful city in Europe; Edinburgh of the advocates and terrific dinners

SCOTLAND

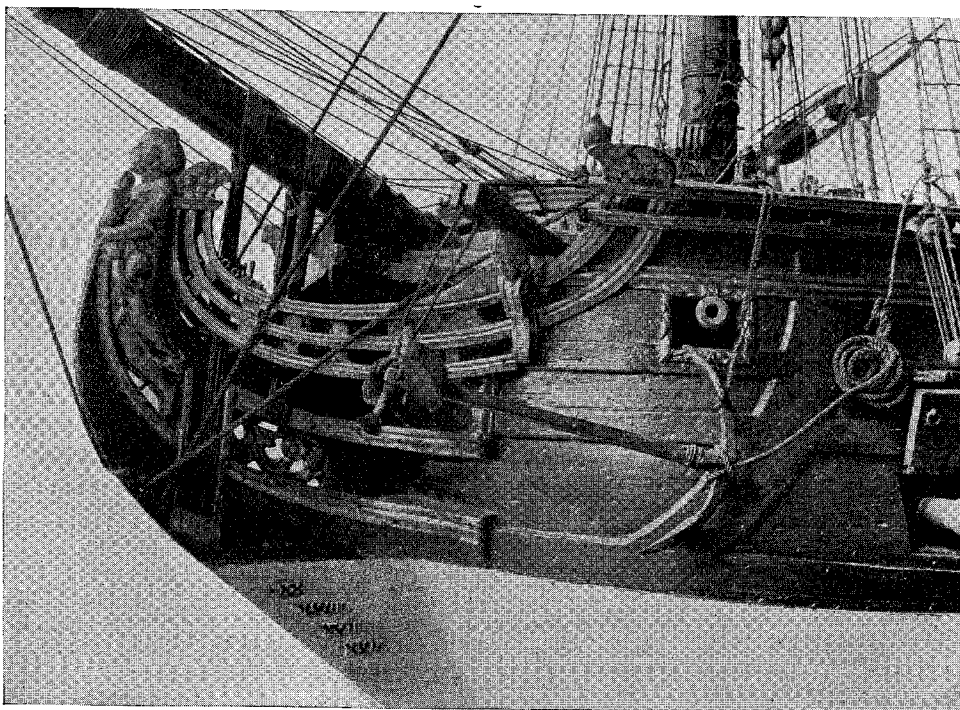
The Scotland of Our Fathers.
By Elizabeth S. Haldane.
12s. 6d. (Maclehose.)

The Face of Scotland.
By Harry Batsford and
Charles Fry. 7s. 6d. net.
(Batsford.)

In Scotland Again.
By H. V. Morton. 7s. 6d.
net. (Methuen.)

by R. P. Ross

It is nothing unusual for three books on Scotland to be published at the same time. They always come in covies, are usually written by Englishmen, and reek of a false eulogism which, it is fairly safe to diagnose, is born of a deep disappointment over the Scottish scenery or a sense of frustration at the inability to penetrate the character of the people. It almost seems as if Doctor Johnson was the last honest Southerner to visit Scotland and write a book about it.



From *The Old East Indiamen*
By E. Keble Chatterton
(Rich & Cowan)

DETAIL OF THE BOWS OF A DUTCH
EAST INDIAMAN OF 1725.
(By permission of the Director of the Nederlandsch
Historisch Scheepvaart Museum, Amsterdam.)

at five o'clock. We see Southey undertaking a journey with Telford to inspect his newly laid down roads. These had been built, nearly a thousand miles of them, along with 1,200 bridges and the harbours of the East Coast, including Aberdeen, with the money available from the Forfeited Estates Fund of 1745. With these funds, confiscated after the Rising, Telford was able to make the main roads

the kilt at the Levee despite the vain endeavours of Peel and Melville to dissuade him from doing so since he would be the first King of Scotland who ever wore it since the times of actual barbarism. But Lady Hamilton remarked that "if he's to be here so short a time the more we see of him the better"! The Earl of Aberdeen also objected very strongly to all and sundry being dubbed Highlanders.



From First Russia, Then Tibet
By Robert Byron
(Macmillan)

BRONZE DECORATION TO THE WAR OFFICE,
LENINGRAD, BY ROSSI (1819-29)

of Scotland superior to those of England. Miss Haldane stresses the debt that Scotland owes to the Commissioners of this fund and to their intelligent policy.

George IV paid a state visit to Edinburgh in 1822. Magnificently produced by Sir Walter Scott, it was one of the greatest social events of the early nineteenth century. There were unfortunate episodes, including "a disgraceful service" on the Sunday in which a great deal was made "of the honour His Majesty did us in visiting this barren and inclement clime where the rays of the sun were never seen to penetrate"; and the King's insistence on wearing

In this perhaps, as well as in the kilt episode, we see the hand of Sir Walter. The lack of differentiation between Highland and Lowland was always one of the novelist's weaknesses (a purposeful one, no doubt, considering the geographical situation of Abbotsford) and it was one which was to have far-reaching effects.

Even to-day the inability of visitors to realise the vast differences that distinguish the hard-headed, yet subservient man of the Lowland Valley from the lazy, proud, and comparatively recently defeudalised clansmen of the Highlands leads to a great misunderstanding of the



From Palestine
By Frederick De Land Leate
(Sheffington)

A PORTION OF THE TEMPLE AREA AS IT APPEARS
TO-DAY, SHOWING THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.
(Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.)

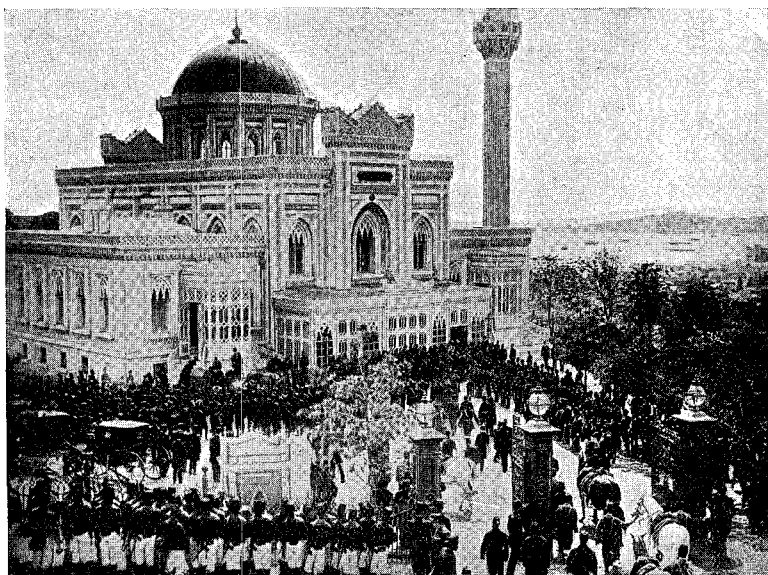
inhabitants. But the visitor is not the only person to rise up and blame Sir Walter for the spreading of false notions abroad. The Scottish laird, reminded afresh with each appearance of a new Waverley novel of his own nobility, length of lineage, and the fact that he was indeed a truly romantic personage, felt that he was not doing himself full justice.

The most usual form the reaction took was a new facing to his ancestral home, vast and romantic in the castellated style. A groaning board and the importation of the enormous wolfhounds, beloved of Landseer, followed in due course. Many of the ancient houses of Scotland were spoilt in this way, as their inheritors have been ruined recently by the falling-in of the immense mortgages it was necessary to raise for the rebuildings. Queen Victoria

was probably the aptest disciple that Scott ever had, and it may be said with some justice that the emulation of Balmoral was as much the ruin of the Scottish gentry as the failure of sheep-farming. Fortunately for the otherwise impoverished family, the planting of enormous tracts of coniferous woodland was another feature of the movement—a naked hill-side was as abhorrent to Romanticism as it was to Victorianism as may be seen from the classic example of Deeside in the neighbourhood of the Royal residence. The tree-smothered slopes, the pyramidally-cairned heights, the Favourite Views has been for so long the ideal conception of Highland beauty that it is only in recent years that a revolt against it has occurred.

Messrs. Batsford and Fry have produced an appreciative topographical survey and in doing so have made the best guide-book to Scotland I have read. They achieve success by sobriety and straightforwardness; “above all,” the authors remark, “a vigorous effort has been made to suppress that chanting note of Celtic rapture that so often manages to intrude upon otherwise sensible narratives dealing with Scotland.” The 115 photographs are quite the best of their kind that have ever appeared. One is glad to find mention of that strangest part of all Scotland, scarcely visited at all, lying between and about Loch Assynt and the great sea gap of Loch Broom, which besides looking like the oldest part of the globe in its fantastic, primeval desolation, actually is the oldest. The surface formation is a pinkish-grey rock called Archæan gneiss, considered the rarest and most ancient surviving fragment of the earth’s crust. Elsewhere it is found only in the Outer Hebrides and in the region of the St. Lawrence River.

Of Mr. Morton’s book there is nothing more to say other than it is exactly as it should be. It follows, then, that it is an entirely satisfactory book for all the host who clamoured for another Morton book about Scotland. He goes everywhere by car, and goes everywhere he should.



From Twenty-six Years on the
Bosphorus
By Dorina L. Neave
(Grayson)

THE SELAMLIK.

THE GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE.

By Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah. 8s. 6d. (Annis Archer.)

"All day the caravan trails its length along the golden plain, slowly, but with all the certainty of fate. . . . The caravan is the symbol of religious sacrifice. What inclusion in its ranks means to the devout cannot be stated in words. In many cases it implies a lifetime's hoarding and strenuous toil in order that he may behold the city of his desire. And for a reason he becomes again the nomadic patriarch who lies behind the history of his faith and fervour—the man who walks with Allah." And these desert-traversing pilgrims, whose only tangible reward for their long arduous pilgrimage to Mecca is the simple title of *hadji*, could on occasion be beguiled from their meditations. On such occasions, either at the end of the day's march, or on the march itself, rich is the reward of those privileged to listen to these far-travelled, slow-speaking story-tellers. Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah is one of those so privileged. And in "The Golden Pilgrimage" he has retold for us some of these fascinating tales in alluring language that almost conjured up the sparsely-shadowed wastes of sand, and the long column of pilgrims, and the sea-saw motion of the soft-footed camels, and the voice of the story-teller cleaving through the silence-filled desert.

Dip into this collection where you will and you will find a tale as full of romance as any in the "Arabian Nights," without the heavy sensuousness of the latter. There is for example the story of the "Rose of Istanbul," or there is an equally romantic tale set "in the ancient valley of Shariabad," a tale about the Sultan Hassan and the Princess Zahril. The author has done a worthy service in salvaging these Oriental romances. J. V.-T.

LETTERS AND DIARIES OF A. F. R. WOLLASTON.

Selected and edited by Mary Wollaston. With a Preface by Sir Henry Newbolt. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This volume should have a wide public. It is crammed with spontaneous descriptions which make such acceptable reading to those who want truth instead of fiction, and yet do not want to be lectured at. The many readers of Mr. Wollaston's "From Ruwenzori to the Congo" and "Pygmies and Papuans" will find in this publication a valuable supplementary comment. Those who like to acquire a smattering of many subjects will find in this book jottings varying from the first Mount Everest Expedition to how to cook potatoes to perfection; whilst all gardeners and all bird-lovers will find a feast—"A yellow primula covers the ground more thickly than do cowslips in England, and the air is laden with its scent. Many blue poppies, and a white anemone with five or six flowers on one stem."

My space is strictly limited, and I do not propose to dwell on Mr. Wollaston's travels, which he has told in his own books, or on the Mount Everest Expedition which is world famous, or on his invaluable research work, but on the charm of this book for those who are not particularly interested in any of these subjects.

On August 4th, 1914, Mr. Wollaston volunteered for service as a surgeon in the Navy; his reason for choosing the Navy was that on the previous evening, when dining at his club, he had sat opposite to a man who had "bored me so much with his harangue about the Army that I determined to throw in my lot with the Navy." Only fifty-two pages are devoted to the War; they include one of the finest descriptions of a manoeuvre at sea that I have ever read, and a description of the landing of his first salmon which will delight any fisherman. In December, 1915, he was sent to East Africa, at the special request of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, in connection with operations against German East Africa. He was awarded the D.S.O. for "conspicuous devotion to duty, and for his unfailing care of the sick and wounded. . . . During the operations in the Rufiji River Delta, he voluntarily attended to the casualties of the Rufiji River Transport service in addition to those of his own unit." GWLADYS WHEELER.

JOHN HERITAGE

*recommends seven novels for
your library list and
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FRANCIS ILES in *Time and Tide*

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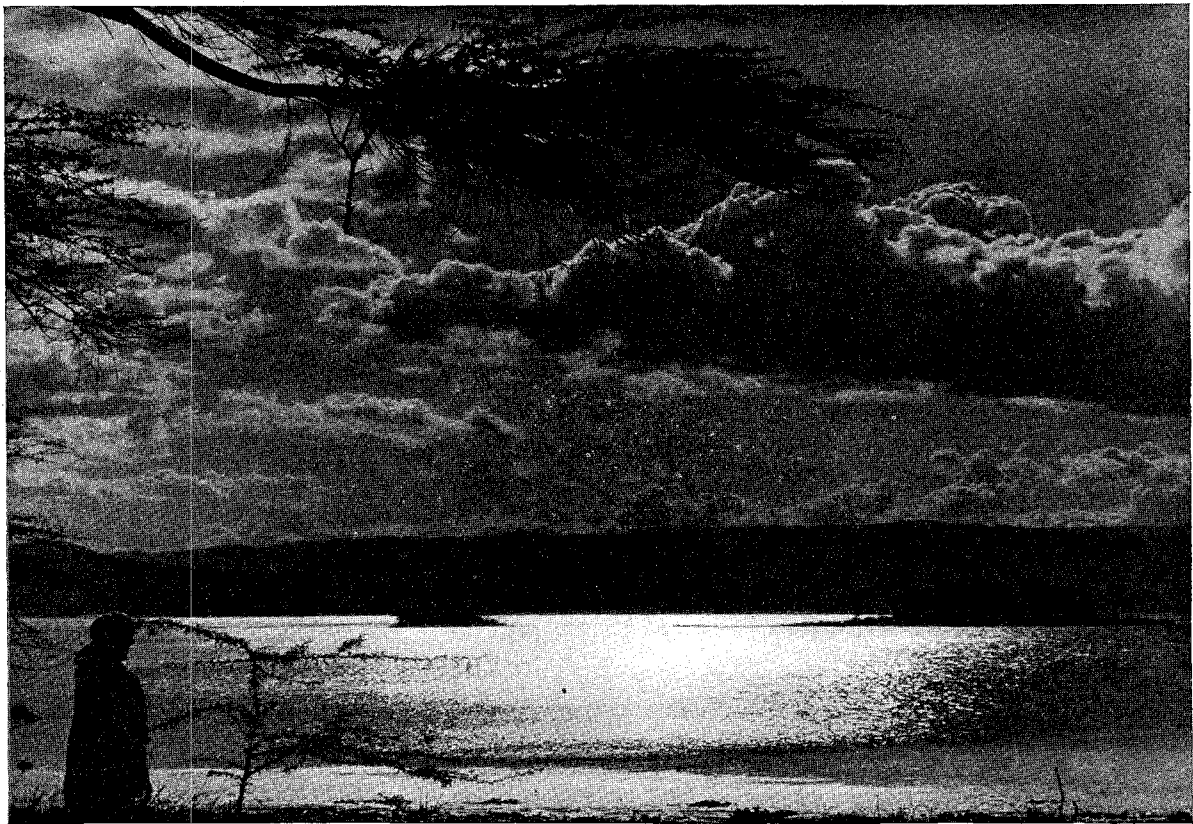
by FARREN LE BRETON. How the Rector of Willowmead became a changed man. "A story that has more truth in it than the reader will care to admit."—*New Britain*

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VIEW OVER LAKE NAIVASHA FROM THE EAST SHORE.

UNKNOWN EUROPE

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A Modern Sinbad.

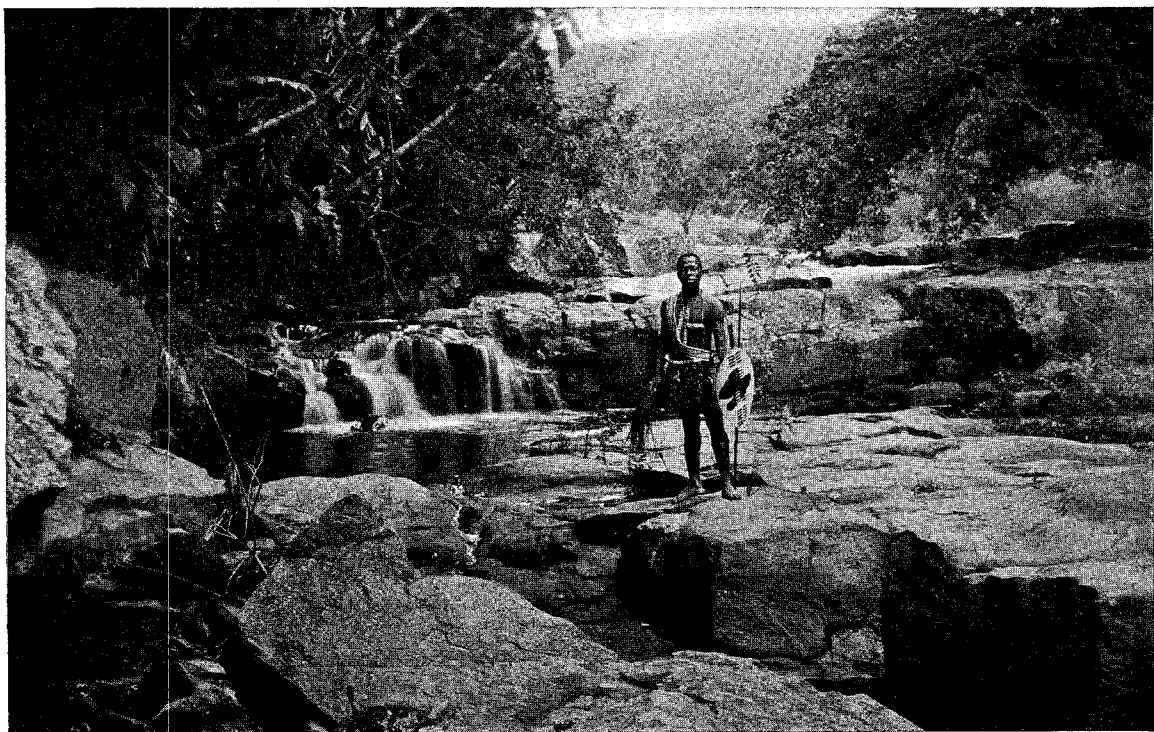
8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Greek Seas.

By Eric Muspratt. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

by Douglas Goldring

Mr. Henry Baerlein has made quite a corner in the more remote countries of Europe. Recently we wandered with him "Over the Hills of Ruthenia," then went "In Search of Slovakia," and then again to Transylvania. His latest book takes us to that part of the Spanish Republic which was the ancient kingdom of Navarra and of which the capital city is Pamplona. Scarcely more than twenty miles from Pamplona is Roncesvalles with its memories of Childe Roland and of Charlemagne's defeat. It is a



From Myths and Legends of the Bantu
By Alice Werner
(Harrap)

A SCENE IN NATAL.
(The home of some typical South African Bantu.)

noble country and its present-day inhabitants are evidently worthy of Mr. Baerlein's conversational adroitness. He has the art, as the saying is, "of drawing people out." Among the ripe characters whom he presents to us in recorded dialogue is the Marquis de Santa Cruz. This nobleman, after much argument, persuades his unpaid servant Arsenio—who as a sinner felt himself unworthy of the honour—to promise to continue to wait upon him in the Kingdom of Heaven! But the most important of Mr. Baerlein's friends, from the point of view of his readers, is Don Aquilino, editor of the *Pensamiento de Navarra*. With the aid of this perhaps imaginary personage the author contrives to give us an interesting and obviously well-informed account of the Spanish Republic as it is to-day, what it has already accomplished, its aims, intentions and leading personalities. And it is from the



From Palestine
By Frederick De Land Leete
(Sheffington)

EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE
HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.
(Photograph by American Colony, Jerusalem.)

lips of Don Aquilino that we hear how the personality of the ex-King Alfonso strikes the eye of one of the more intelligent of his former subjects. English readers, who take their ideas from the popular press, may be startled to hear of Alfonso's pro-German activities during the War and of his direct personal responsibility for the disasters which happened to his ill-provided army in the campaign against Abd-el-Krim.

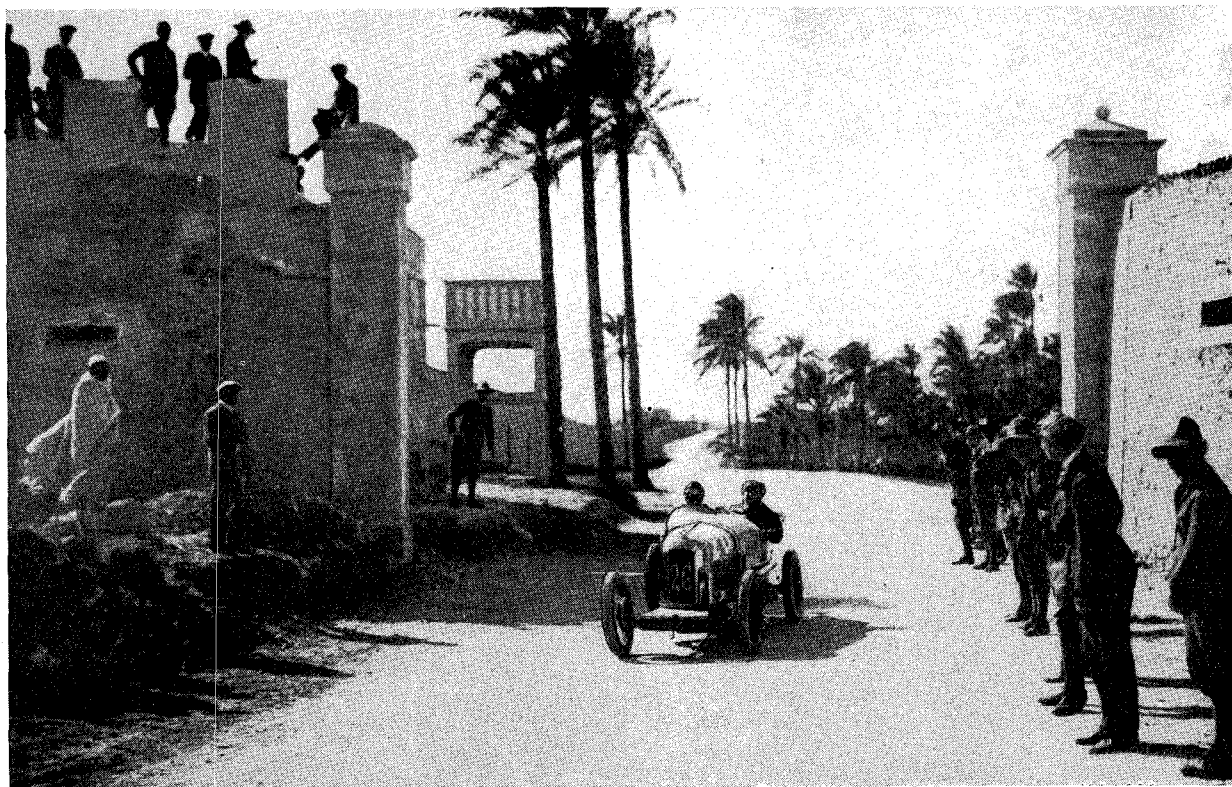
The whole book is little more than a series of conversations, skilfully recorded and presented. Some of them are mere garrulous prattlings, others amusing or touching revelations of character and outlook. But mixed up with all this trifling is much first-hand information, acid criticism and acute political comment.

The anonymous author of "A Modern Sinbad" is evidently well known in America as a writer of sea-stories, long and short. I have no clue to his identity,



From South African Summer
By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe
(Country Life)

THE OX-TEAM AT JAGERSBOSCH PULLING THE CAR
AND "MARIGOLD" ACROSS THE RIVER, AS THE BRIDGE
AND BANKS HAD BEEN TORN DOWN BY FLOOD.
(Photograph by D.U.R.)



From *The Modern Boy's Book of Motors, Ships and Engines*
(Amalgamated Press)

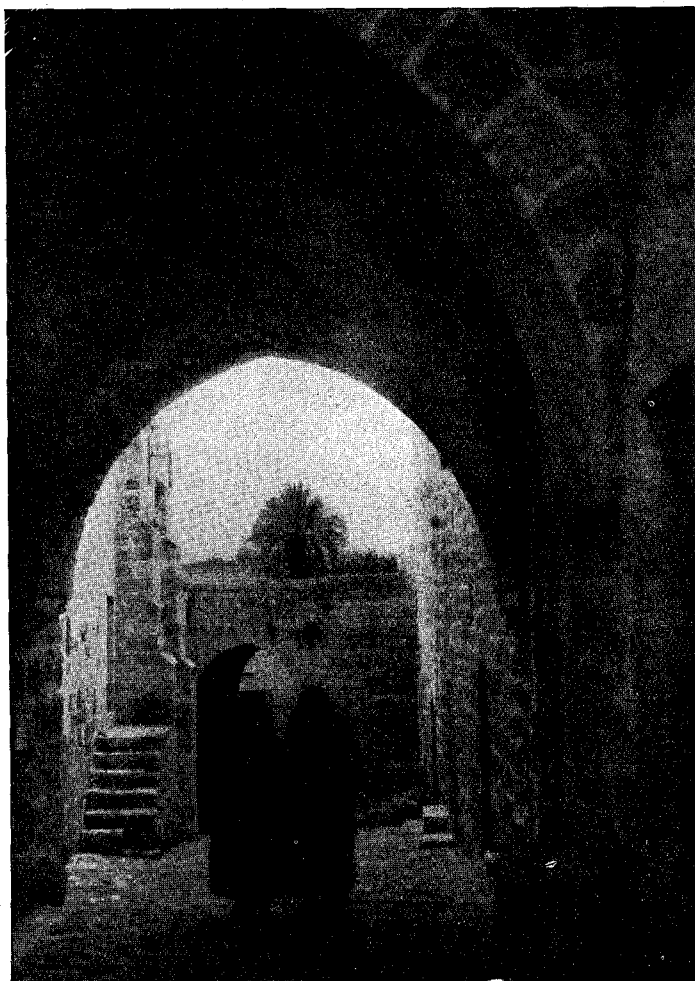
AN AMILCAR, COMPETING IN A NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR RACE, WAKES UP AN ARAB VILLAGE.

but if his fiction is anything like as good as this extraordinarily honest and exciting autobiography, he certainly deserves his reputation and the high prices paid him by American editors. Thrilling as are the accounts he gives us of his early life at sea, his shipwrecks, his treasure-hunt—a successful one, oddly enough—with a Pacific trader, his eleven weeks spent on a barren island in the Pacific Ocean and all the other incidents in his seafaring career, the chapters devoted to his home life and upbringing, his miserable marriage (which in the end nearly drove him to commit murder) and his attempts at managing his father's shop in Oxford are no less absorbing. He was born in the parish of St. Ebbe's at Oxford, in humble circumstances, and seems to have retained an affection for his native city although it was in New York that he found himself as a writer and achieved success. After some years of precarious existence in the United States, first as a footman in Pierpont Morgan's treasure-stocked mansion, later as a half-starved odd-job man, finally as an employee whose position was made impossible by his wife's behaviour, he contrived to

get his foot in as a writer for the American magazines. He had to learn the technique of his new craft, and he learnt it in a good school. His style is direct and

sinewy, without adornment and, in this book at any rate, exactly fitted to his material. If, as he tells us, he found the doors of those literary panjandrum who review only each other's productions closed against him, when he returned to England three years ago, he need not worry. His autobiography should reach a large and appreciative public without their aid.

I have not read any of Mr. Eric Muspratt's previous works but I gather that one of them has been described by Mr. James Agate as "a first-class book" and by Mr. Compton Mackenzie as "this masterpiece." I opened "Greek Seas" therefore with pleasurable anticipations which I am sorry to have to confess were not realised. It is short, 190 pages, and the print is large, but only a stern sense of duty enabled me to persevere to the end. The experience he describes—a six months' cruise, first in a Greek schooner with a Greek crew and afterwards in a yacht—was an enviable one. A desire to



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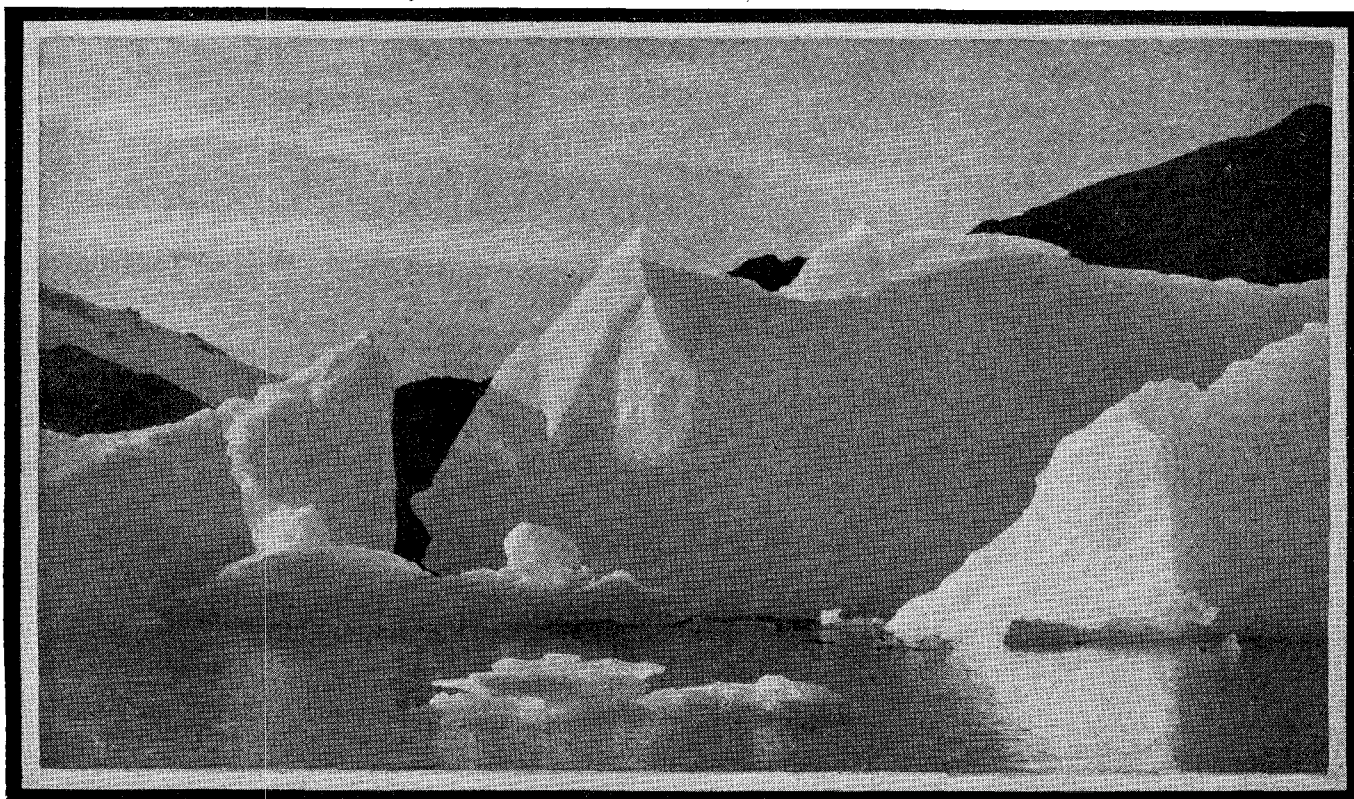
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From Where Tempests Blow
By Michael Mason
(Hodder & Stoughton)

IN THE RIVER OF ICEBERGS.

visit the "Isles of Greece" comes to most schoolboys who have to learn familiar English poems by heart, and remains with many of them all their lives as a secret longing. Mr. Muspratt refuses to pander to any such romantic nonsense. His concern is with his own doings, his successful haggling with a ship-owner, the routine of life aboard his schooner, his rather commonplace diversions on shore and his finances. It is very much what a young man might write in a letter to an adoring mother or devoted friend. Occasionally he throws in a welcome bit of Baedeker, as for example when he tells us that Nero began the cutting of the Corinth canal in A.D. 70, and had to give it up, and that the work was finally completed in 1891 at a cost of "nearly two and a half million pounds." He seems to have no feeling whatever for the magic of places. Even "purple"

Zante, "flor de Levante," which so many of us have dreamed about since childhood, only interests him because it offers the prospect of a "binge." This is how he describes his visit. The passage is typical:



From Edward Wilson of the Antarctic
By George Seaver
(John Murray)

FROM THE PICTURE BY
HUGH G. RIVIERE.

"We dropped anchor in the smooth and sunny waters of Zante Harbour. All hands were in high spirits at this arrival. They said that this of all the Ionian Islands was renowned for wine, women and song. They had saved their money from Patras. Only I had gone ashore in search of amusement there. There were several cabarets. One had a very good jazz band. But the drinks cost 15 drachmas (6d.) a glass for men and 40 (1s. 4d.) for women. And one can buy wine almost anywhere in Greece at about 1½d. the quart."

Judging from the praise he has received for his past efforts Mr. Muspratt must be capable of writing well. There is nothing in his latest volume to indicate it.

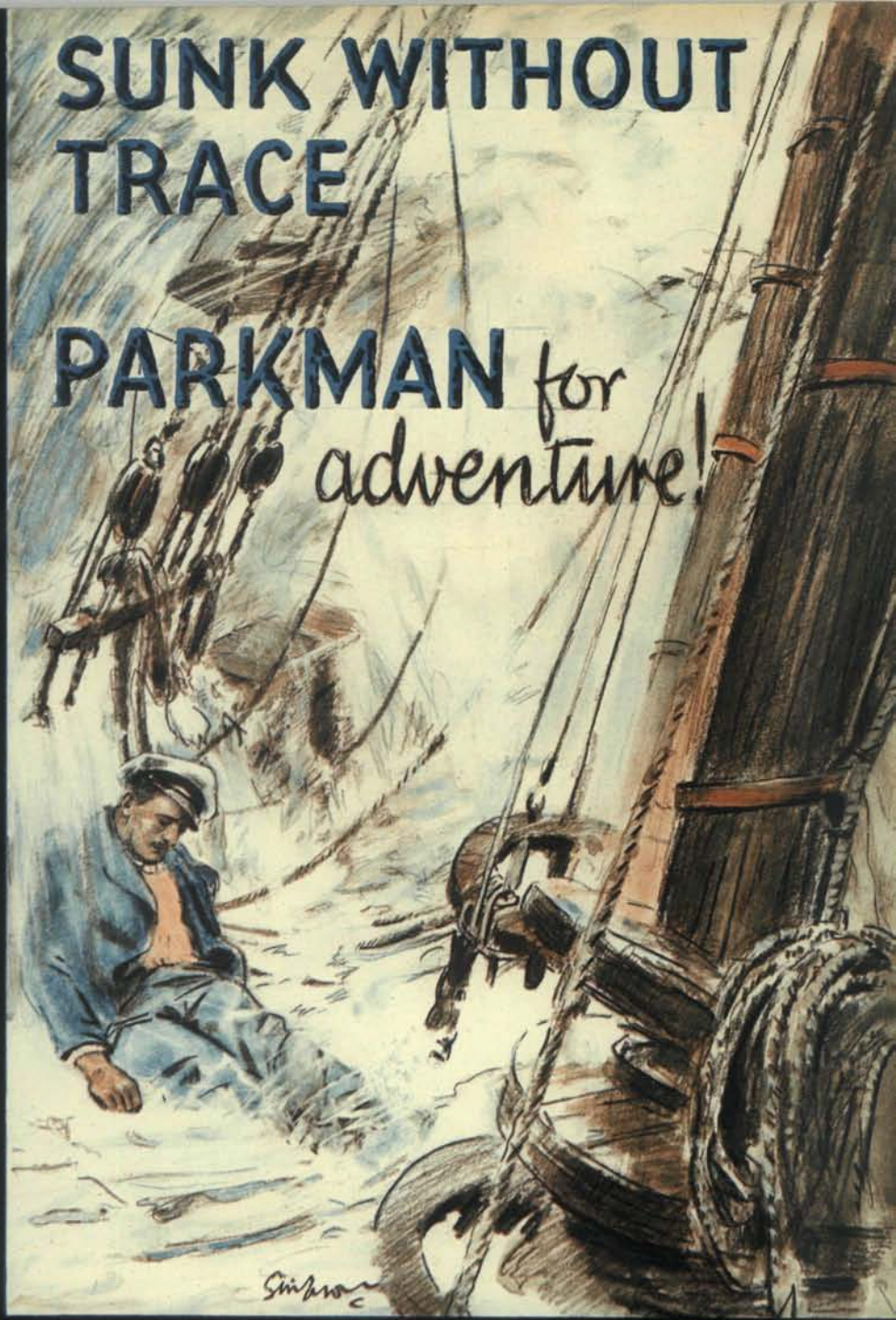
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By J. T. Muirhead.
10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Bygone Days.

By W. H. Somerset Bell.
10s. 6d. net. (Witherby.)

South African Summer.

By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe.
10s. 6d. net. (*Country Life*.)

by Moore Ritchie

True to form as a great hunter, Mr. J. T. Muirhead takes aim without fuss, hits his mark and ceases fire. A publisher's reader with discernment has chosen his book. Its thirty-three chapters are models of vivid directness, in which the least hint of mere literary art is thrust away in favour of simple narrative far more gripping.

"I could have paid my fare back to New Zealand, but this did not suit me. I had not seen half enough of Africa and was not going back till I had seen much more."

That sentence at the end of Mr. Muirhead's summary of his experiences of the South African War of 1899-1902, in which he served as a youngster fresh from his home across the Southern Indian Ocean, is the real prelude to his thirty years of adventure in the wildest countries from the Cape right up to the Sudan. Having penned it, he plunges into a story which for variety of thrills few white men can equal.

He started with an astonishing throw against fortune—and had a stroke of ill-luck that might have broken a less firm mind. Going to Kimberley, he went shares in

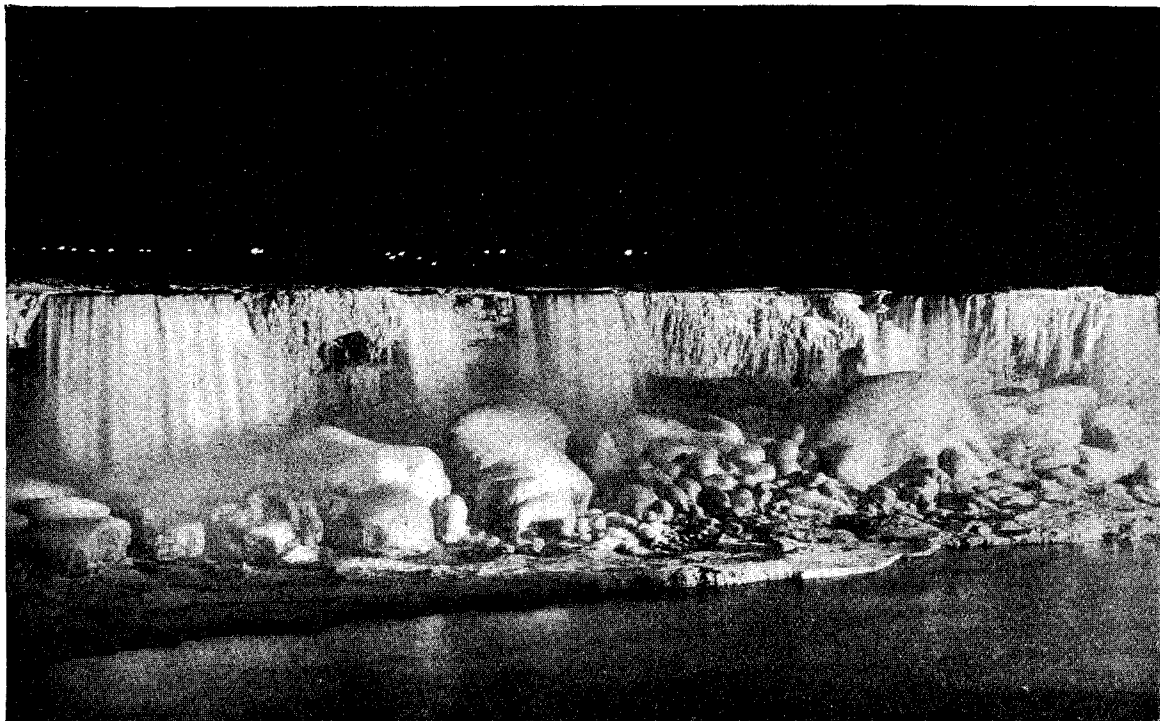


From Pioneers of Mountaineering
By B. Webster Smith
(*Blackie*)

LEAPING THE SÉRACS.
(By kind permission of Dr. W. Hunter Workman.)

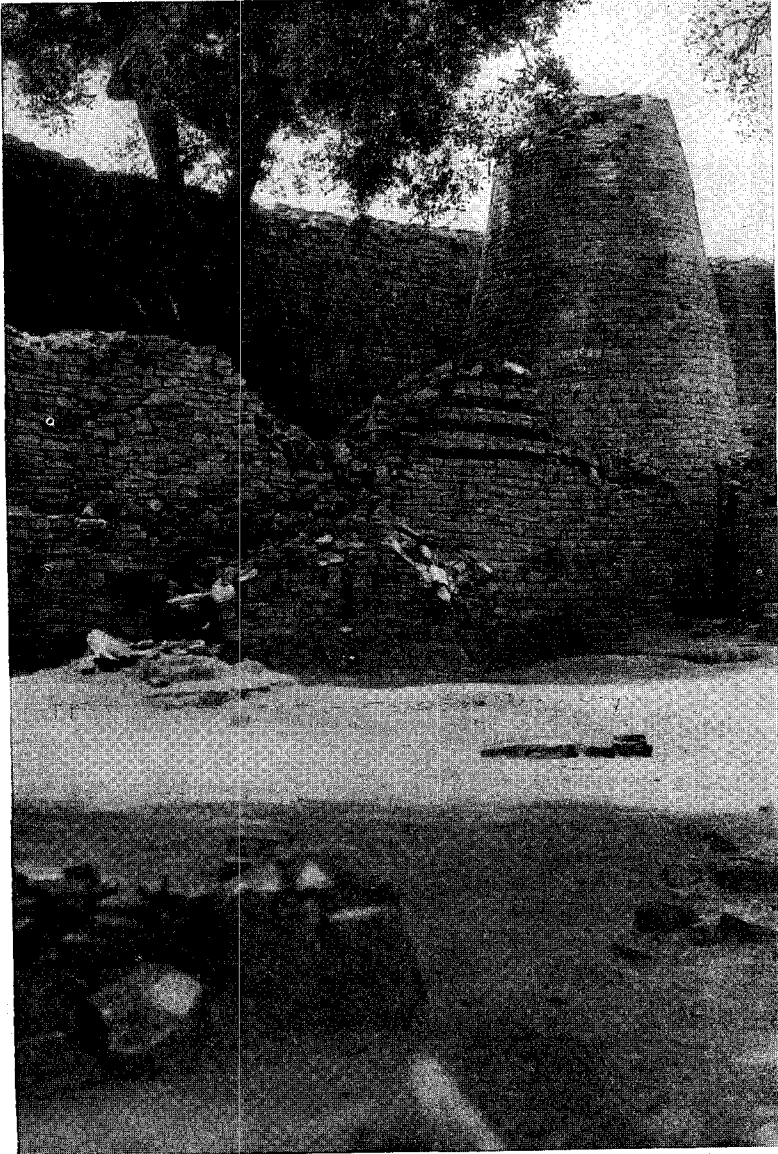
diamond prospecting with a dishonest scamp, who allowed him to put up all the money, secured finds worth thousands of pounds—and vanished with the lot, including even the author's personal belongings when young Muirhead had to go into hospital.

Fit again, but penniless, the author secured an engineering job, and made such use of his chance that he became fully qualified. Then the wander-fever took him again; he made for the North, trading into Rhodesia, and thence north again into the Barotse country, where he started the vocation that made him famous—the shooting of game for a living.



From The Book of Air and Water Wonders
By Ellison Hawks
(*Harvart*)

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER (1926).
Illuminated by arc searchlights



From *Myths and Legends of the Bantu*
By Alice Werner
(Harraf)

THE "TEMPLE," ZIMBABWE.

One of his first adventures was to find himself and his all-native party received and then trapped by a cannibal tribe, the chief of which played cat-and-mouse with them, with the pot in final view, until the white man and his followers got away by a ruse—though not before more than one of them had vanished to their horrible fate

Here is how they escaped :

"That evening there were only two cannibals on guard. The rest would be making preparations for the feast at full moon. I asked one of the *capitaos* [head-porters of his party] to come over to the tent, and told him to get four volunteers to fix the guards later on. . . . I told him they were to lie down and pretend to be asleep as usual.

"I watched from my tent and saw the two guards sitting by their fire, but they soon lay down, and after watching them for some time they appeared to be asleep, so I walked quietly over to the 'boys' camp. They were wide awake and the *capitao* sat up. I told him now was the chance. He whispered back: 'Leave it to us, *bwana*; we will make no mistake.' I crouched down and the four boys crawled over to the two

cannibals, and I soon saw they had got some of their own back for their missing mates.

"Loads were then picked up, and after putting more wood on the fires (as a blind to the nearby village, so that they should not suspect camp was broken), we commenced our trek southwards."

In this recital of the high-light of scores of narrow shaves, Mr. Muirhead writes exactly as he does from beginning to end of this most thrilling book. The tallest yarns of hunters are quite eclipsed here by stories that all have the stamp of truth on them.

As a straightforward narrative of human daring told with a direct and simple dramatic intensity, this book is one that Selous himself might have been proud to write.

The name of W. H. Somerset Bell has long been known and esteemed in South African legal and wider circles, and with a modesty and mellowness that might unwittingly deceive in a short preface, the author tells the story of incidents and events which have a big place in the country's history during his great span of life there.

Mr. Somerset Bell was, in days now happily past, one of the Reform Committee whose members were arrested at the time of the Jameson Raid, and with his fellows was jailed in Pretoria after seeing the "ringleaders" sentenced to death, as climax to one of the most extraordinary trials South Africa has known. The ordeal which the sentenced men endured—among them some of the most famous names in South African history—is described with a detail which loses nothing by its absence of bitterness and the touches of humour even with which the author lightens his narrative.

Mr. Somerset Bell, whose grandfather was one of the "1820 Settlers," more famous for their pluck in overcoming first hardships on arriving in the Eastern Province than for the treatment some of them received, skilfully carries his story through the early days of the seventies and eighties, up to and including the war of 1899-1902. He follows with a summary of the events that led to Union, the troubles at outbreak of the Great War, and the more hopeful era which has at length opened for South Africa.



From *The Gospel of the Sun*
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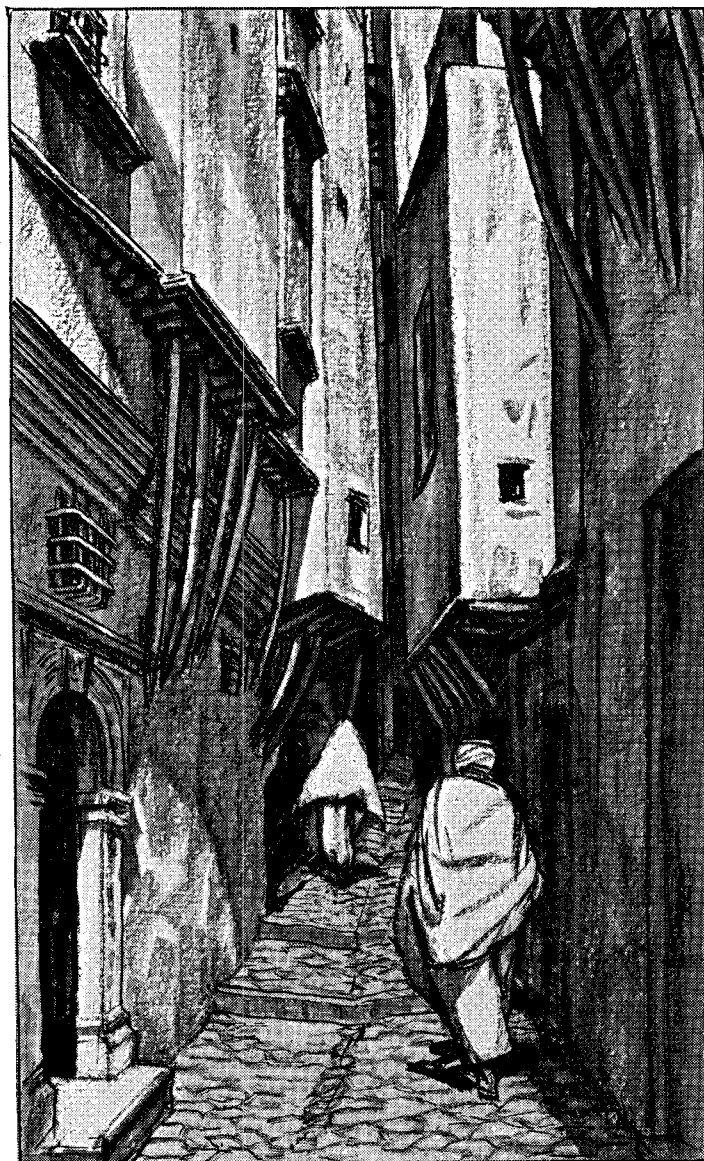
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From *Voyage and Discovery*
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NIGHTMARES OF HOUSES.

Incidentally his narrative of the war of 1899-1902 is so remarkably clear, concise and fair-minded that it might well be embodied in a textbook of history. The outstanding thing in a thoroughly interesting book, however, is the unique insight given into the native's view of the white man's customs and procedure, by the chapter, "Mhlakwapalwa at a Circuit Court." It is worth a dozen expositions on the subject.

Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, the author of several works of prose and verse on outdoor themes, touching little on life in the wilds or on the inner history of South Africa, has written a fascinating account of a motor-caravan tour along well-beaten tracks from Cape Town through southern Cape Province and Natal to the Basuto border. Her trip covered a total distance of no less than five thousand miles—coast and inland. It is described with many picturesque touches, reinforced by some beautiful photographs and a good map.

The author writes with pleasant lightness, and not the least attractive aspect of a thoroughly readable record is the description of practical details of vehicle and equipment.

Motor-caravanners, as well as those who enjoy a tale of open-air venture with civilisation's latest road travel amenities, will be wise to make a point of getting this book.

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Nansen of Norway.

By Charles Turley. 5s. (Methuen.)

The Old East Indiamen.

By E. Keble Chatterton. 15s. (Rich & Cowan.)

Deep Sea Salvage.

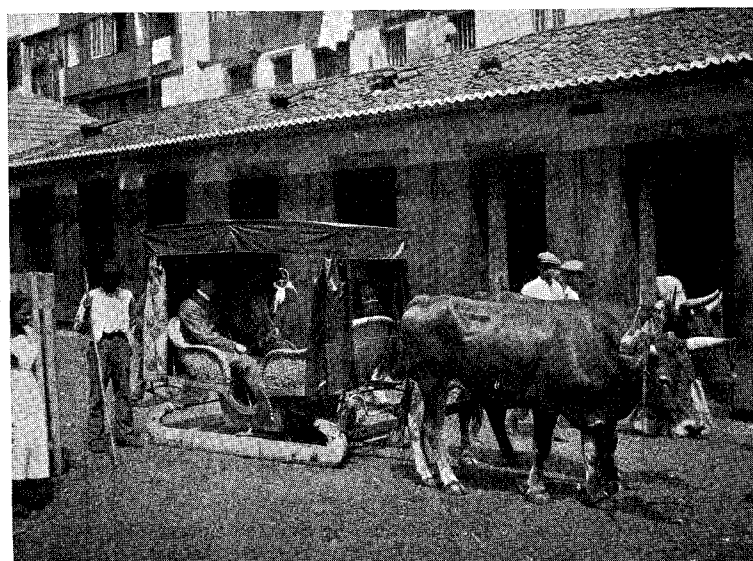
By A. Gowans Whyte and Robert L. Hadfield.
10s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

by D. P. Capper

"Adventure" has been defined as "an enterprise of hazard or risk." It may form the sole motive, it may be only an added inducement, or it may enter into an undertaking in merely an incidental way. But essentially it is of the same quality.

When Nansen was elected as Rector of St. Andrews University he chose "Adventure" as the subject of his address. The choice was symbolic of the man: Nansen was the true adventurer. Also he was that very rare phenomenon, a practical idealist; rather than the dreamer he accused himself of being. As biologist, explorer, author, diplomat and statesman Nansen left his impress on history; but all this is as nothing compared to the work of the last ten years of his life among the shattered jetsam of the War. It is probably true that the efforts of no single man have ever alleviated so much suffering. In the words of Lord Curzon: "Nansen was the only living man to whom the doors of every Chancery in Europe were flung wide open." There is material for a master of tragedy in the spectacle of Nansen appealing persistently, passionately and often vainly in the name of stricken humanity, to the embarrassed politicians at Versailles or Geneva.

Mr. Turley attempts no such heights or depths. His simply written book is practically a popular biography of Nansen the explorer. Two chapters only are spared for the work in repatriating prisoners of war, in relieving refugees from Russia, and the efforts at dealing with the Russian famine and the Armenian refugees. But even if the book dabbles in petty detail, all the essential facts of Nansen's life are well brought out. With its useful maps and the well-chosen extracts from Nansen's "Farthest North," it should attract readers who, knowing Nansen only as an explorer, will end by discovering the greater man. For somehow, in spite of his simple style, Mr. Turley has made Nansen live in these pages.



From *Ports of Call*
By Major W. T. Blake
(Grayson)

A CARRINHO (MADEIRA).



From *The Livingstone of South America*
By Rev. R. J. Hunt
(Seeley, Service)

**MULE-CART.
BULLOCK-WAGON.**

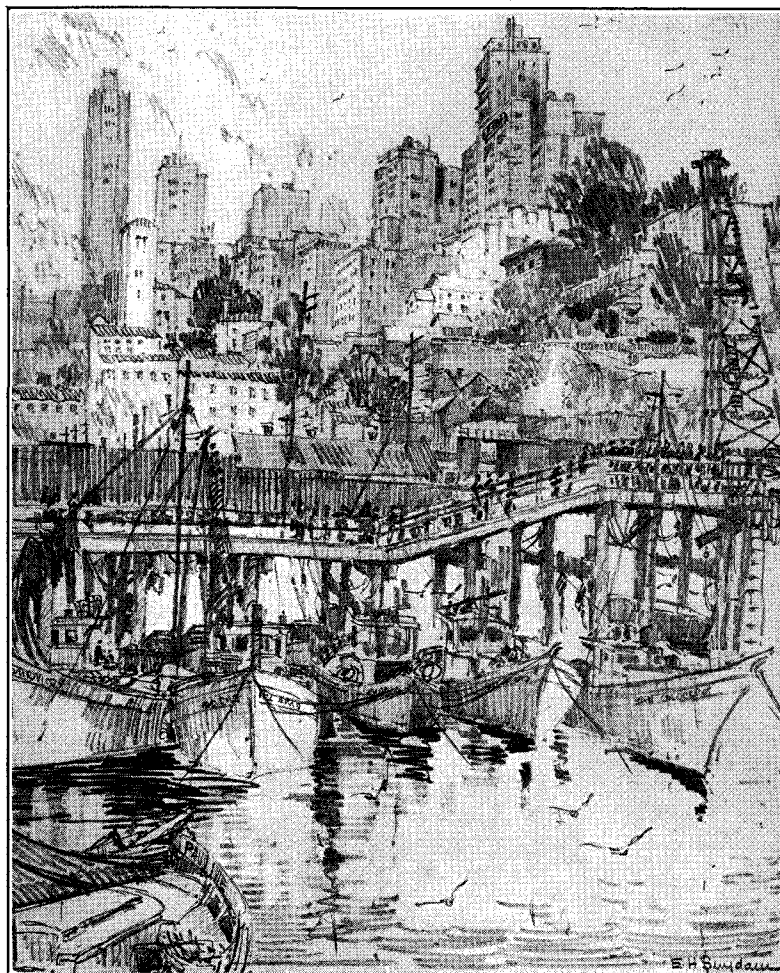
(Both mules and oxen are largely used Chaco travel.)

"Adventure" might be used to epitomise in one word the entire history of the East India Company. As to "John Company's" ships, romance clings about the very name of East Indiamen. Some twenty years ago Mr. Keble Chatterton compiled their story in comprehensive fashion, and his book has now been republished with many additions. He succeeds in leaving a deep impression on the reader's mind, not only of the ships but also of the scope of the amazing monopoly which—incidentally breeding other monopolies—lasted almost unbroken for over two centuries. (Captain Thornton's "History of the East India Company" states, by the way, that the monopoly lapsed in 1653 for four years. This may explain the loan of £60,000 to Cromwell two years later.) Mr. Chatterton does not give too clear an account of the struggles at sea of the English Company with its rivals, especially with the Dutch Company before Amboyna, but the area he covers is remarkably large. He is at his best when dealing with the building, the design and the sailing qualities of the East Indiamen, and the text is aided by some excellent illustrations. He shows how closely the organisation and discipline of the fleet followed man-o'-war pattern, and how the Maritime Service (as distinct from the fighting Bombay Marine) was drawn upon at times to reinforce the Royal Navy. "The Old East Indiamen" is a store of really valuable information—but it rather reminds me of some marine stores. A map or two would have saved the reader trouble; a bibliography might have been helpful; but there is one vital lack. It is astonishing that a book, claimed by the author to be the recognised authority, should have been republished without an index and with only arbitrary chapter headings as guides to the contents.

What Browning calls "the adventure of the diver" is the alluring theme of "Deep Sea Salvage." The joint authors of this copiously illustrated book have related a number of noted salvage feats, of almost every known class.

Especially commendable are their chapters describing and explaining, in just the right way for the intelligent lay man, the types of diving dress and the handicaps of divers. There is some tendency to dwell in detail on a particular salvage exploit (probably because full accounts were at hand) and to ignore or pass over others of equal value and interest. The immense work of the Admiralty Salvage Section during the War is dismissed in a few words, and the salving of the *Laurentic's* gold by the *Racer* is not mentioned. On the other hand, the book is rather overweighted by the constant references to the raising of the American submarine *S.51*—a fine achievement, which however owes much to the vividness of Commander

Ellsberg's narrative. But for all that, "Deep Sea Salvage" can be recommended as a really good book. Anyone with a leaning towards matters nautical or things mechanical will find hours of interest waiting between its covers.



From *San Francisco: A Pageant*
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TWO LIONESS SKINS IN THE FOREGROUND
AND AUTHOR IN THE CENTRE.**

THE LIVINGSTONE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

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"The Life and Adventures of Barbrooke Grubb" deserves an eminence in biography that so far it shows few signs of attaining. As a work of sympathetic exposition it resembles, so penetrative is it, a work of autobiography rather than biography. Barbrooke Grubb was perhaps the greatest missionary of his time; an intrepid explorer and fine pioneer. "He opened up quite a large part of the hinterland of Paraguay," we learn, "well warned that when he first entered that area he would never come out alive." But his life it appeared was charmed, for not only did he live through the Paraguayan expedition, but survived, some years later, an attempt made by a guide of the name of Poet to murder him.

He expanded what theologians call the outposts of belief to the savagest peoples—working all the time without either the assistance or protection of governmental authorities. The Rev. R. J. Hunt, who was his friend and who is here his biographer, has

not failed Grubb in any sense in the compilation of his Life. The account of it proceeds with an unprotestative dignity through incident after incident, like the pressing forward of Grubb himself to his destinations. This is a book which in the highest degree moves the reader with its undemonstrative power, its simplicity of diction, its implicit stateliness.

PIONEERS OF MOUNTAINEERING.

By B. Webster Smith. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Boys who get hold of this engrossing book will be fired with

the ambition to become mountaineers. The author tells of famous mountains and mountaineers, describing in detail some of the most hazardous and exciting climbs. The conquest of Mount Kamet, the attempts to climb the Matterhorn and the tragic Whymper expedition, how Kilima-Njaro, Africa's highest point, was overcome, and other accounts of valiant climbs form a book of unusual interest. Very fine photographs have been used by way of illustration.



From Letters and Diaries of A. F. R.
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A F. R. AT BENCOMBE, 1929.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

THE OLD EAST INDIAMEN.

By E. Keble Chatterton.
15s. net.

There is little need to do more than salute—but salute with emphasis—the republication of this “classic.” It is nearly twenty years since “The Old East Indiamen” was published, and copies, even through second-hand book-sellers, have been difficult to obtain. Commander Chatterton was himself rather diffident as to bringing out the volume anew. But as he himself recognises, a new generation has sprung up since the first edition, and interest in our maritime history has perhaps never been greater. Moreover a considerable amount of fresh material concerning the Old Honourable East India Company’s doings has been unearthed, and has accumulated through the years. So in many respects matters can now be viewed from somewhat different angles. Having undertaken the task of republication, Commander Chatterton, as one would expect, has carried it through with the greatest accuracy and his well-known gusto. This edition includes a great deal of entirely fresh material, and the author has also revised the original throughout, making such emendations as further knowledge warrants. All the illustrations in the book form an entirely new set as compared with those in the first edition. It is platitudinous to say that the story of the Old East Indiamen is one of the most fascinating in the world’s history. This, their saga, is one of those very fine books of which it can be said they demand to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested of all—it should suffer the “doom” of becoming a textbook! Everyone connected with it is to be congratulated.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FLYING MAIL : A PAGEANT OF AERIAL PROGRESS.

By Harry Harper and Robert Brenard. 10s. 6d. net.
(Routledge).

This is a story which demands a Kipling touch—the authors quote as epilogue sentence his “Transportation is Civilisation”—and Mr. Harper, who has already the “Evolution of the Flying Machine” to his credit, and Mr. Brenard, meteorologist to the world’s first daily air express, are both imbued with such a spirit. They have absolute first-hand knowledge of aircraft. Mr. Harper

stood on the cliffs at Calais when Blériot set off on his flight across the Channel twenty-four years ago. He was with Graham-White when he made the first flight, carrying mails from Blackpool. It is about fourteen years since the first commercial daily air service was instituted between London and Paris. And now we have the great Empire air-mail organisation of some fifteen thousand miles route, and the original three-seater planes have been replaced by the forty-two-seater multi-engined air-liners carrying nearly one hundred thousand letters weekly. There is everything aerial in this book—the authors tell, quite laconically, of chickens hatched in England, reaching Moscow within twenty-eight hours of leaving London, and

thus having their first solid meal in Russia ; of the “Plum Pudding Air-Express” ; of rest-houses in the desert and jungle ; of designing and building a mail-plane ; of the control of air-traffic ; of the special chartering of mail-planes. And our authors have the moral to their entrancing tale. When one is in the habit of “dropping in” on cities in different lands—and it is a habit which is of continuous growth—“one begins to think of one’s fellow-men not as citizens of any particular state, but as citizens of the world.” More power, one may wish, to the engines—and to this vital book.



From *A Modern Sinbad*
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“SINBAD,” ON HIS ARRIVAL AT BERMUDA
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By Conor O’Brien.
12s. 6d.
(Blackwood.)

Mr. O’Brien’s was genuinely a voyage of discovery. He set out from Falmouth in his yacht *Saoirse* in quest of an island of which he knew nothing. The voyage was exciting. On one occasion the yacht caught fire in a storm ; on another it was almost wrecked. At last he reached his

island—Iviza, one of the smaller members of the Balearic group. Disappointed at first, he soon discovered that it was a land of ancient cities and primitive industries, of valleys and gorges, forests which grow in the midst of desolation, and high hills which break down in cliffs to the sea.

In addition he touched at Gibraltar, Malaga, Cartagena, and the coast of Africa. Written with charm and humour, and with all the freshness and unexpectedness of genuine discovery, and beautifully illustrated by Katharine Clausen, this is one of the most delightful travel books of the year.

FICTION



From Big Fish and Little Fish
By Paul Unger
(Routledge)

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The Curse of the Wise Woman.

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No Castle in Spain.

By William McFee. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Probably Stormy.

By Muriel Harris. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The Walls Are Down.

By John C. Moore.
7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Escape To Life.

By Ferenc Kormendi. 7s. 6d.
(Chapman & Hall.)



From A Nice Long Evening
By Elizabeth Corbett
(Appleton-Century)

by **Norah Hoult**

Sometimes it happens to a reviewer to receive a batch of books several of whose authors might be related to each other under the skin. They may not be telling the same tale, but the reader can discern that in several cases the approach to any given problem or theme would be along almost exactly parallel

lines. In the present instance none of the six books on my list is even cousin to each other, though each is a characteristic and usually good representative of its class. On the other hand, and with the exception of Lord Dunsany's new book, none is remarkable for any originality. So many good books; so few original books!

Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's book is not of course a novel and should be excepted. Her pilgrimage is guide-book with a difference. The wrapper explains that the writer "last winter had the fortunate and original idea of achieving some sort of rest cure by just going places in trains. She certainly cannot have wasted much time because her observation of all that was going on around her has been tremendous."

Going places in trains, observing tremendously, and writing about the fruit of these observations is certainly unusual considered as a rest cure. Few of us are likely to emulate Miss Royde-Smith when we really require a long rest. However she has made for us a very attractive personal book ranging from an account of the best teashop in Monmouth to the recording of epitaphs and whatnot in churches and cathedrals. Drinking China tea—whenever it is procurable—arriving in hotels when they are in disarray owing to preparations for Christmas festivities, reading and quoting to us her friends' books, praising the amenities of the Great Western Railway, and the buildings and other attractions provided by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Miss Royde-Smith proves herself to be usually a pleasant and always an informative and shrewd travelling companion. There is only one place which she really dislikes, and that is surprisingly Chester. And without having anything to say for or against Chester myself I found this chapter the best in the book.



From Sunshine and Shadows
Over a Long Life
By Lady Mary Meynell
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THE BOOKMAN
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Lord Dunsany takes us back to an Ireland which he says "they tell me is quite gone." It is an Ireland of great hunts, of shooting snipe and the wild geese; but because the writer is Lord Dunsany, and partly perhaps because the country is Ireland, there is poetry and mystery as well. And a little of politics, but just as it were shadows of men with guns in their pockets, who lurk at odd moments, and whose threat, realised or unrealised, just adds that touch of the sinister necessary to complete the values of the picture.

For it is a picture we have here, a picture of the mystery and beauty of the bog, and of the way in which Marlin's mother, the Wise Woman, saves it from those who would exploit it commercially. At least we need not believe she saved it, just as the English workmen paid no attention to her curses; but whether we believe or disbelieve, no reader will forget the final wild scene when she welcomes to her aid all the storms of the Atlantic and all its rains, and loses her life after the gusto of that welcome. There is strangeness and beauty and sorrow here, and all within a small and unobtrusive frame.

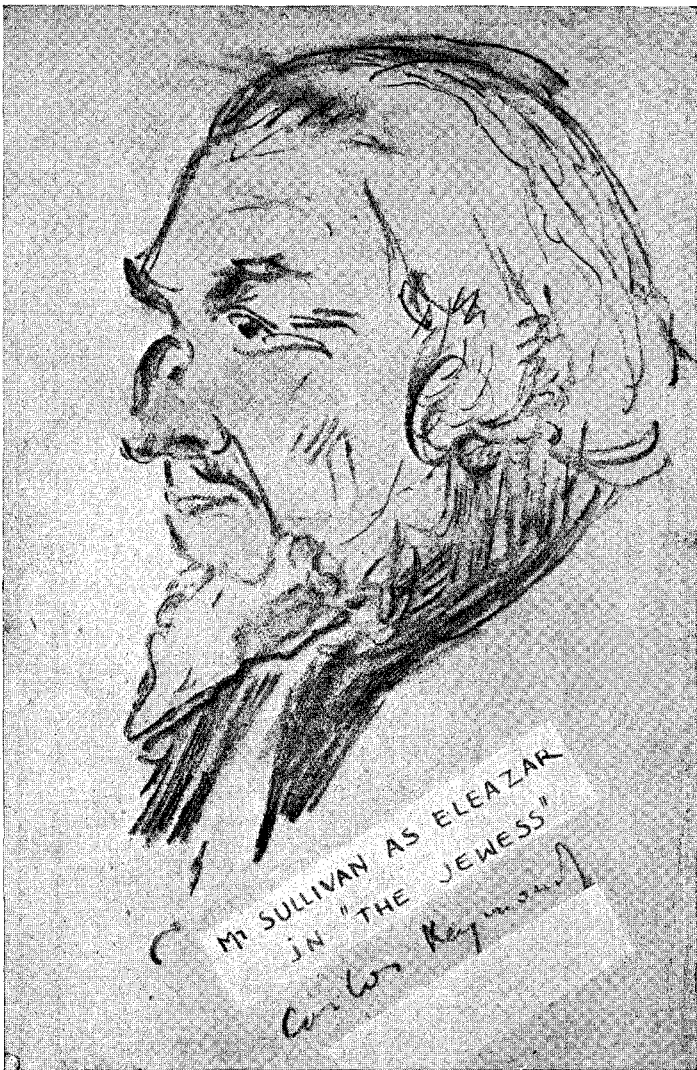
With Mr. William McFee we come to the professional novelist: that is to say the man who really has a story to tell and can tell it so that it holds our attention the whole while. It is a little the fashion to sneer at the professional novelist, but the fact remains that whoever can tell a good story without at the same time assuming that we must drug our intelligence merits our admiration. The brand in this case is the sophisticated sentimental but never the sugary or the romantic sentimental.

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on his journeys and his eyelids are a little weary with regard to women—with whom he determines no longer to be entangled.

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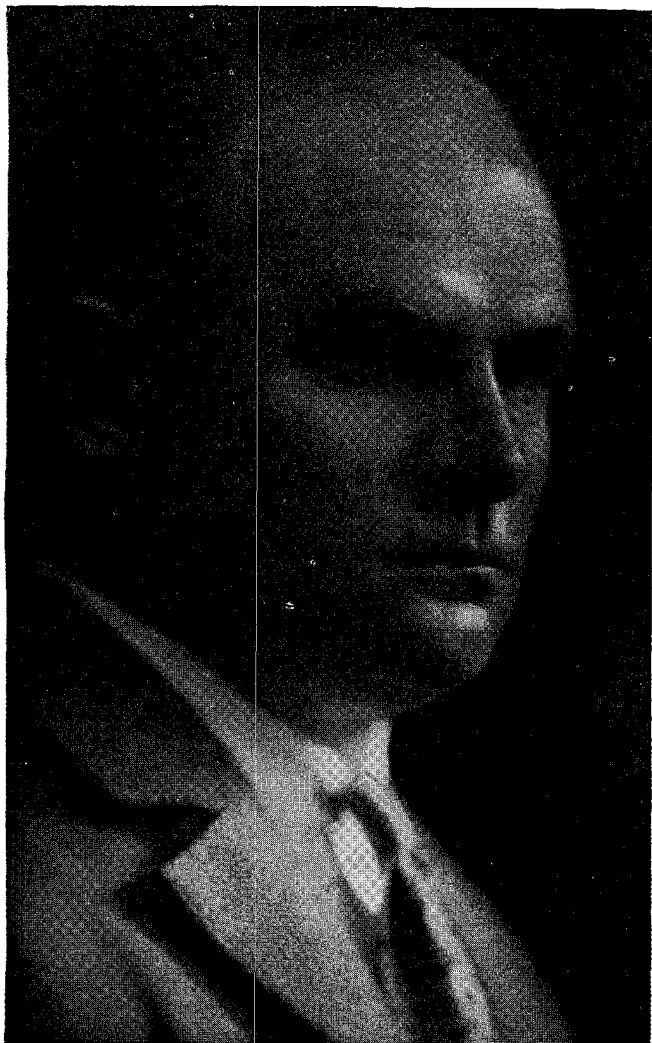
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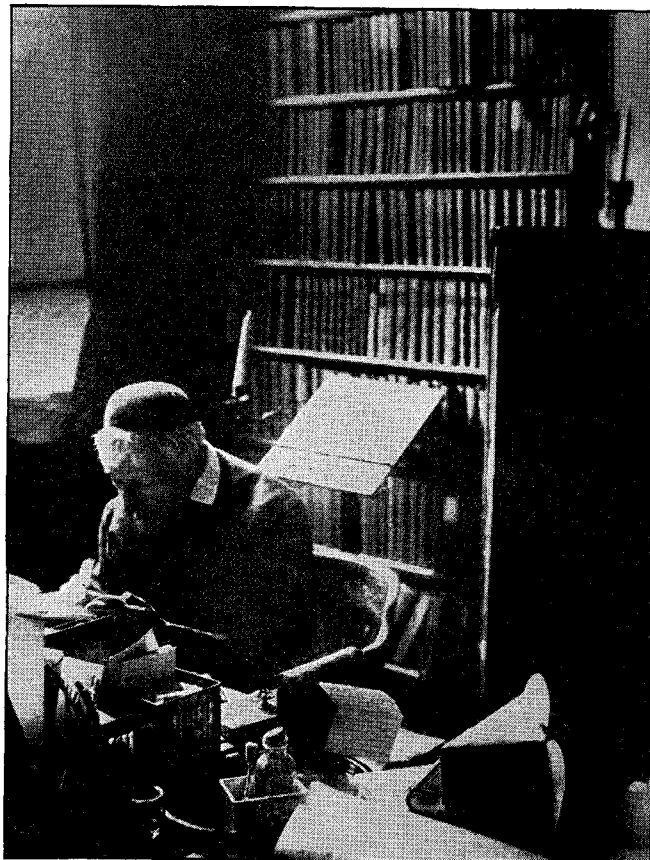
BELFAST



Hermann Köhl

From *Airman's Escape*
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with a touch of English county blood about him and immense wealth—who reigns as a despot in the Central Andes; and though our hero distrusts the alliance he does not dissuade her from going. It is chance more than anything which determines for him the rôle of knight-errant when Yvonne repents of her bargain. And knight-errantry as played in leisurely fashion over South America is in this case given more than a dash of psychological interest. If the skeleton and termination of the narrative is conventional, Mr. McFee is the more to be



From *Newman and His Friends*
By J. Lewis May
(John Lane)

NEWMAN AT HIS
WRITING TABLE.

congratulated on putting the breath of warm life into the conventional.

"Probably Stormy" is another readable novel with a good enough story to it; but I doubt if a masculine author would consider credible as a hero such a completely selfish and indeed silly person as young Christopher Chesil. Christopher lives on everybody and very especially on two infatuated women, one his wife, another who hopes to become his wife. The one attempt he makes to earn a



From *I Look Back*
By Arthur Compton-Rickett
(Herbert Jenkins)

SWINBURNE AND HIS OXFORD FRIENDS.
Swinburne is second from the left seated.

living is to pay good money over to an obvious trickster who launches or pretends to launch a new Parisian weekly. Of course Christopher is an artist—in this instance an architect whose design for a new National Theatre in the final outcome wins the competition. And again he has charm! And eventual success and charm in an artist answers all things! If Miss Harris had not provided her (to me) unpleasing hero with such a pleasing wife, Jessie Cloud, daughter of a tobacconist in the King's Road, Chelsea, I would not grumble so much.

Mr. John Moore writes a book which I do not intend to dispraise when I put it in the Youth class of fiction. He contributes a preface in which he tells us that he is writing the story of two of his own contemporaries and goes on to add: "We stand quite alone, and our situation is a strange one. We missed the blood and the bullets by about eight years: a narrow margin in the eyes of the stars. As children we felt the faint backwash of that terrible tide. Then, for a little, the world seemed to slip back into security. Everything was going to be the same as it had been before. . . . A year or two later we began to realise that there was something wrong; the wheels were sticking. . . . We stand bewildered, perhaps pardonably so, while almost everything we were taught to believe in rips to tatters in the winds. . . ." And so on.

Now a preface such as this is inartistic because self-conscious and in this instance superfluous. As Mr. Moore says his Kenneth and Audrey do not concern themselves with world affairs: "they worked, they loved, they suffered, they failed and began again." His point is that



J. C. STOBART
Author of "The Gospel of Happiness" (Geoffrey Bles).



From The Life of Katherine Mansfield
(Constable)

K. M. AND J. M. M.

declared it to possess the qualities of a best-seller. Again to quote from the wrapper's description, "Toni Kadar and Andor Kelemen are adrift in Budapest after the War—young, bewildered, certain only of their desire for money." This is true, for from beginning to end these men, and particularly Kadar, with whom we are most concerned, are swayed solely by the desire to possess women, and to exploit others so that they may live without working. It is the mentality of the thief and the coward of which we read here, and for my part I found the whole energetic production distasteful. But there it is—it must possess the qualities of a best-seller since best-seller it is!

Kenneth and Audrey are "typical perhaps of the best of their generation and class; but the answer to that is that it is not the artist's business to tell about people, young or old, who are the best of their age and class, but just about people.

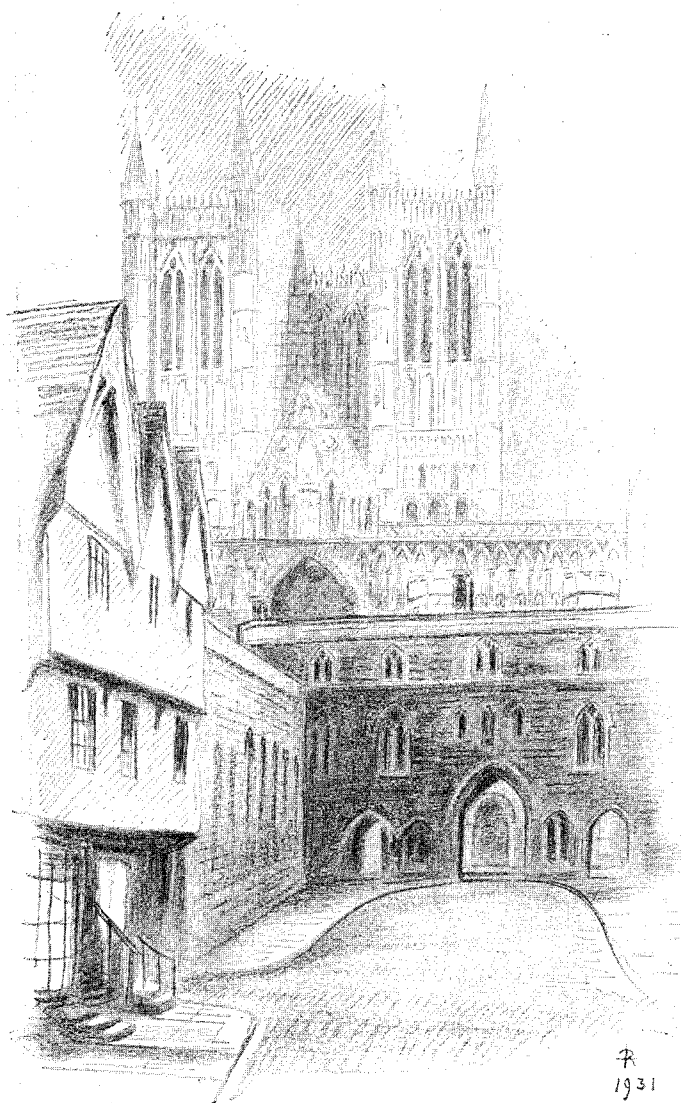
This being said, we go on to read a surprisingly good, intelligent and even sensitive book in which while we never get to very close quarters with either Ken or Audrey, since they remain just two very nice young people, there is an exceptional amount of good human incident and humour. For Mr. Moore is not just a clever young man with a capacity for superficial and unkind observation and a deal of inverted sentimentality: he has a capacity for detachment and an understanding of sane values. In a few years, when he has outgrown his fluency, he will write a very good book indeed.

Of "Escape to Life" we read that it is the "Winner of the International Novel Competition and published in seven countries with great success." And that among other virtues "a strong committee"



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THE AVATARS.

By "A. E." 6s. (Macmillan.)

To those who know "A. E." only through one or two lyrics, this prose fantasy may come as a fine surprise. "A. E.'s" prose (here at least) is poetic prose; his bias is decidedly spiritual. He secures an effect of swiftness and fiery light both in narrative and dialogue.

"What we are looking for is not a new heaven, but a new ladder by which we may climb from earth to the ancient skies." This remark by Paul, the hero of the story, describes the hope of the group of artist rebels whose kinship in belief is conveyed with simplicity by Mr. Russell. Presently an Avatar appears in the guise of Aodh, a shepherd boy. He is suspect to his grandparents:

"He ate the porridge and milk the old woman gave him and talked about the sea and the artist who was painting the mountain, but did not speak of the shining figure he had called the Shepherd of the Starry Flocks. He knew, though he was loved, that they looked doubtfully at times upon this child of their child, and that they wondered often if he was indeed a changeling as the people of the hills said of him."

He is then shown as a man, with his mate Aiofe. The two wander over the earth, till the evil forces in men attack them, and they disappear. Their fame spreads through mankind; the artists think they have found the germ in whose absence belief has died and "left only a grey Eros without desire dwelling in the heart."

"The Avatars" must be distinguished from the kind of fairy tale a poet like Mr. de la Mare writes. "A. E.'s" magic is derived not from the wish to "load every rift with ore," but from the intensity of his belief in his own vision. Such a writer merits especial attention.

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The two chief characters in the book are Martin, a novelist, and Benjamin, an artist. Martin lives a sheltered existence on an island in France. A humanist with an ordered and "sensible" outlook, he preserves his precarious balance only at the cost of deliberately excluding from his scheme of things nearly everything that is most significant in life and blinding himself to the need to give himself to people or to some cause. Benjamin, on the contrary, is an unstable but inherently a nobler character, haunted incessantly by his awareness of his loneliness, and tortured by his recognition that life makes demands upon the individual and that he is unable to meet these demands. He tries to find salvation in love, only to be flung back more violently than ever upon himself. Eventually he upsets his canoe while reaching out to touch an unreal flower seen on the water in the moonlight, and is accidentally drowned. "Benjamin was at first much missed by his friends. But the personality of the dead man became unreal to the living, absorbed in their own affairs."

The author fails to suggest either a goal or a path, but his analysis of aspects of the existing situation is accurate and subtle. His attitude is implicit in his choice of the unicorn, an unnatural animal with a horse's body, a goat's beard and a lion's tail, as a symbol of the modern intellectual.



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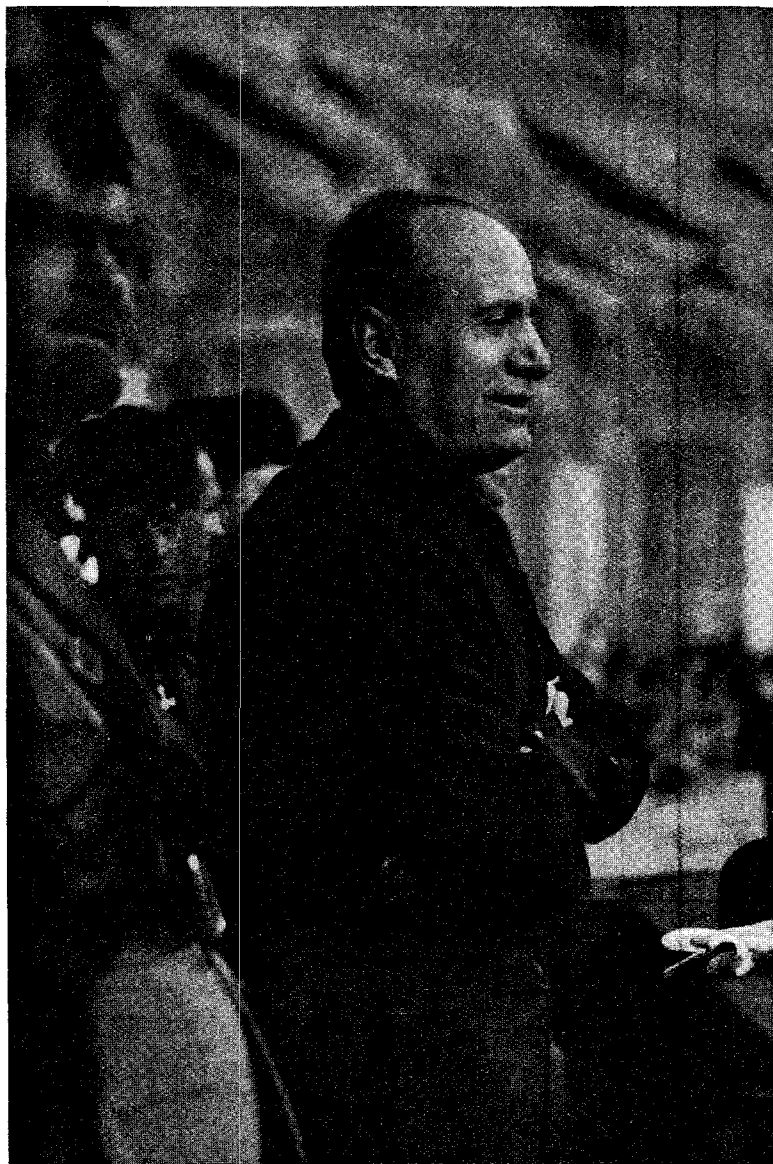
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It is a sign of this Age of Frustration, as Mr. Wells calls it, that there seem to be two principal ways in which intelligent modern writers react to the world about them—that of Attack and that of Escape. Of the five novels here noticed, two belong to the former class and three to the latter. Conrad Aiken's "Great Circle" for example aims a can of vitriol at *homo sapiens* with a concentrated ferocity that reminds one of Swift's denunciations of the Yahoos; though it is another and a more recent Dubliner whom one thinks of when Mr. Aiken gives us such a passage as:

"... Is it
Squads left
Out with him

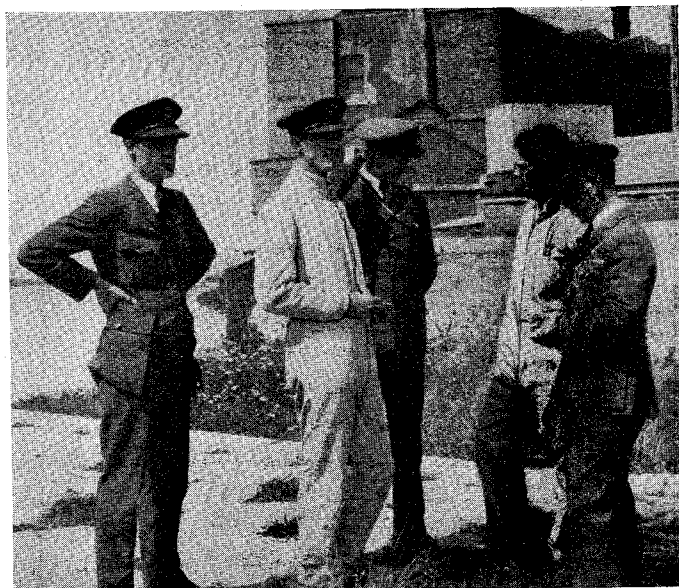
It's the wibbotts what
this is that ghost again under the rim of my
hat this is a dream is it the bad kind or the
good kind . . ."

The bad kind, one would say; and if this sort of thing were all, "Great Circle" would hardly deserve Aldous Huxley's claim that it is "written with beautiful taste and an astonishing verbal felicity." As it is, one is willing to concede the latter if not always the former.

The theme is marital infidelity; a husband has been betrayed by his best friend, a Cambridge professor, and tells his story to another friend in half crazed and increasingly alcoholic garrulity. The strength of the book lies in the extraordinary pungency with which the man's passion and bitterness expose themselves; his mind, in its agony, races like a slipping clutch, volleying puns and allusions and mockery in a continuous bombardment of fluent American vernacular. For the Cambridge of the story, one must hasten to add, is Cambridge, Mass. "Great Circle" may not please the average English novel reader, but as a contribution to the world's hymnology of hate it has the merit of sustained freshness and a gusto which is bracing even when it is savage.

Miss Delafield's "attack" is a politer business altogether, but its cold and scintillating ruthlessness is in some ways a more deadly weapon. In "Gay Life" she deserts her provinces and takes to the Côte d'Azur, where her story reveals a fortnight's goings-on in a Grand Hotel. That Riviera hotel life does not show human nature at its best will scarcely astonish the reader; and if in this sense Miss Delafield appears to be flogging a dead horse, it must at least be admitted that she has almost flogged it to life again. Her types are individuals even when they are familiar; we meet for instance the chauffeur-tutor who is just too much of a tough to be a gigolo, the wealthy American, the middle-aged woman who pursues young men, the elegant and penniless sponger,

the beautiful adventuress, the concierge, the courier from the travel agency, and so on. Miss Delafield pins them neatly under the searchlight of her chilly satire, and the result is vastly entertaining. Buckland, the



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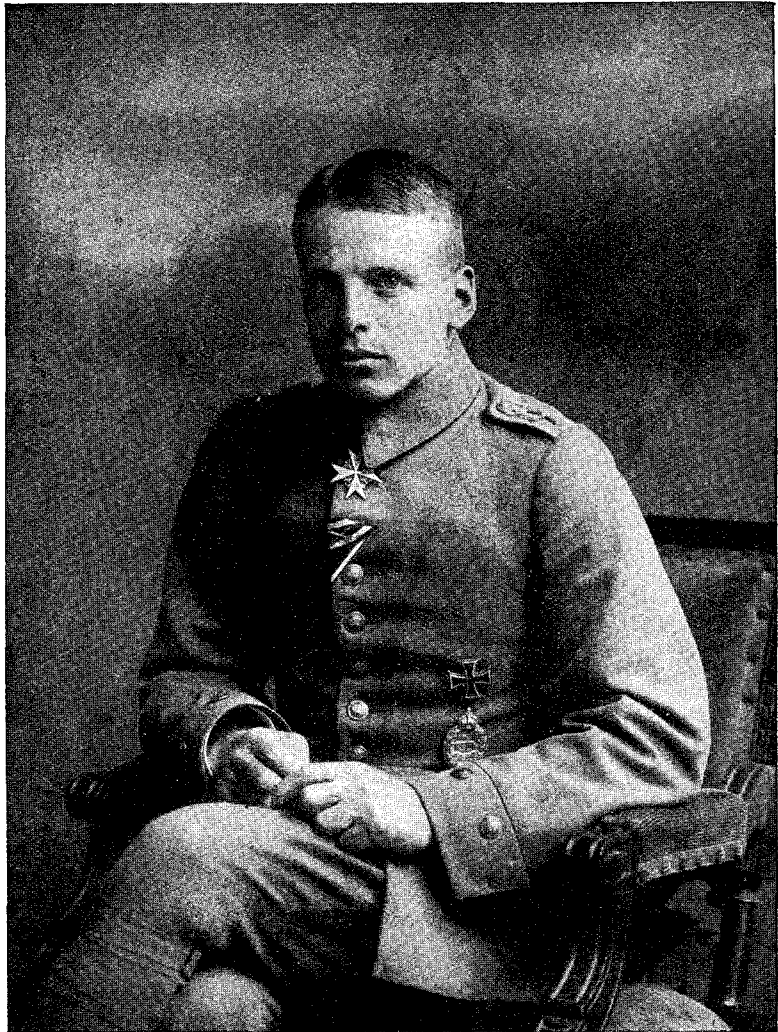
pseudo-tutor, is perhaps the gem of the collection; and next to him the odious private secretary with his justifiably acute inferiority complex. A little strangely, perhaps, the authoress is less successful in presenting a lady novelist; one simply cannot believe that Chrissie would have fallen for the secretary even temporarily. Still, the book as a whole is amusingly acid, and its rogues gallery is full of hard and brilliant portraits.

Of the "escapes" Miss Keown's is perhaps the most remarkable, since she introduces the reader to a prep. school on the South Coast which is curiously and pleasantly unlike the prep. schools that so many novels have been written about. Situated in an old manor house adjoining sea, downs and village green, and presided over by a head master with a charming wife and a taste for good sherry, the school is a haven to which Mr. Thompson appropriately brings his manuscripts, his fish-tanks and his eccentricities of mood and manner.

He would not, one fears, have been much of a success in the average prep. school; but this Shillingdean was different; it was a school fit for heroes to teach in, and there were touches of the heroic in Mr. Thompson. Certainly his genial extravagances were better catered for in the manor-house attic than in that outside world which, Miss Keown gives us to understand, was so eager to acclaim him as a noted zoologist. And in the end Mr. Thompson escaped even from his attic; he was last seen on the road with a company of wandering gipsies.

This is a fragrant book, not easy to analyse or explain; but readers of "The Cat Who Saw God" will remember Miss Keown's darting, inconsequential wit. "Mr. Thompson in the Attic" has the same qualities, and Mr. Thompson himself is a huge delight.

"Jack Robinson" is the story of a boy who runs away from home, hoping to take ship and visit all the romantic places he has read about in



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travel books. Instead, he falls in with tramps, professional beggars, market-place cheapjacks, and even less reputable people. Eventually he is able to say to himself: "Why visit the mountain lakes of Totuhantepec or the lagoons of Maracaibo when steam still rises in Tottenham Court Road out of a coffee cup?" It is not an original discovery, but it is here worked out with considerable skill, and the character of Jack himself, with his



From *Back Stage*
By Philip Godfrey
(Harrap)

CINDERELLA, 1897.
(Illustration by Pearl Binder.)

odd private shyness and his verbal self-dramatisations before strangers, is pleasantly subtle. The name of Proust is linked on the jacket with Mr. Beaton's technique of story-telling, but there is really no need for this; "Jack Robinson" could be enjoyed by those who have never heard or spoken the highbrow monosyllable. It is indeed a saga of roads, inns, farms, common lodging-houses, and "those obscure and sordid shops found only in England where stale cake, tea and cocoa are provided at little marble-topped tables up till late hours of the night." And it is, too, an escape; for, as the hero boasts during one of his self-dramatisations, he has in him a strain that "shows itself sometimes as a repugnance for this too agitated, luxurious modern life."

There was a similar strain in Mr. Nelson Salt, the hero of Edward Mousley's new novel "Mr. Salt Finds Happiness." This Mr. Salt was a dentist in the East End, married to one of those massive and masterful women who have been, in novels at any rate, the cause of so many male escapes. Mr. Salt would rather have been an *old* salt than a middle-aged dentist; so one day he motor-cycled to the coast with a young and pretty companion named Calceolaria Sneape, bought a 20-ton sailing-barge with two cabins, a saloon, and a cook's galley, and proceeded to the enjoyment of a richer and fuller life. The richness was considerably increased by the arrival of his old surgery charwoman (a rollicking person named Mrs. Fugg), and by ripening acquaintances with a neighbouring barge-owner named Captain Thrombow and a sprightly lady of the manor named Miss Carr-Crumple. It will be guessed from this nomenclature that Mr. Mousley mixes the hearty with the picaresque, but it is not

quite the mixture as before, for he has his own highly individual qualities of wit and vivacity. As it develops however the story acquires a characteristic which physicists are fond of calling "entropy"—i.e. an increasing randomness in all that happens; so that the reader tends to lose grip, even while he continues to be entertained. I enjoyed Mr. Salt and Mrs. Fugg, but I am not sure that I enjoyed them quite as much as the author intended me to. Anyhow, Mr. Salt found happiness in the end, and his "escape from the old life, from bondage to freedom, from the dead to the quick, was symbolised in all the world only by his ship."

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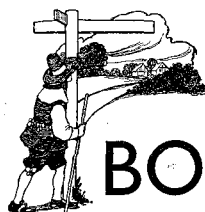


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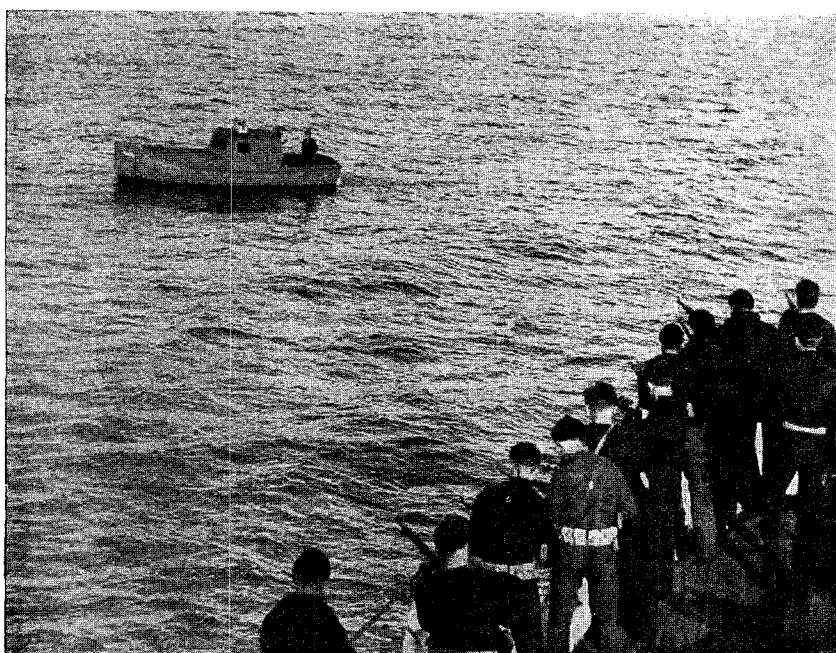
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From *New Zealand Holiday*
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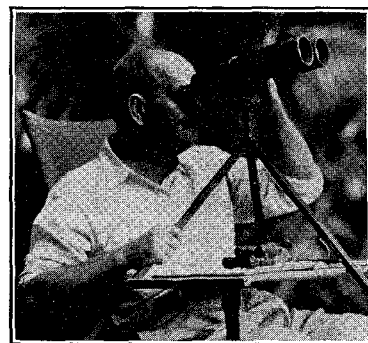
**A MAORI OF THE OLD SCHOOL
SHOWING MAT AND CARVING.**
(N.Z. Government Publicity Photo.)

later the stranger is discovered near by, lying dead, apparently the victim of a murder, the plot becomes more than ordinarily absorbing. Mr. de Vere Stacpoole always knows how to write a good romantic tale, and the drama is heightened by the splendour of the Eastern setting. Thyark, the Commissioner of Police, is human in his compassion for the girl and his determination to shield her from further calamity whatever risk he himself takes, and the story moves through a tangle of mysteries to a wholly satisfying climax.

Miss Bridget Lowry's "To-morrow's Giants" seems to possess all the qualities a really good book should have. It is beautifully balanced, the characters are intensely alive, humour is an integral part of the characterisation and story, just as in life, and above all we get a fine sense of the courageousness of human beings which lifts them above their sufferings and misfortunes and pettiness, and somehow seems to make everything worth while. The optimism of the book is no flowery sentimental emotion, but the optimism of courage. Katharine Harvey-Adams has lost her only child, her husband is imprisoned for fraud, and she goes into a Suffolk village to start life afresh and to have a home ready for him to come to on his release. The story ends on the eve of his return, and in the interval we have penetrated the lives of the people of the village, rich and poor, and know each one with an intimacy that renders all their small joys and sorrows matters of infinite importance. The Derrimans, Miss Smedley, Colonel and Mrs. Clements, the adopted niece, Simon, Katharine herself—how real they are! And how one is moved alternately to laughter and tears! An interesting feature of the novel is the light it throws on modern village life. Gone is the local squire;

the gentry are mostly retired military men and wealthy tradesmen; people of family are, like the Derrimans, reduced to such poverty that they hardly mix in local society. Miss Lowry can describe places with the same clarity as she describes people. We see with curious distinctness the stable over which Katharine went to live, the paved court, the old arch, "built irregularly of brick, and covered with creeper," which gave a glimpse "like a picture in a camera's view-finder" of the garden beyond. And we get a clue to the book's title in poor, ineffectual Mrs. Derriman's reflection: "There is an experience of powerless childhood which, frustrated now, turns to the future, saying in imagination: 'This day, this hour, this moment of frustration has passed; this is to-morrow.' For to-morrow, being ever unborn, is for ever shapeable to man's desire."

"Pitiless Choice," by Miss Margaret Pedler, is also set in rural England. The appearance of motor-bandits in the first chapter signifies that the story is quite up to date, and I suspected at once that Jenifer, the girl in the car, was going to fall in love with the young man who came to her rescue. She did, and he fell in love with her, but Miss Pedler is too practised a story-teller to make it all as simple as that. If Jenifer had not met Jim Trafford again in Switzerland, she might never have realised she loved him a great deal better than she loved the steady, faithful and, one must admit, somewhat unenterprising lover in England who wanted to marry her. Jim Trafford turned out to be a famous playwright and actor, passionate and selfish in his love, but there was an incident in his past of which she was unaware. When she discovers the truth she accuses him of unpardonable cowardice and, despite his explanations, sends him from her. Only that is not the end, and Miss Pedler sustains the interest in her tale of romance and sentiment to the final chapter.



From *An Autobiography of a
Bird Lover*
By Frank M. Chapman
(Appleton-Century)



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Adventurous Life*
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Hating suffering, he finds himself on the roof of the Great Theatre with a machine gun.

"He had always striven to avoid force, always fought against the use of force—impotently enough on the physical plane, but how powerfully, how ardently, in all his inward being.

"And now he himself was lying beside a machine gun!"

When society dissolves into warring factions, the humanist is inevitably driven to violence or to impotence. In the



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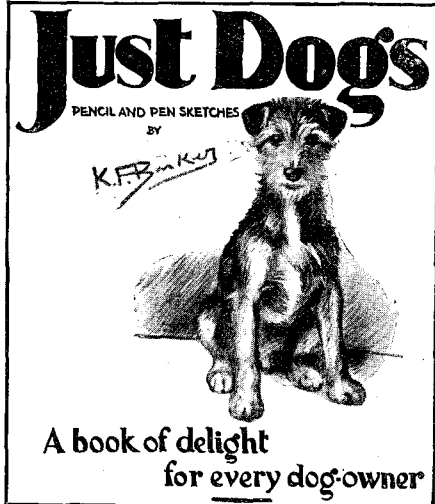
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Judging by some of the careless generalisations scattered about the pages one is driven to the conclusion that the author was hard pushed for time, and consequently had to write with the feverish rapidity of a journalist who is anxious to get his late "copy" into the first edition of his paper. For instance Mr. Foss says: "An age when, for example, public speeches have to be short and sermons



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By L. A. G. Strong
(Dent)

THE STRANGER WAS STILL
FOLLOWING THEM.

succinct (if they exist), can hardly be expected not to curtail its musical speech. And why should it not? The language of to-day has changed, and the language of music keeps pace." Now this is an extremely inaccurate and misleading parallel because the English language of to-day has not changed in its alphabet and construction: it has only added, as all languages are doing and always have done, a number of new words to its vocabulary. On the other hand the music of such composers as Schönberg, Webern, Bartók and Hauer is based on new scale, harmonic and structural systems that have few, if any, roots in the past. This new language of music roughly corresponds to Miss Gertrude Stein's new language of literature; but by no stretch of imagination can the latter be called the English "language of to-day."

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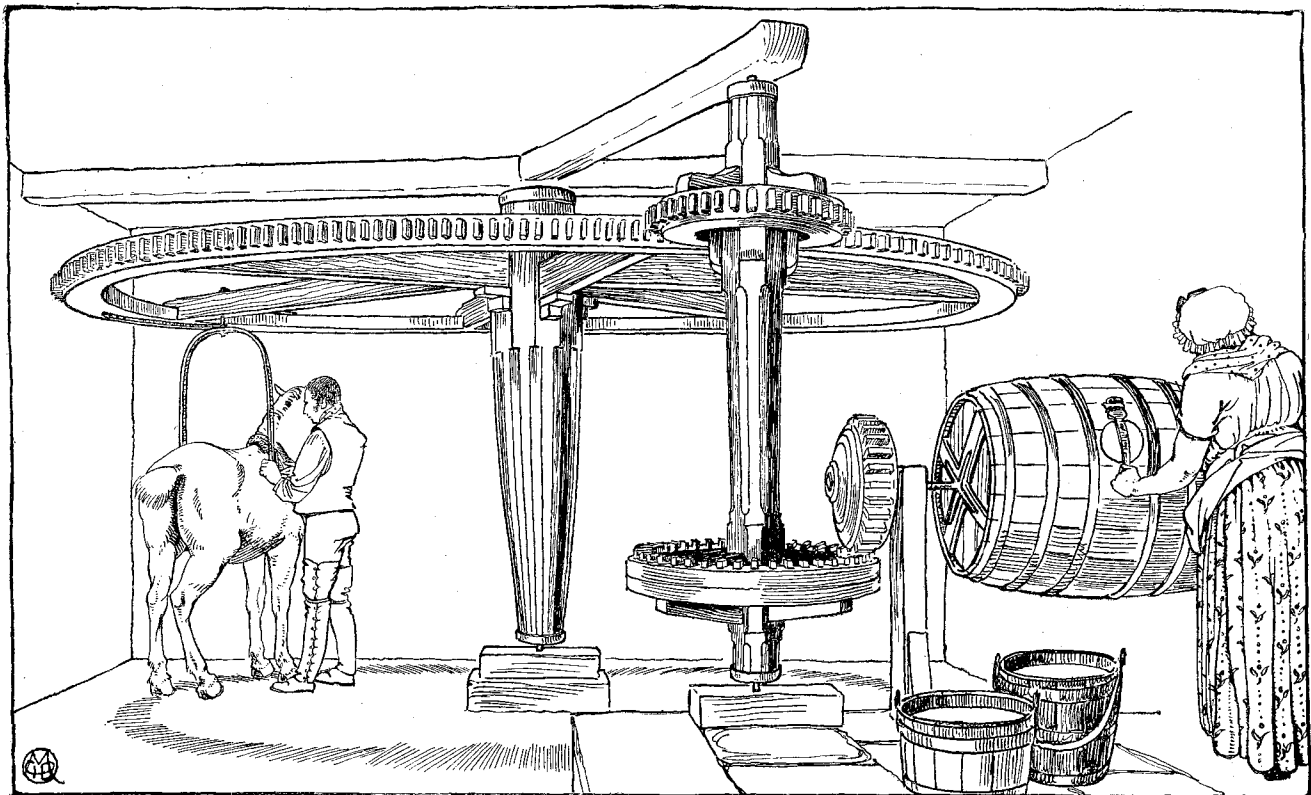
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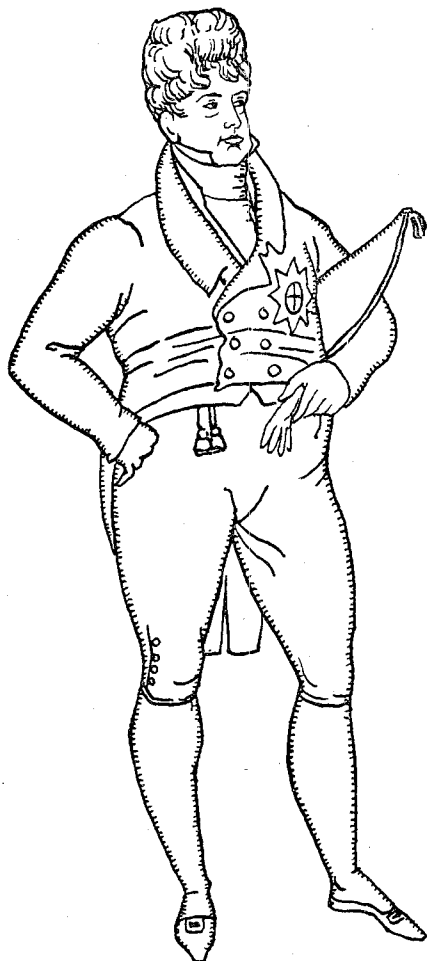
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1817.



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(After Cruikshank.)

of compression. All the chief events of Chopin's life are woven into a clear and flowing narrative unflagging in interest and free from unnecessary dates and details.

There is no space for an extended discussion of Chopin's music, but Mr. Maine has a number of pithy and illuminating things to say on various works as the occasions arise.

The Book Page of the *News Chronicle*

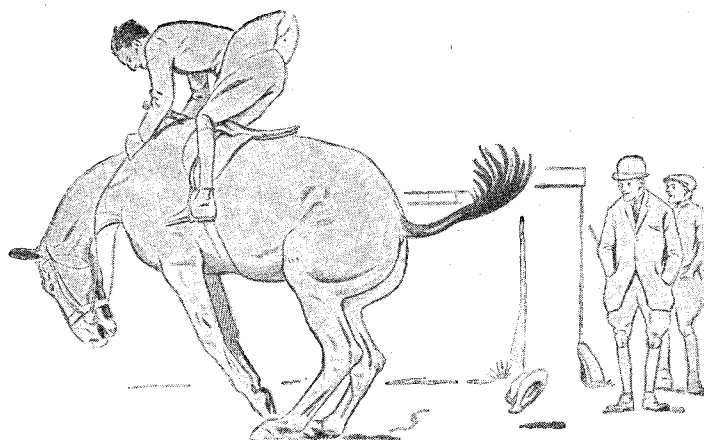
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From *Horses*
By "Spider" Jacobson
(Constable)

BY THE GRACE OF GOD—

the part of so-and-so, on such a date, the actress took Paris by storm.

I have no doubt that so astute a critic as Mr. Baring must have recognised this; but he has not let it daunt him. From his first pages he protests that he will concentrate on Bernhardt in the theatre; he says "her private life does not matter, for it did not really exist." He tries repeatedly to reproduce the sheer effect of her acting; and so far as this hopeless task can be achieved at all, he achieves it. But his best and most interesting passages are about Bernhardt the woman; and here of course, despite his initial protest, the "private life" must break in.

OF THE THEATRE

Sarah Bernhardt.

By Maurice Baring. 5s. (Peter Davies.)

West Country Plays.

By Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts. 7s. (Duckworth.)

by Graham Sutton

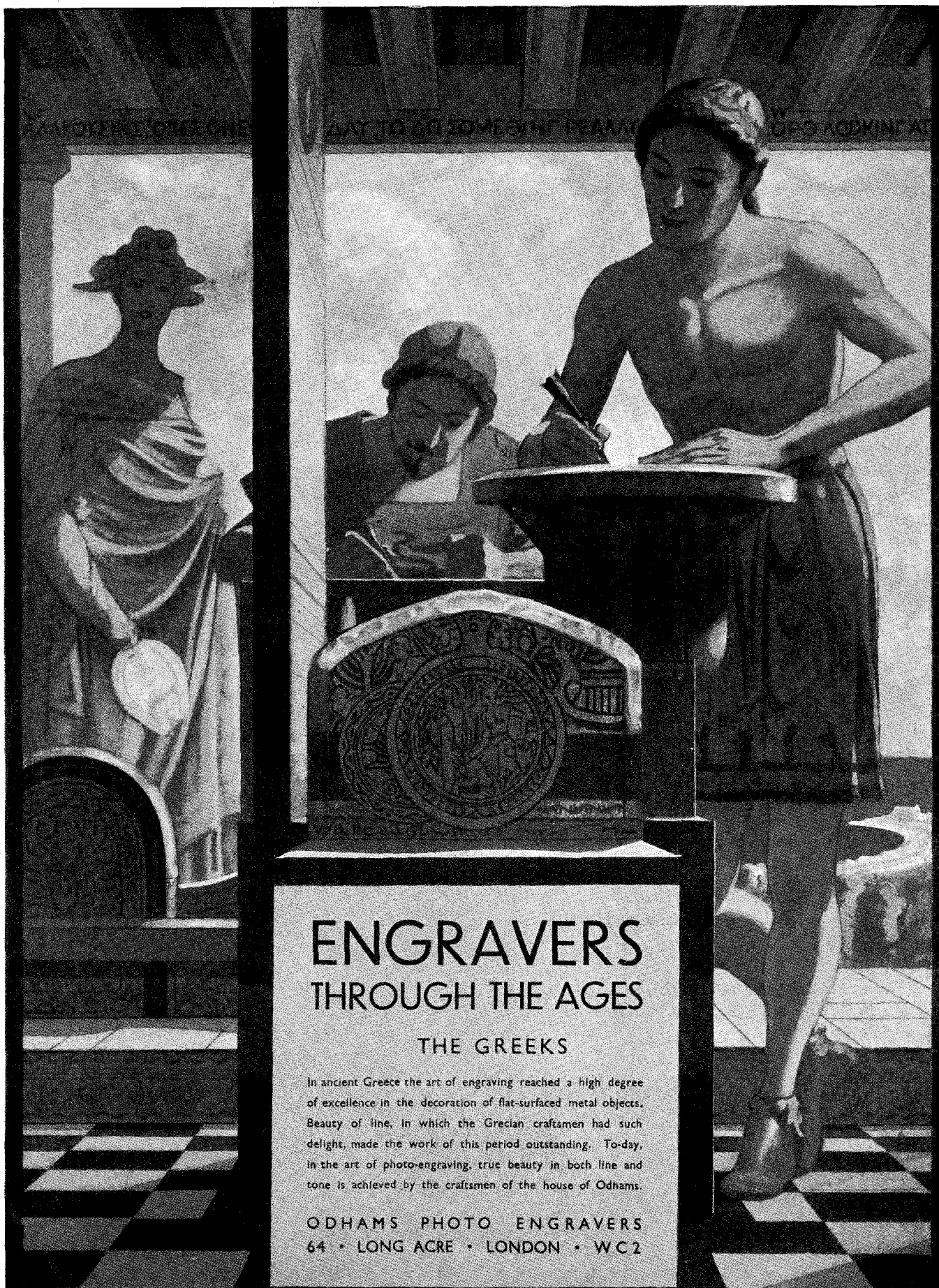
Bernhardt is growing into a legend; and books continue to be written about her—this last being the newest volume of the "Short Biographies" series which Messrs. Peter Davies have sponsored. But it is one thing to write the biography of Julius Caesar or Mark Twain or Lenin—matters of mainly ascertainable fact—and quite another thing to conjure up, for those who never saw her act, the personality of Bernhardt. The achievements of statesmanship are on record; likewise, in their less tangible degree, the achievements of most kinds of art. The great book is still obtainable; great music will be played next year—perhaps better played; the great picture hangs on the wall. But your great acting perishes each night in the moment of utterance; nor is it recreated by assurances that in

COLLAPSED UPON THE
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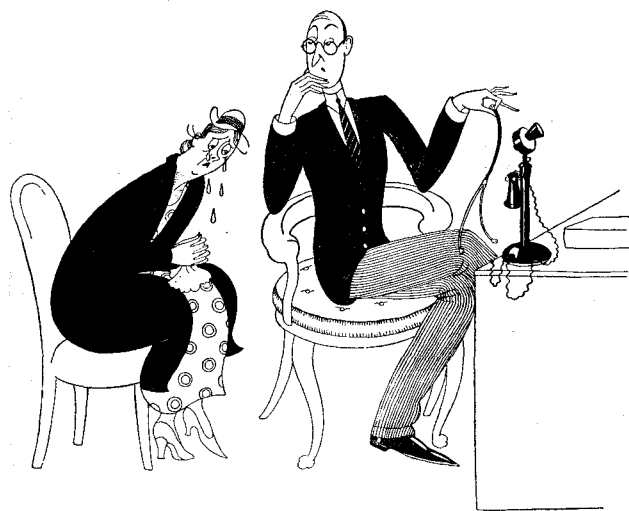
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From *Variety*
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(Jonathan Cape)

THE POST.

For Bernhardt's temperament conditioned her acting—not merely in the normal sense of “inspiring” it, but by involving her in a succession of storms which blew her

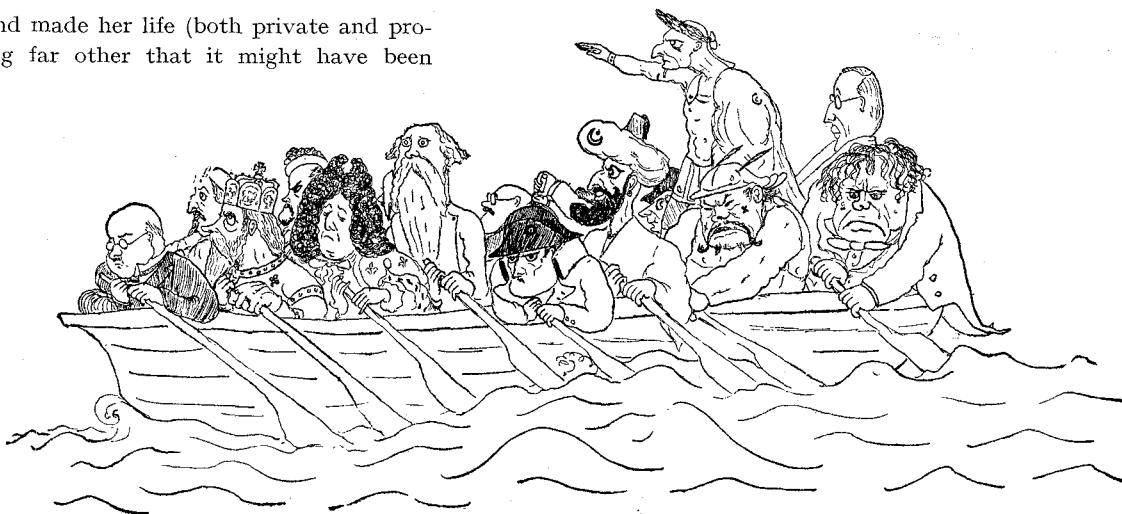


Bismuth and Bromide.

From *The Overdose*
By Joyce Denny
(John Lane)

BISMUTH AND BROMIDE.

about the world, and made her life (both private and professional) something far other than it might have been had she stayed docile at the Comédie Française. The storms and temperament are therefore part of her art, and it is well that Mr. Baring did not name his book by omitting them; if he had treated them more fully, the book might have gained. But it contains much



From *William, or More Loved than Loving*
By Paul Sudley
(Collins)



“Suffering from a ceaseless unoccupation.”

From *Laughter in Court*
By Colin Mollwaine
(John Lane)

SUFFERING FROM
A CEASELESS
UNOCCUPATION.

shrewd and general observation—about good acting in bad plays for example; about the function of intelligence in the actor; and about Bernhardt's contemporaries. Also a fully dated list of her chief parts, which will enhance its worth as stage history.

Stands Devon where it did in Mr. Phillpotts's regard? Six months ago, reviewing “A Cup of Happiness” in these pages, I was tempted to wonder whether after all “The Farmer's Wife” were Mr. Phillpotts's final word on his delectable county. For in that play (reprinted in the present volume) he had some things to say about the villagers of High Holberton which were outspoken to the verge of harshness and beyond. And now in another comedy, “The Good Old Days,” the point crops up again. The plot is commonplace—a rather stagy intrigue; the interest centres on its characters, not on its events; and

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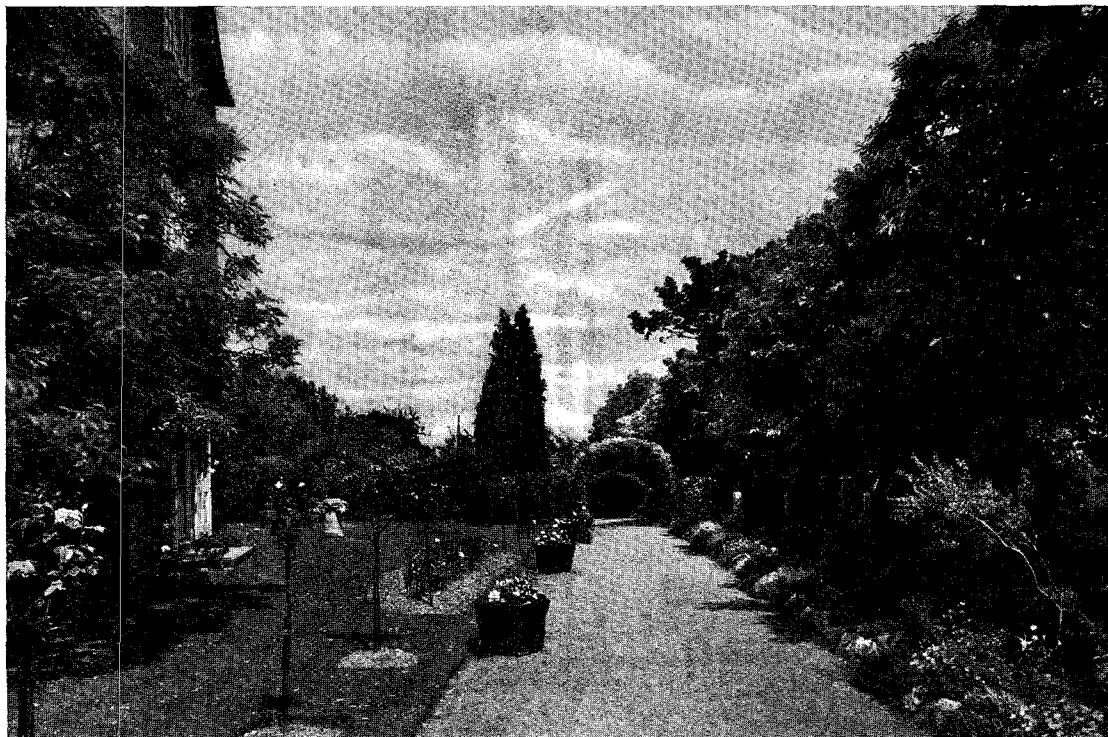
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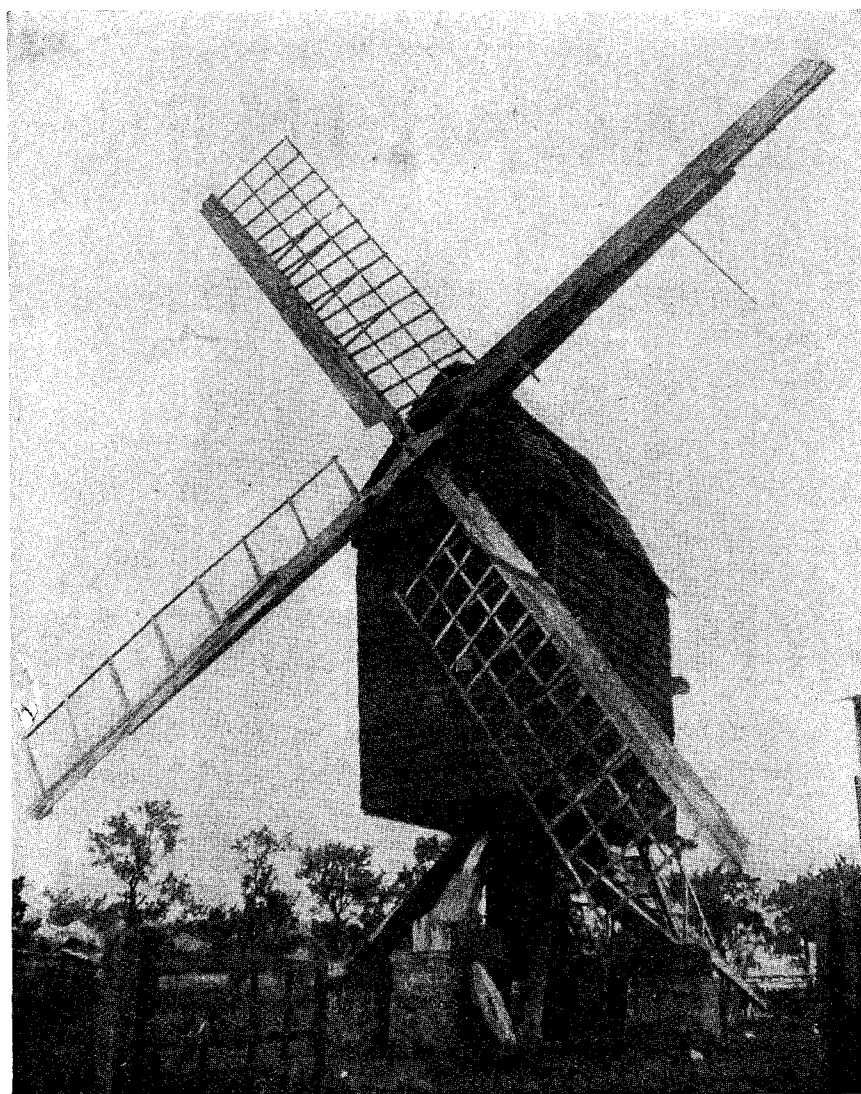
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From *I Know a Garden*
By Marion Cran
(Herbert Jenkins)

IN JOHN MASEFIELD'S GARDEN AT BOAR'S HILL.
(Photo by E. & W. Ward.)

in particular on Mrs. Nanny Glubb, his old ruffian of a witch. Is she a comic character in his private judgment? He treats her in comic vein—cannot well do otherwise; since she is chief contriver of the innocent love-affairs round which his comedy of old-time Widecombe is built. But there are realistic moments here and there when she is downright repulsive; and where perhaps some play-producer with a tendency towards the macabre... but these are vain speculations. Fate willed that Mr. Phillpotts should win fame as the Farmer's Father-in-Law; since when he must write comedy for us, or not



From *The Foundations of Agricultural Economics*
By J. A. Venn
(Cambridge University Press)

AN ANCIENT MILL

write at all; and his other quality—that grimly dramatic strength, which he revealed to his pre-War admirers in such plays as "The Shadow," has had perforce to be shelved. In "Buy a Broom" (another reprint, which completes the present volume) he leaves Devon for Somerset; but *caelum non animum mutant qui trans Tave currunt*; and here too the same sort of characters excel their plot, which creaks painfully. However his two gipsy children are first-rate; and the love scene in his second act, between Saul and Gilly, is a little gem which stands out unforgettably from everything else in the book.

THE HUNGRY HILLS.

By W. R. Calvert. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

"The Hungry Hills" is one of the most memorable of the novels of our generation. If one immediately thinks of Hardy in connection with Mr. Calvert, it is not to deny Mr. Calvert's unique power. His native Cumberland and its folk are, in comedy and tragedy, *neaver and closer* to him than was ever Wessex to Hardy. Mr. Calvert writes with a virile pen—and with a true pathos that even Hardy could not master. Perhaps the best distinction is that while Hardy, as one of his own Fates, stood aloof, one feels that Mr. Calvert stands in the midst of nature and men, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. And unlike Hardy, his women are depicted with a sureness of touch which leaves one breathless. The book opens with Hester Musgrave in travail and unattended. Allan is born during a thunderstorm. Riley, his father, works everyone to death—the hungry land demands it. Another child is born—Janie—and while Riley is at work and Sarah the maid at market, the child dies. Hester takes the body and Allan into the hills. She makes a pile of bracken and heather and peat, lays the dead baby on it, and places the boy beside the body of his dead sister and sets fire to the pile, a sacrifice. Sarah rescues Allan and nurses him back to health. This is but one of multitudinous surging events which tear at one's heart. There is a vivid description of the hunt in which the sheepdogs join; the fair—great day of freedom; pace-egging; the cock-fight; the wrestling-match, with Allan victor; of Allan lost among the fells in the mist. In fact no such wealth has been so prodigally showered in a novel for many years. With his father's death Allan becomes master of the farm, but matters, even with his new outlook on man and nature, do not prosper. Yet there is one touch of absolute beauty. He meets Shirley Faulder, who calls him with her very being.

COSTUME AND FASHION.

By Herbert Norris and Oswald Curtis. Illustrated by Oswald Curtis. 25s. net. (Dent.)

This volume is chronologically the sixth of Mr. Norris' survey of costume and fashion; but, as the work of it is now completed, it has been published in advance of volumes 3, 4 and 5.

The most painstaking ransacking of all records written and pictorial has evidently been the author's first task towards the compilation of this work; even the fashion and dressmaking matter in contemporary newspapers and periodicals has been studied by him. Besides many fine coloured and other illustrations, we are given diagrams showing how many of the garments most characteristic of their several periods should be cut out and made.

Other readers may agree with the present reviewer that, amid many of what to us seem monstrosities, there is one coloured picture which shows a lady of the year 1810, the fashion of whose dress differs little from that frequently worn to-day.

The name of Worth figures often. It was he, we are told, who invented, or rather revived, the fashion of the court train being worn hung from the shoulders. A fashion not adopted at our English Court until it was seen at the first Drawing Room held by Queen Victoria after the death of the Prince Consort.

The "poke" bonnet was a development of ladies' headgear modelled on the shapes of ancient Grecian or Roman helmets.

Mr. Norris does not indulge in speculation as to the whys or wherefores of Fashion's vagaries. Possibly because any reasonable explanations may be hard to find.

The whole volume abounds in interesting and apposite illustrations, many of which are of full-page size and coloured.

GORDON ROSS.

GIVE BOOKS— GIVE PLEASURE

Christmas is upon us again, bringing its usual message of hope and good cheer AND that worst of all questions, "What the dickens am I to give everybody?" We suggest the answer "Books." Here is a selection from which you can safely make a choice.

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Letters to Mother

Edited by G. C. WHEELER. 7s. 6d.

"A book of absorbing human interest, consisting of nothing but letters written by many famous men, and a few women, to their mothers."
Evening Standard

The Practical Wisdom of Goethe

An Anthology compiled by EMIL LUDWIG 6s.

"A valuable anthology . . . reveals a hidden store of riches."—*Poetry Review*

Collected Poems 1915-1923

By RICHARD ALDINGTON. 5s.

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The Wonders of Ski-ing

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Profusely illustrated 21s.

A handsome book, profusely illustrated with cinema photographs, which deals with the whole art of ski-ing and which will be eagerly welcomed by beginner and expert alike.

For Children

Bibi

By KARIN MICHAELIS. *Illustrated.* 7s. 6d.

Translated by Rose Fyleman

This book tells of the exciting adventures of a little Danish girl. It is delightfully illustrated.

Dashenka

By KAREL ČAPEK. *2nd Impression.* 5s.

With drawings and photographs by the author

"A dog book of unusual charm."—*Morning Post*

Fairy Tales

By KAREL ČAPEK. 5s.

Illustrated by Josef Čapek.

"Perhaps fun, sheer fun, is the secret of these fairy tales, the moral of which is, hold on to the fairy tails of the Capek brothers."

Times Literary Supplement

George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
Museum Street, London, W.C.1

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

The Pulse of Oxford.

By D. F. Karaka. 2s. 6d. (Dent.)

Discovery.

By George Godwin. 2s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

The Old School Lists of Tonbridge School.

By Walter G. Hart. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

The Boy of To-day : A Defence.

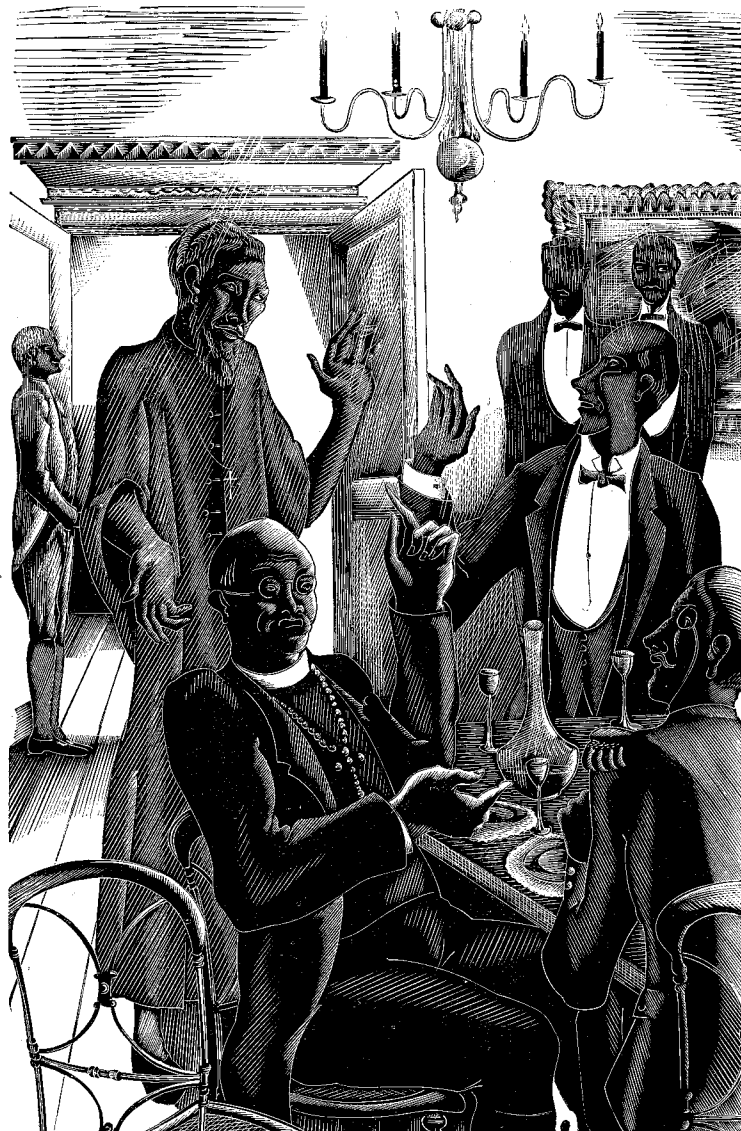
By J. Howard Whitehouse. 3s. (Oxford University Press.)

by Grant Uden

Mr. Karaka is an Indian student who has held the offices of secretary, treasurer and librarian to the Oxford Union, and the presidency of the University Liberal Club. His book, "The Pulse of Oxford," is a mixture (the publishers call it an attractive one) of bias and impartiality. In other words, he passes some of the time thanking God he is not as other men are, and some of it in assuring us that Oxford men are merely humble and useful members of the rank and file.

At the commencement of the book the author revives the controversy aroused last February by the Oxford Union's motion that "This House will under no circumstances fight for its King or Country." He puts an obviously sincere case for the Union, and maintains that the motion expressed the outlook of the whole of the younger generation. Unfortunately on the same page he mounts a very high horse and says, with reference to the storm of criticism it caused, that "the Union does not frame motions to suit the intelligence of the casual reader." In that case it can hardly claim to express the views of a generation.

The rest of the book is devoted to the political clubs, the Social Aspect and the Future of the University. Mr. Karaka persuades us more or less convincingly that the pulse of Oxford is a very normal and sane seventy-five-to-the-minute one, and that any feverish irregularities are those ascribed to it by journalists manufacturing copy.



From To-morrow Is a New Day
By T. O'B. Hubbard
(Lincoln Williams)



From The Autobiography of
Alice B. Toklas
By Gertrude Stein
(John Lane)

HOMAGE A GERTRUDE.
(Ceiling painting by Picasso.)

"Discovery" is an admirable little book, which succeeds in the remarkable task of telling in a hundred pages the story of man's conquest of knowledge, from Pythagoras and Thales up to Professor Piccard and Einstein. It is written in a vivid and simple style, and the terse paragraphs are all crammed with hard facts. The book closes with some brief speculations on the stratosphere as the airway of to-morrow, rocket aeroplanes and interplanetary travel. It can be recommended as a thought-provoking statement of the interdependency of all knowledge, telling in clear-cut sentences the epic of the human race in its indomitable quest for truth.

I cannot imagine that even Old Tonbridgeans will read Mr. Hart's book with much interest. It consists of ten chapters of genealogy, connected with families who at some period or other sent their offspring to Tonbridge School. The author goes from family to family, quoting with frequency Hasted, Burke, Berry and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. With their aid he

succeeds in giving a considerable amount of information about fathers, sons and various insignificant grandsons, nephews, uncles and aunts through several generations.

I suspect that Mr. Howard Whitehouse published his book not so much to defend the modern boy (whom he obviously believes to need no defence), as to expound certain of his theories on education, and to fling his bolt in the cause of international peace and co-operation. He does both very pleasantly, and emerges that rarest of rarities, schoolmaster who, at the age of sixty, is still an idealist with a love of his work. The spirit of the whole book, and, I think, the whole man, is contained in his sentence:

"I hope they were doing honest work in a world that needs it, and learning to dream dreams and to see visions in a world that too often worships empty slogans."

A BUNCH OF BLUE RIBBONS.

6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Again Cambridge has taken up Oxford's challenge. A little time ago some young gentlemen at Oxford wrote of various things which they hated, and in this they showed themselves wise, for it forced Cambridge youths to write of what they liked—a more difficult task by far, even if a more sensible one. Oxford at least know what they want, whether exhibitionism or athleticism, or exasperation with one's elders when serious. Cambridge—at least in this most unrepresentative volume—tritely or heavily like such things as Kipling or England, and only show any lightness of spirit when disguising their natural hates under misleading titles such as "I Like Fun." The only amusing essay, "A Sob-sister Defends Oxford," comes at the end of the book, but few will reach it if they read from the beginning.



From *The Drama of Weather* **ABERDEEN, 1919, JULY 21ST.**
By Sir Napier Shaw
(Cambridge University Press)



From *To-morrow Is a New Day*
By T. O'B. Hubbard
(Lincoln Williams)

THE DRAMA OF THE WEATHER.

By Sir Napier Shaw. 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

This most fascinating book is an introduction to the whole subject of that Ballet taking place all round us, all the time; which began with time and whose dance will continue until such time as "the heavens are rolled-up like a scroll."

Sir Napier Shaw must be one of those scientists whose science is but part of their humanism. With perfect knowledge of the technique of their measurement, he calls the winds by their old names, Boreas and Kaikios, Notus, Lips; and beginning with these personifications, traces all that man has thought or felt or discovered about them.

Chapter headings and analysis give an idea of his aim and his method, which is to build up in our minds a sense of everything to do with the Weather. Storms, stars, planets, dust, breezes, stillness, clouds, crystals of snow, hailstones, pillars of ice; rain in drops, in columns; scrawls and sheets of lightning—"O Ye showers and dew. . . . O Ye frosts and cold. . . . O Ye lightnings and clouds. . . . O Ye winds of God"—build them up into a unity he likens to a play, but which can also be called a dance, a ballet, a play constructed out of a dance.

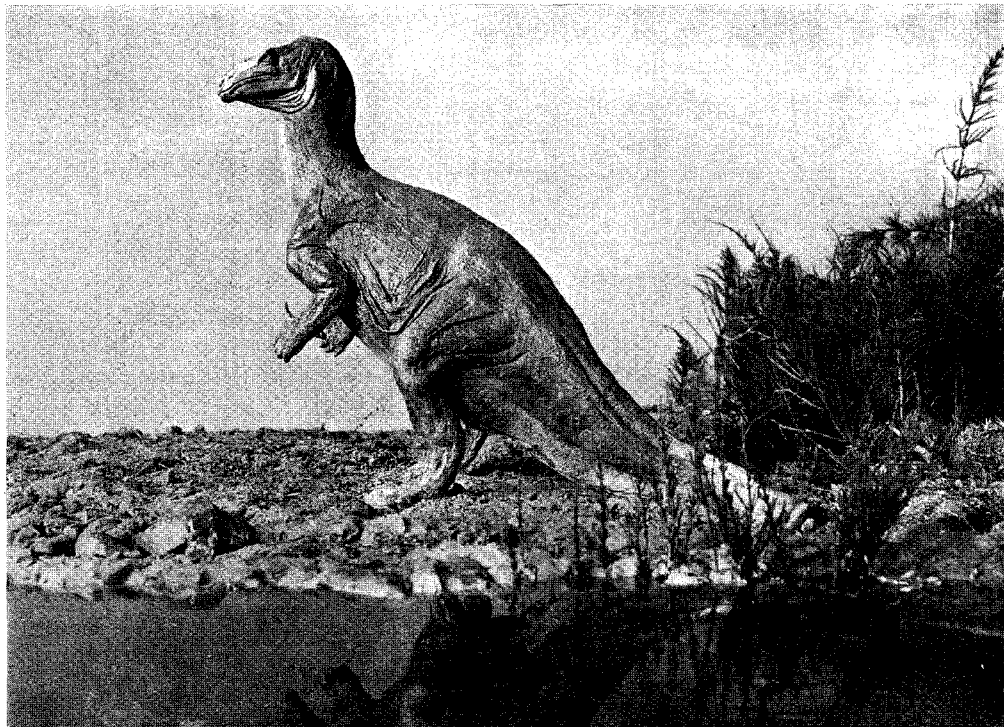
"Every picture in the sky is a scene in the pageant of the atmosphere, an episode in the play of the wind and

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

weather of the world which the human race has been trying to understand for thousands of years."

"Ideas of the Drama, Ancient and Modern." "The Watchers, What They See and What They Say." "The Score." "The Chorus." These are some of the chapter headings, and by themselves might give the idea that this is a book of rhapsodies. Nothing could be less true. It is a construction, beginning with the lovely names, the sayings, stories, speculations of ancient peoples, poetry and folk-lore, through Aristotle's "Meteorologica" and the Renaissance, to the fullest account of modern opinion and technique. The delight of the book is that he has put it *all* in; adding the reflections of a mind that has something of a poet's sensibility, fused with that of a trained and acute observer, a perfect example of what, before the days of extreme specialisation, was called the Natural Philosopher.

The illustrations are as remarkable as the text. Superb photographs of the great "set pieces" of nature; and of minute, miraculous forms, snow crystals and ice rods and dust. Of which he says: "Two things are unconquerable



From Dinosaurs
By Dr. W. E. Swinton
(Murby)

RECONSTRUCTION OF IQWANODON, AN ENGLISH HERBIVOROUS DINOSAUR.

in the long run, sand and snow, and sand is a sort of snow that never melts."

In the second part of the book the scientist takes over, observing how in the past man has searched the skies for information as to the future, and how far our gradually increasing knowledge of the air will fulfil that wish.

Diagrams replace the photographs, patterns unique to the lay eye; and apart from their content, of a strange formal beauty. "Step Diagrams," they stretch from page to page, huge ellipses, divided by figures like black inverted spires and cathedrals standing on their heads and Eiffel Towers half a planet high. One is called "The Rainfall of the Globe," or "The Drops that Water the Earth," and is in fact a new system of notation, wherein facts and figures that printed would cover many pages are reduced to one pattern, instantly presented to the eye.

One can conceive of no more complete life than that of such an observer and such a writer, engaged in enjoying with the imagination and reducing to its proportions one aspect of the universal air—the measure of whose dance controls the seasons, and so the growth and pattern of each thing that lives.

MARY BUTTS.



From Here and There with Birds
By E. W. Hendy
(Jonathan Cape)

MARSH WARBLER AT NEST.
A marvellous impersonator but not a mere mimic.
(Photograph by Hugh G. Wagstaff, F.R.P.S.)

CAT'S CRADLES FOR HIS MAJESTY.

By Margaret and Mary Baker.

3s. 6d. (Basil Blackwell.)

It is some few years since Christmas began to bring us delightful books by Margaret and Mary Baker. These books, with their whimsical stories and clever silhouette illustrations, were noticed at once by the discerning critic as different from the ordinary run of children's books. Now they are looked for eagerly by all who are seeking something really good, amusing and original. This Christmas has produced "Cat's Cradles for His Majesty," which is in every way as charming as its predecessors; the writing is as delicately humorous as the drawings, and grown-ups as well as children will appreciate its freshness and spontaneity and high artistic merits.

Old Friends,

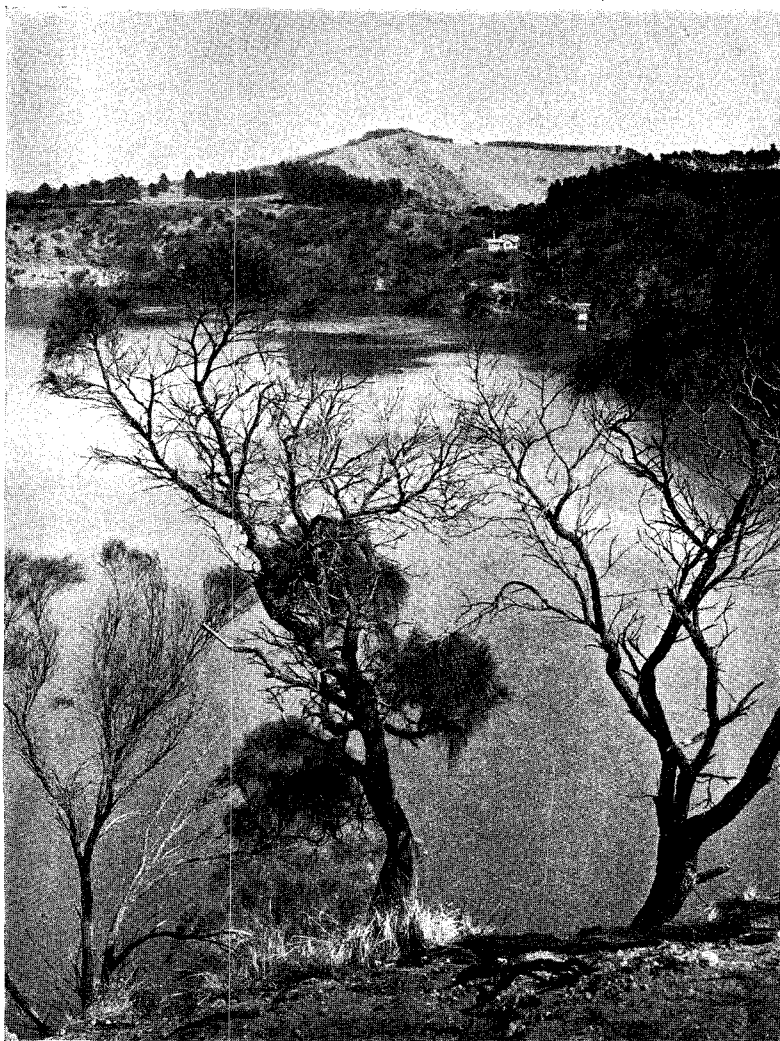
Old Songs

and Old Places

are recalled when the
beautiful pages of "The
Scotsman" Picture Calendar
are turned over, week by week,
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"The Scotsman", North Bridge, Edinburgh.



From *The Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon*
By Edith Humphris
(Scholaris Press)

**THE BLUE LAKE, MOUNT GAMBIER,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**
(Photograph lent by the Agent-General for
South Australia.)

THE MANY AND THE ONE

A Short History of Religions.

By E. E. Kellett. 5s. (Gollancz.)

The Presbyterian Tradition.

By Charles L. Warr, D.D.
7s. 6d. (Maclehose.)

Mixed Pasture : Twelve Essays and Addresses.

By Evelyn Underhill. 5s. (Methuen.)

The God-Man : a Phrenological Study of Jesus Christ.

By Amy B. Barnard, L.L.A., F.B.P.S.
5s. (Clarke.)

Historical Occasions in Westminster Abbey.

Compiled by Vernon F. Storr, M.A., and
Jocelyn Perkins, M.A., D.C.L., F.S.A.
7s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

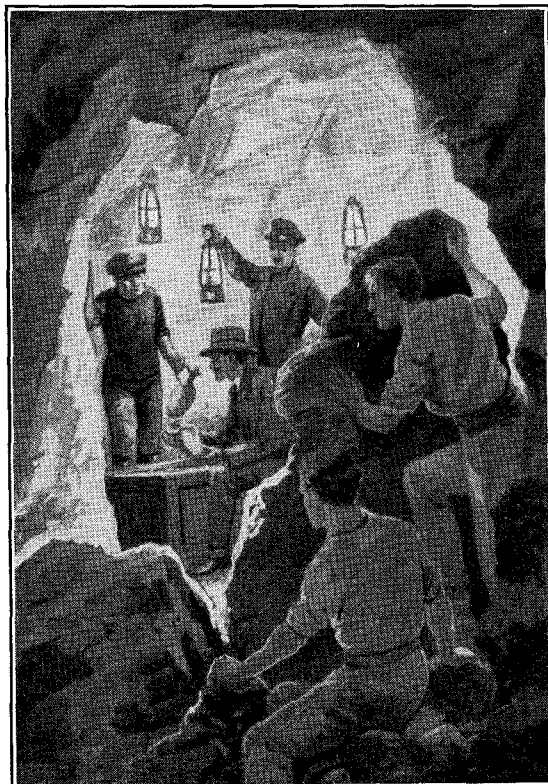
by Gilbert Thomas

If it be too early to say that we are witnessing the beginning of a genuine revival, Mr. Kellett is surely right in declaring that "there have not often been times at which a keener interest was taken in religious questions than the present." Much of that interest, as reflected in the popular press or even perhaps in the Group Movement, may be relatively superficial. But since stagnation and mere formalism are the things most to be dreaded, we can at least take up Galileo's cry with new hope. "It moves." And there is no doubt whatever that, beneath the surface eddies, there is a profounder stirring that represents not merely theological reconstruction but vital spiritual rebirth. The religious spirit of to-day is vividly reflected, from various angles, in four of the books that head this column. The fifth volume is in a different category, being of historical rather than of contemporary interest. If I dispose of it at once and briefly, it is not because it is not a welcome and valuable compilation, but



From *The Romance of Missionary Pioneers*
By Norman J. Davidson
(Seeley, Service)

**SCHOOLBOYS GOING
HOME BY WAY OF
THE RIVER.**



From *The Admiral's Chart*
By C. W. C. Drury
(Sheldon Press)

because it can speak for itself, the only necessary clue being that it contains fifteen sermons delivered on historic occasions in Westminster Abbey between 1861 and 1911, with biographical notes about each of the preachers, who range from Peter Heylin and Robert South to Bishop Gore and William Boyd Carpenter.

Of the popular modern interest in religion, Mr. Kellett's book is a characteristic indication. Here is a work obviously designed to meet "a felt need," and so sure are the publishers of their public that they can afford to give six hundred closely yet clearly printed pages for five shillings. As for quality, Mr. Kellett's name is in itself a guarantee of sound scholarship combined with lucidity and charm of style. Mr. Kellett was born (among other things) to write this book, though not perhaps to write it in quite this way. Having, at the publishers' instigation, to deal with religions instead of religion—though he turns necessity to advantage by insisting that we cannot properly understand Christianity itself apart from some knowledge of the primitive origins of religion and of later rival branches—he has had, so far as possible, to curb his own strong convictions. He has not of course entirely succeeded, though while himself a definite Christian, he has found it easier, if I mistake not, to interpret Buddhism sympathetically than to do full justice to Roman Catholicism. If however he has not achieved the impossible, it is almost certain that no other writer could have performed the set task so well. While he has an indefatigable eye for detail, he possesses also a finely imaginative sense of proportion. He does not overlook the smaller sects, but he never allows the trees to obscure the wood. His work is admirably planned so as to bring out clearly the dominating historical movements in religion.

"The Presbyterian Tradition" is described as "A Scottish Layman's Handbook." Both the title and sub-title inadequately suggest the scope and quality of a work which, like Mr. Kellett's, has an engaging—at times even an exciting—narrative style. Dr. Warr is not merely a distinguished scholar: he is a novelist who knows how to quicken the dry bones with life. While his central aim is to give his readers the theological



From **Earnest Earth**
By Elsie Grey Turner
(Herbert Jenkins)

**FORGET-ME-NOT WALK
BY THE BLUE BORDER.**

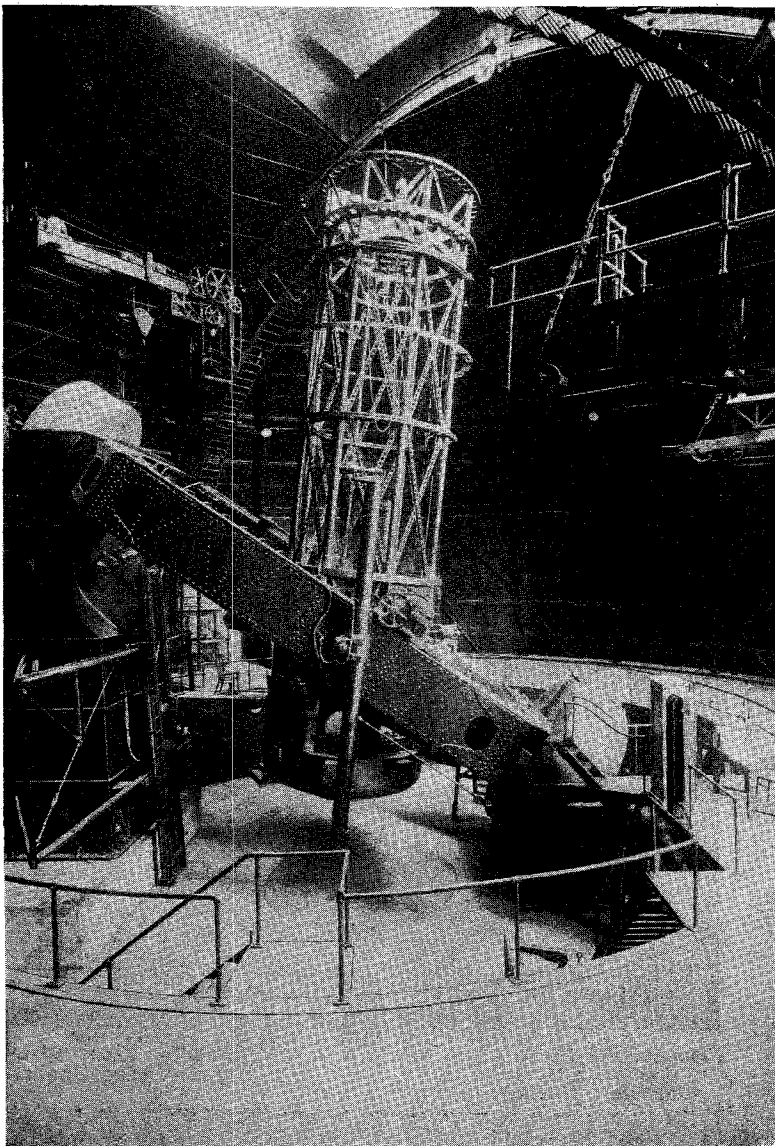
and historic justification for Presbyterianism as he sees it, his story necessarily goes back to Christ and the Early Church, and then, with special reference to conditions in

Scotland, covers in fairly full outline the main course of religious development in Europe. His book offers the perfect guide to those who want a clear statement of what Presbyterianism stands for; but as a panorama of religious and social history it should delight many readers who are not primarily concerned with the ecclesiastical issues involved. In few countries has religion had a stormier career than in Scotland, and the story as here retold is full of colour and dramatic force. But Dr. Warr has aimed strenuously after fairness and balance. He has quite rightly his own point of view, but he is able to see such characters as Calvin and Knox with all their warts, even while he protests against much



From **Earnest Earth**
By Elsie Grey Turner
(Herbert Jenkins)

**THE QUIET CORNER BY THE
LOW POOL IN APRIL.**



From *Major Mysteries of Science*
(Selwyn & Blount)

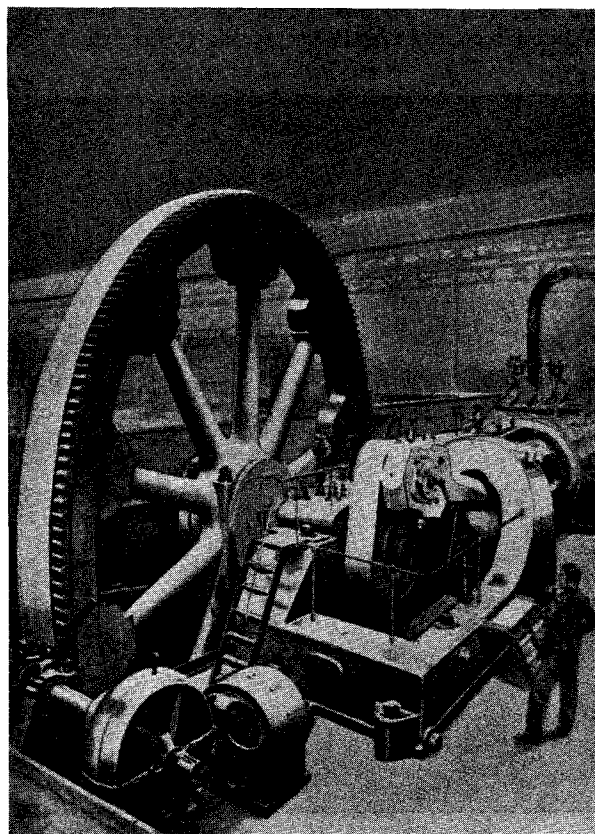
MAN'S GREATEST EYE.
THE 100-INCH TELESCOPE AT
MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY.

misrepresentation to which they have been subjected. And Dr. Warr's volume is typical of much of the best contemporary religious literature in that, while the author is passionately loyal to his own denomination, he is not sectarian in spirit. It is only when the spiritual fire within it burns low that the sect itself comes to assume more importance than the wider interest which, in its own unique way, it should serve. Dr. Warr never obscures the wider outlook. His pages glow with spiritual vitality, and show a charity that is the more robust because it grows from deep individualistic roots.

The same may be said for Miss Evelyn Underhill, who has now collected twelve essays and addresses, written or delivered in widely different circumstances during as many years. Miss Underhill is an Anglo-Catholic, and in one of her pages suggests the special contribution which her own branch of the faith may make to the Christian Commonwealth. But it is the Commonwealth itself with which she is most deeply concerned, and in one of her most charming essays she gives us a series of vignettes of some of the world's saints, and protesting that "Christian holiness is never monotonous," shows by what varied tributaries the main stream may be fed. She devotes chapters to individual saints, including St. Francis of Assisi, Richard the Hermit and Walter Hilton. The rest of her book—and perhaps its most valuable section in the light of to-day—discusses the relation of Christianity to social problems. The essays on this theme may be read with special interest after Mr. Kellett's reminder that religion had its origin in primitive superstition and magic, and that it was only in comparatively

recent times that ethics crept in. To-day, being faced with world chaos, there is the tendency for us to isolate and exalt ethics as the all-important element in Christianity, and to forget that, purged of its primitive crudities, an elemental sense of wonder and of contact with supernatural power is equally vital a need. There are, as Miss Underwood says, too many "hurried modern Christians" who, fearful of being overtaken by catastrophe, look for quick and easy returns from the application of Christian ethics to our social sores. But their hope is vain. Our social sores are but the symptoms of a deeply entrenched disease, and Miss Underhill's passionate plea for a synthesis between ethics and genuine personal holiness is very timely. Ethics are an essential part of religion; but the trees cannot create the wind; the wind must stir the branches with life. The Christian must, by true self-surrender, get back to the only source of spiritual power that can quicken ethics with fruitful dynamic.

I opened Miss Barnard's book with some misgiving. It was soon dispelled. Whatever the reader's own view of phrenology may be, he will find that Christ, and not phrenology itself, is the author's real concern. Her method has been to consider the character of Christ under headings corresponding to the various traits into which phrenology divides the human organism—with of course their inevitable interactions. What, in the light of phrenology, would the perfect man be like? That Christ must have been. Does this sound mechanical—even a little irreverent? I can only repeat that, in the result, it is not so. Miss Barnard has been greatly helped by her personal knowledge of Palestine and its people, by her own deep humility, and by that intuitive penetration which phrenologists often possess.

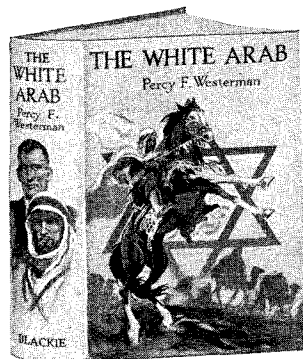


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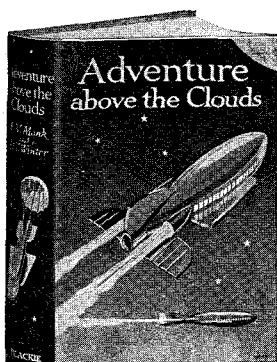
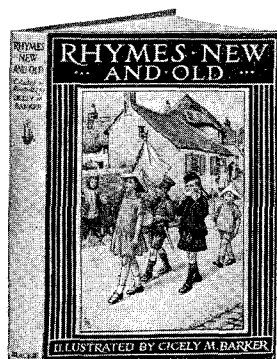
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Indian File.

By E. P. White.

3s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Laura Was My Camel.

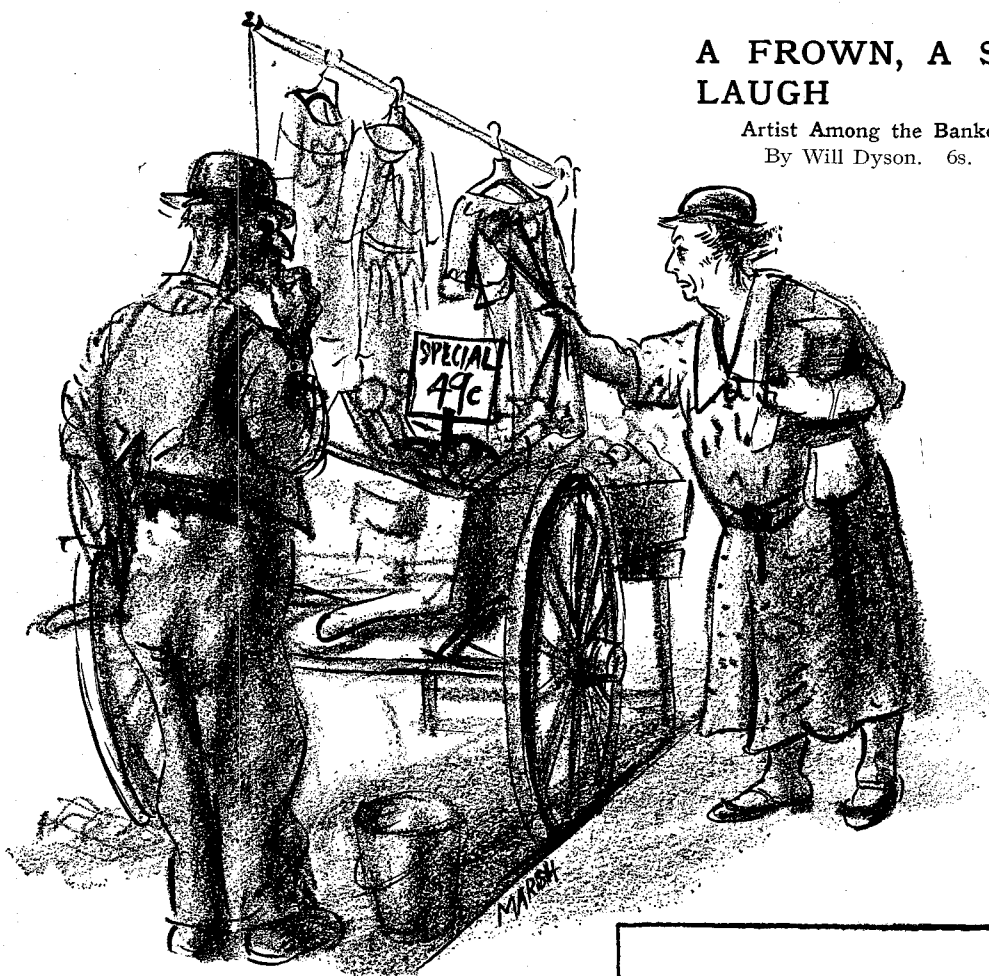
By Arthur Weigall.

3s. 6d.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

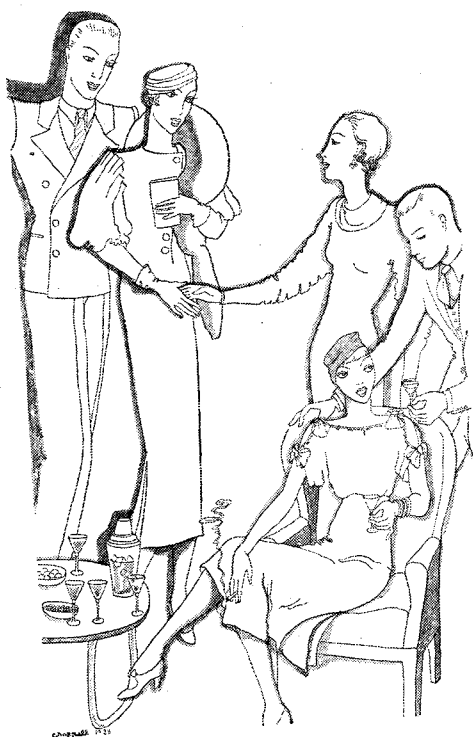
by Giles Dugdale

Mr. Will Dyson, one of the very few outstanding caricaturists of his generation, complains quite justifiably that the cartoon is being devitalised by having an alien good-humour forced upon it. He makes the same accusation against the literature of our day, in which he discerns nothing but gloomy hopelessness and fatuous frivolity, bitterly condemning literary brightness and "the two devastating cross-talk comedians, Charm and Humour."



From The New Yorker Album
(John Lane)

"SHODDY!"



From The Pleasure of Your Company
AN ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM CHAPPELL.

By June and Doris Langley-Moore
(Gerald Howe)



From Laura Was My Camel

By Arthur Weigall

(Thornton Butterworth)

I TURNED AND WAVED NON-CHALANTLY TO MY STAFF. THE NEXT MOMENT I WAS FLATTENED AGAINST THE STONEMWORK.

Whether readers of "Artist Among the Bankers" share this particular distaste of his or not, they will be grateful for the inspiration it gave him to load up his pen with the acid he has previously reserved for his superb etchings, one of which, together with eighteen drawings, illustrate his book.

Bernard Shaw is dismissed as a chronic laugh addict who, though he has helped to laugh a dying thing to death, has brought nothing new to birth. And this, he urges passionately, is a time of promise when the Shavian embalmer is not required. The author sees ours as an age of plenty, thanks to the "artist man's" creative endeavours, and through the ever increasing efficiency of the machine he prophesies a time when all who wish to become members of the leisured class may do so, for the privileged class will be composed of those who are permitted to work in order to gratify their moral snobism. All this can be made possible if our financial system can only be adjusted to allow consumption to keep pace with production. He sees in Russia an inefficient workman preaching a gospel of Holiness of Work, and points out that as our own problem is epochs ahead of theirs, we cannot look to the Soviet for our solution. After making us sweat with wholesome apprehension through fourteen hair-raising chapters, he leads us into calm waters quite suddenly by offering a concise solution to our problems which the least academic reader can understand. It could be outlined here in a very few words, but it should come in its proper place as the climax of an intensely interesting book which I would urge every "artist man" and "business man" to read. Unless we do find some solution to the problems enumerated in it, we may well be doomed to perish with our financial Moseses in the Land of Moab, instead of living like artists in the Promised Land so close at hand.

I imagine that Mr. Dyson would thoroughly disapprove of "Indian File." There are no "belly-laughs" in it, but it is a very amusing book all the same. The articles of which it is composed have previously appeared in *Punch*, and it has the serene good humour which pervades even

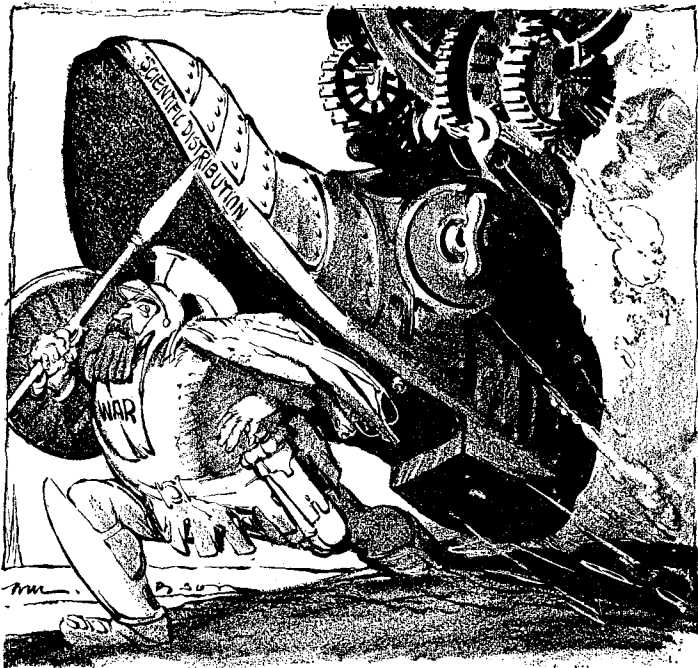


From Artist Among the Bankers
By Will Dyson
(Dent)

"SPEAK, O ORACLE! WHAT SHALL WE FATHERS OF THE PEOPLE DO—THE PEOPLES ARE SORELY SHORT OF MONEY!" "DO P O FATHER OF THE PEOPLE—GIVE 'EM LESS OF IT."

the cartoons in that amiable journal. Arampur, of which the author, Mr. E. P. White, writes, is a native state, and it is little wonder the Indian princes wish for no change in the administration of their provinces while there are resourceful people, like the British officials whom he describes, to dress their windows and lay playful booby-traps for the tiresome visitor bent on unwelcome reform. The book will give pleasure to Anglo-Indians, and should be brought to the notice of young men planning their careers, who may have heard discouraging reports that prospects in India are not as pleasing as they were. They will also discover that the human vileness adversely mentioned by the hymn-writer has its humorous side if viewed through a more tolerant official eye.

Surely even Mr. Will Dyson's grimness would not be proof against "Laura Was My Camel," in which Mr. Arthur Weigall describes the idiosyncrasies of the five animals he acquired for his personal use or domestic amusement when he was Director-General of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government. He describes them with an observation so acute and a pen so felicitous that the illustrations by O. Soglow, though amusing enough in themselves, seem unnecessary and misleading. At a casual glance one might diagnose humour of a burlesque kind, whereas the author himself avoids over-emphasis, and the mental pictures he conveys are clear and permanent. Besides introducing poor old Laura, a camel with a grievance, he traces the rise and fall of Cicero, an amorous Egyptian donkey; the short but gay life of Pedro, the pariah sheepdog; the diverting career of Filfil, an Arab horse with a Pegasus complex; and the inscrutableness of Basta, a holy cat who finally forsook both him and the veil. "Laura Was My Camel" should solve many a gift problem, and no animal-lover or humour-lover should be allowed to remain without a copy.



From Artist Among the Bankers
By Will Dyson
(Dent)

THE NEW DUTY OF SCIENCE.



From *Florentine Nights*
By Heinrich Heine
(Gerald Howe)

IT WAS PAGANINI HIMSELF WHO
CAME INTO VIEW.

SEA-FIGHTING

Sailormen All.

By Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., D.S.O.
7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dead Reckoning and H.M.S. —.

By "Klaxon." 2s. 6d. each. (Rich & Cowan.)

by D. P. Capper

The naval officer who writes on his own profession usually fits snugly into one of two classes. He is either content to tell a straightforward tale, leaving laymen to follow him among technicalities as best they can, or he strives for extreme clarity. As the author of "My Mystery Ships"—that fine example of direct narrative—and now of "Sailormen All," Admiral Campbell has entered both classes. His two books have little in common; perhaps the fact that his latest work is dedicated to his young son may explain the difference in style. At any rate "Sailormen All," with its capital illustrations, should attract and enthrall a public which will not open most books dealing with war.

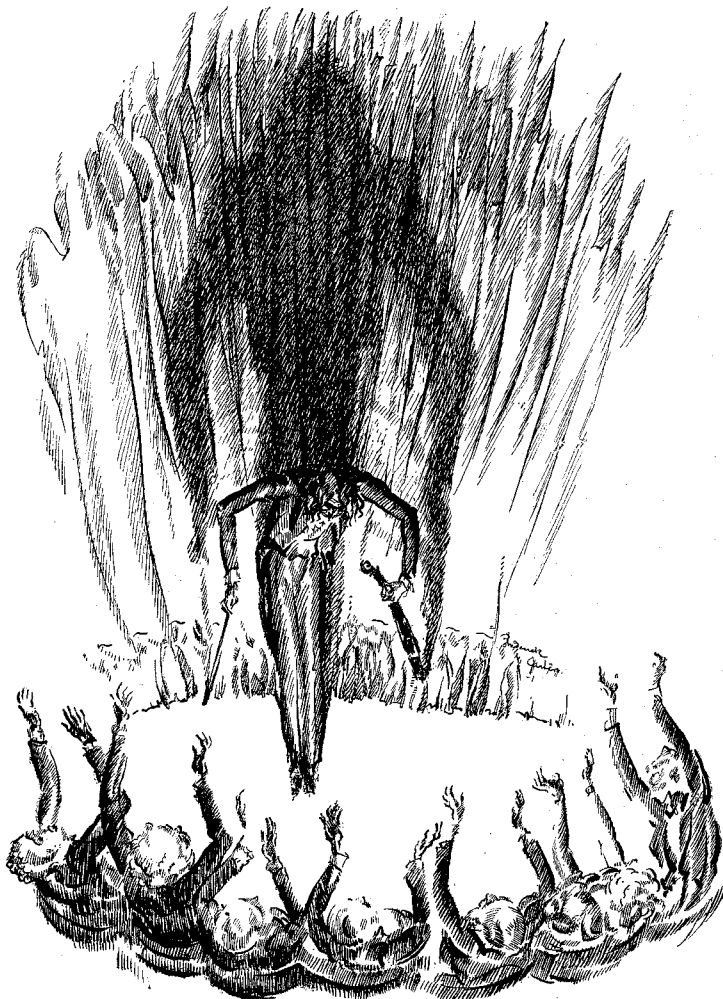
Admiral Campbell, announcing himself as a member of the League of Nations Union, claims that the stories he retells "can do nothing to impede the progress of humanity towards universal peace." He has chosen a number of historic sea actions and linked them with similar, or parallel, episodes of 1914-18. For instance Nelson's abortive attack on Teneriffe is bracketed with the St. George's Day blocking of Zeebrugge; the *Mary Rose* of 1669 with the *Mary Rose* of 1917; and Cochrane's *Speedy* with the Q-ship *Prize*. None of his stories is new to print, though I have not before met such a detailed account of how the two four-and-a-half-ton gunboats were transported, through one hundred and fifty miles of bush and over a six-thousand-foot mountain

range, to establish the White Ensign on Lake Tanganyika.

Admiral Campbell's mention of differing authorities makes one rather chary of questioning his accuracy in details. But he has undoubtedly made some small slips, even among his twentieth century episodes. To take three only: no Zeppelins were "converging" on the Grand Fleet on the morning of the Jutland battle; bad weather prevented all aircraft from taking part in the actual Zeebrugge attack, and it was a homeward-bound convoy which the modern *Mary Rose* sacrificed herself to protect.

The night action of the *Broke* and *Swift* with the six German destroyers seems to have bred a mystery. Admiral Campbell categorically declares that when the *Broke* rammed the *G.24* there was no attempt at boarding—"only a few German sailors came crawling over the fore-castle to surrender." Yet surely the *Broke's* midshipman, a petty officer and an A.B. were decorated for their stand against a rush of boarders. This needs clearing up: was that famous hand-to-hand fight all a misunderstanding?

With such a mine as our entire naval history to work, Admiral Campbell must have found great difficulty in selection. It is good to see that among the better known stories he has made room for the escape of the East Indiaman *Marlborough* and the amazing affair of the Diamond Rock. He says in his foreword that his aim was to concentrate on "individual actions which bring out the spirit of adventure, self-sacrifice, self-control and courage." But these qualities are not displayed only in face of an enemy. Ships, in stress of weather, on fire, in salvage and rescue work, provide



From *Florentine Nights*
By Heinrich Heine
(Gerald Howe)

I SAW THE GENOESE IN HIS
NORMAL SHAPE CUTTING HIS
USUAL COMPLIMENTARY
CAPERS.

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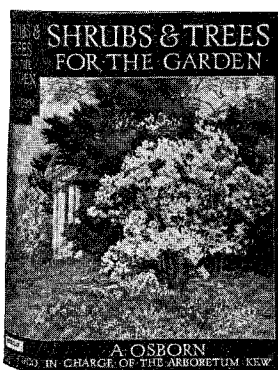
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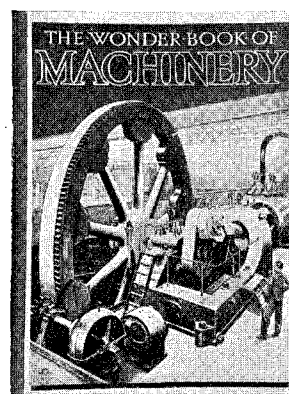
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From *Everybody's Lamb*
Edited by A. C. Ward
(Bell)

I JUST CAME IN TIME.

plenty of opportunities in peace or war. It might have been worth while to have included for instance an account of how the *Hornet* nosed in among the rocks to lay her fore-castle alongside the quarter-deck of the wrecked *Argyll* and take five hundred men on board in a gale and heavy sea. Or the way in which the *Marvel* saved the ship's company of a sinking fellow destroyer by grinding down her side thirteen times in succession in another gale at night.

Destroyers figure in both these cases: it was in small craft, with their greater possibilities for initiative, that the qualities set out by Admiral Campbell had most scope in 1914-18. Here are two books by "Klaxon" in proof. "Dead Reckoning" is solely concerned with war-time exploits of submarines, while "H.M.S. —" is a collection of short sketches dealing with small craft generally, and ranging from the War years to 1923. As they carry no explanatory note from the publishers, they would be rather bewildering if I did not remember thirstily reading the text as articles in *Blackwood* a number of years ago. The books are apparently cheap reprints. The war-time atmosphere that hangs about them comes with a queer tang in these days of Geneva head-lines, but they still make good—if slightly flavoured—reading. "Klaxon," although hampered by the intense technicalities of submarines, wisely chooses the straightforward style. His gift for descriptive narrative carries the reader along even if a "two-to-one shaft" is as much of an unholy mystery as "negative buoyancy."

From a wealth of good yarns I seize two: There is the true tale of the submarine captain who, growing bored with his monotonous patrol duty, went exploring in defiance of orders, and torpedoed a U-boat in the mouth of the Weser River in full view of annoyed German destroyers. Then there is the author's own "ghost story" which—I stake my faith in "Klaxon"—is also literally true. "Klaxon," now holding captain's rank on the retired list of the Navy, has clearly drawn largely on first- or second-hand experience for all his yarns. They carry conviction. But "Dead Reckoning" was not written for 1933. Even though it would mean yet another war book, there is still room for a comprehensive account, amplified from ex-enemy sources, of the doings of our destroyers and submarines: their achievements and losses. The subject has barely been touched on for the general public. If "Klaxon" would collate all his various writings and bring them up to date on some such plan, submarines at least would have an ideal chronicler. There need be no fear of "glorifying" war. A few narratives of survivors from sunken boats would meet that objection. One of the most telling pieces of anti-war propaganda in print is the matter-of-fact description of the scene in the flooding engine-room of the *Warrior*, as the trapped men drowned one by one in the darkness and the scalding steam. But submarines can produce their own grim warnings. In spite of its plain record of heroism, there is plenty of material in "Dead Reckoning" which, if read imaginatively, would quench any enthusiasm for war.

EVERYBODY'S LAMB.

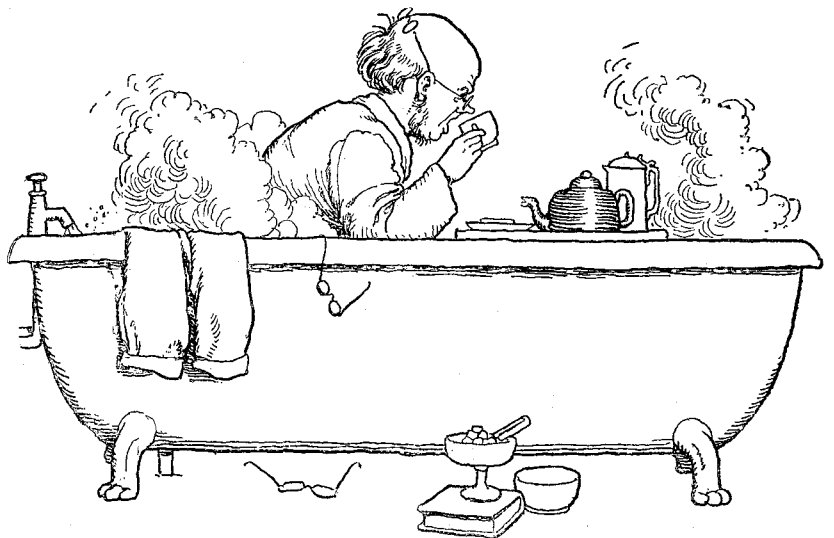
Edited by A. C. Ward and illustrated by E. H. Shepard.
10s. 6d. (Bell.)

This delightful volume is a welcome companion to "Everybody's Pepys" and "Everybody's Boswell" in the same series. Mr. Ward's intention is "to reunite Lamb and 'Elia'—to bring together again, somewhat as in life, the man and his familiar." And by his very skilful selection (abridging only in the Letters), he has succeeded. Mr. E. H. Shepard's illustrations show him at his best.

FAMOUS ANIMAL STORIES.

Edited by Ernest Thompson Seton. 8s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

An omnibus volume which is so good that one wonders why no publisher thought of it before. It contains, beside Æsop, the early myths and the later fairy stories, quotations from such famous animal classics as "Tarka the Otter" and "Rab and His Friends." Altogether there are one hundred and sixteen stories, including several by the editor himself.



From *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branestawm*
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(John Lane)

THE PROFESSOR STUDIES
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FIFTY YEARS OF THE NAVY

The Navy in My Time.

By Admiral Mark Kerr. 6s. (Rich & Cowan.)

by Rolf Bennett

In the course of this very compact and readable little volume, the author has drawn a vivid picture of the changes which have come over the British Navy in the past fifty years. Joining the Navy in 1877, he had the good fortune to serve in the last wooden frigate in the Service and is thus able to compare the mechanic-seaman of to-day with his predecessor of the days of sail.

While far from regretting much that has passed away for ever, he is strongly in favour of embryo Naval officers spending their first year in a sailing ship, a plan, he adds, which should be started at once before the breed of sailors capable of teaching them becomes extinct. In this particular only, he believes, was the old education better than the modern.

The seaman himself has changed almost beyond recognition in this amazing half-century. When the author joined the Navy, the "jolly Jack Tar" of whom Dibdin sang still existed. "He was not so well educated, and he looked upon the shore, which he seldom visited, as a place for riotous living. One ship's company coming back from leave would supply more drunken men than a whole fleet would now."

The coming of steam brought with it the engineer. But for a long time this branch of the Service was looked down on and the engineer-officers were considered socially inferior to the executive branch. Up till the end of the nineteenth century invitations to the captains and officers of ships for dances and social functions were always understood to mean the executive officers *only*. However, the Fisher scheme for the training of Naval engineers, which came into force in 1903, put an end to this ambiguous situation. The medical branch of the Service also suffered grave disabilities and it was not until 1866 that an assistant surgeon had the right even to a cabin of his own.

The War Office, it would appear, has nothing on the Admiralty when it comes to conservatism and red tape. One of the pioneers of wireless, Captain Henry Jackson, would probably have beaten Marconi in the race, but was disqualified through the Admiralty and the Treasury refusing money to develop the instrument he had produced.



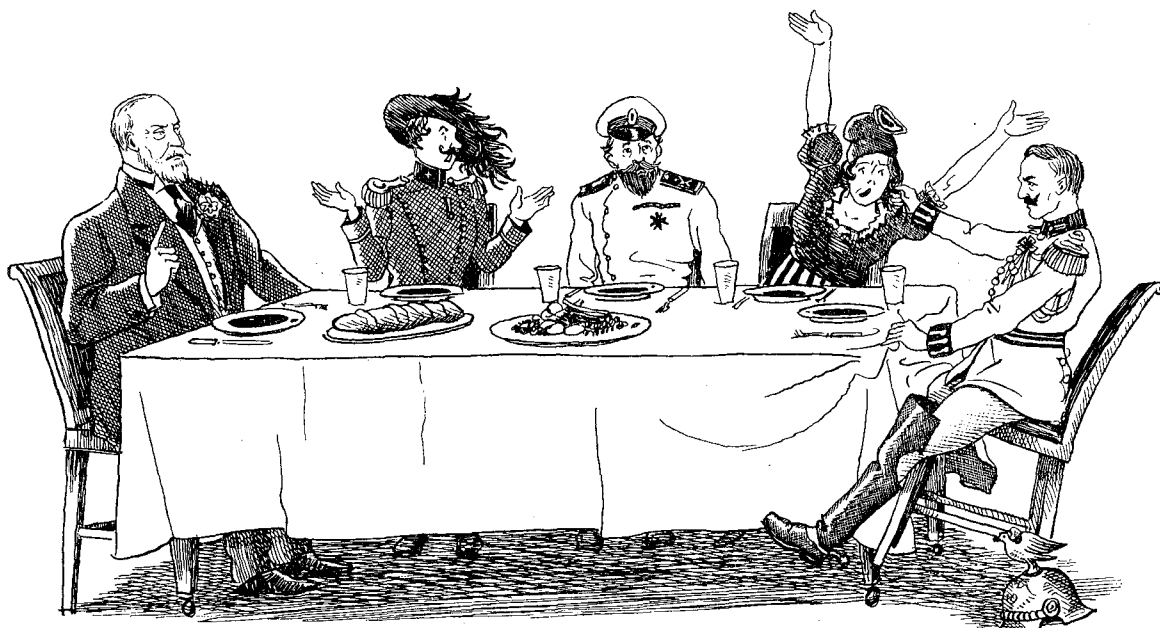
From *Everybody's Lamb*
Edited by A. C. Ward
(Bell)

TENDERLY ESCORTING A
MARKET-WOMAN.

Much the same attitude was exhibited towards flying and the author tells how, during the battle for the Air Service, a Lord of the Admiralty told him that "four officers had been taken from the Navy for the Air, and that was four too many, and not another one should go if he could stop it." Another Lord also solemnly suggested that two air-

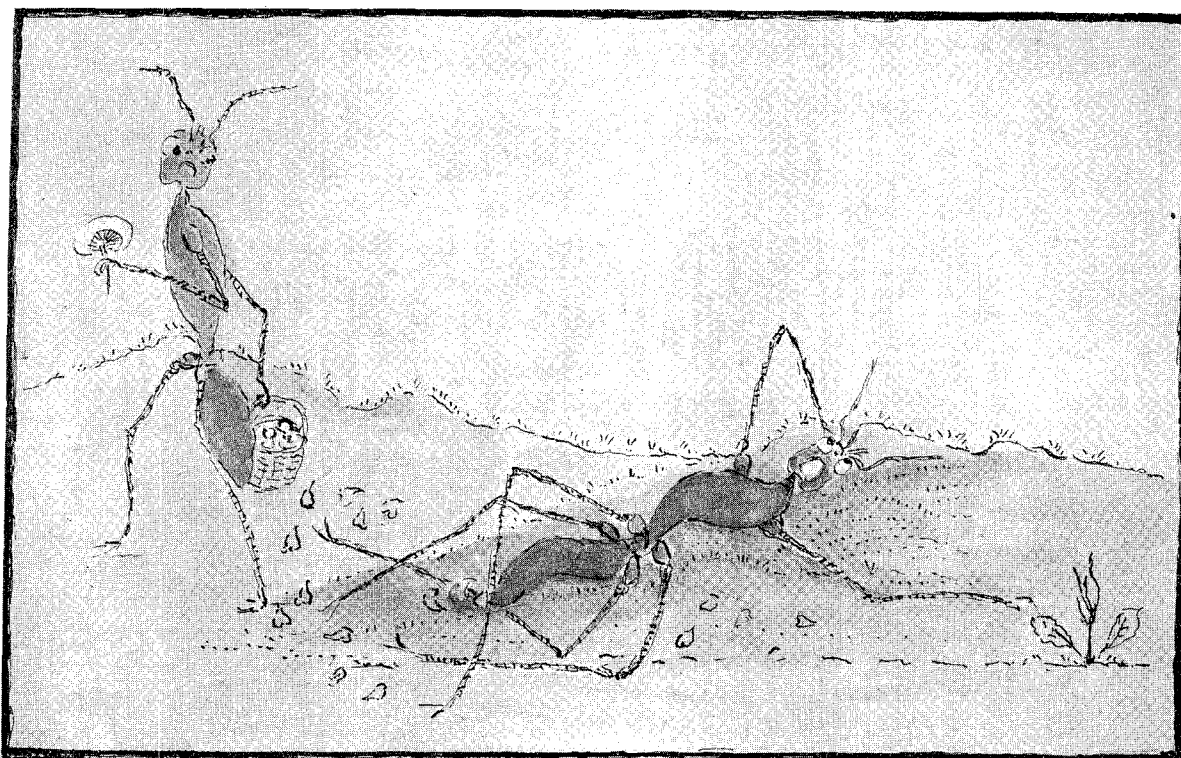
craft would suffice for the whole needs of the Navy in the next war!

A significant comment on this obstructionist policy is the author's statement that during the whole War no ship at sea, which was convoyed by flying-boats, seaplanes or aeroplanes, was sunk or damaged by submarines. In view of the recent controversy concerning



From *Truffle Eater* By "Oistros"
(Arthur Barker)

THE STORY OF FIDGETTY WILHELM.



From Ant Antics
By Estella Cave
(John Murrey)

**ANTS REQUIRE SLEEP AND WILL SLEEP
AS COMFORTABLY AS WE DO.**



From Horsemanship As It Is To-day
By Sarah Bowes-Lyon
(Dent)

bombing from the air, the author gives it as his opinion that "to abolish air bombing at sea, unless it is accompanied by the abolition of the submarine, means suicide for a nation dependent on overseas communications for six-tenths of her food, as is the actual position of Great Britain."

This is not the only problem which Admiral Mark Kerr suggests to his readers, and which they would do well to consider in view of the grave tension which exists in Europe to-day. Nor is the minute made by a former Admiralty Board, deciding against the use of iron in shipbuilding "because it was known to everyone in the world that iron would not float," the only good story.



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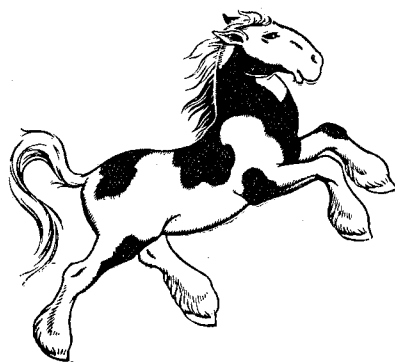
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By Sidney Knock. 2s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

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Discipline, iron discipline, is still, Mr. Knock says, the key-note of life in the senior Service. He discusses grievances impartially and the general psychology of the lower deck. The ways of chaplains and doctors, past and present, are also discussed critically; and we are shown the difficulties which surround a naval pensioner on his entry into

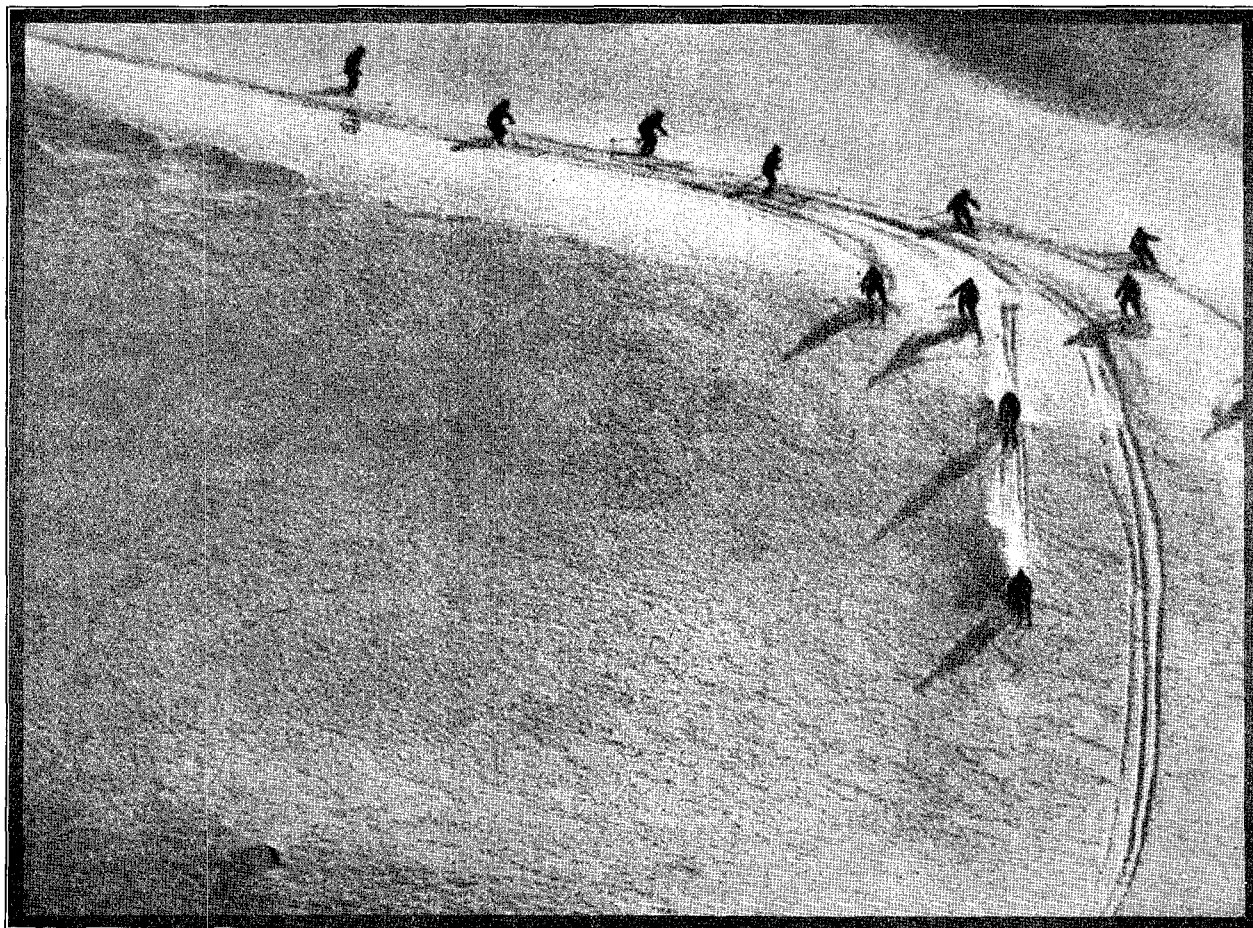
civil life. Difficulties which do not present themselves similarly to a retired soldier.

Mr. Knock's statements and arguments appear to be made and presented in all sincerity. GORDON ROSS.

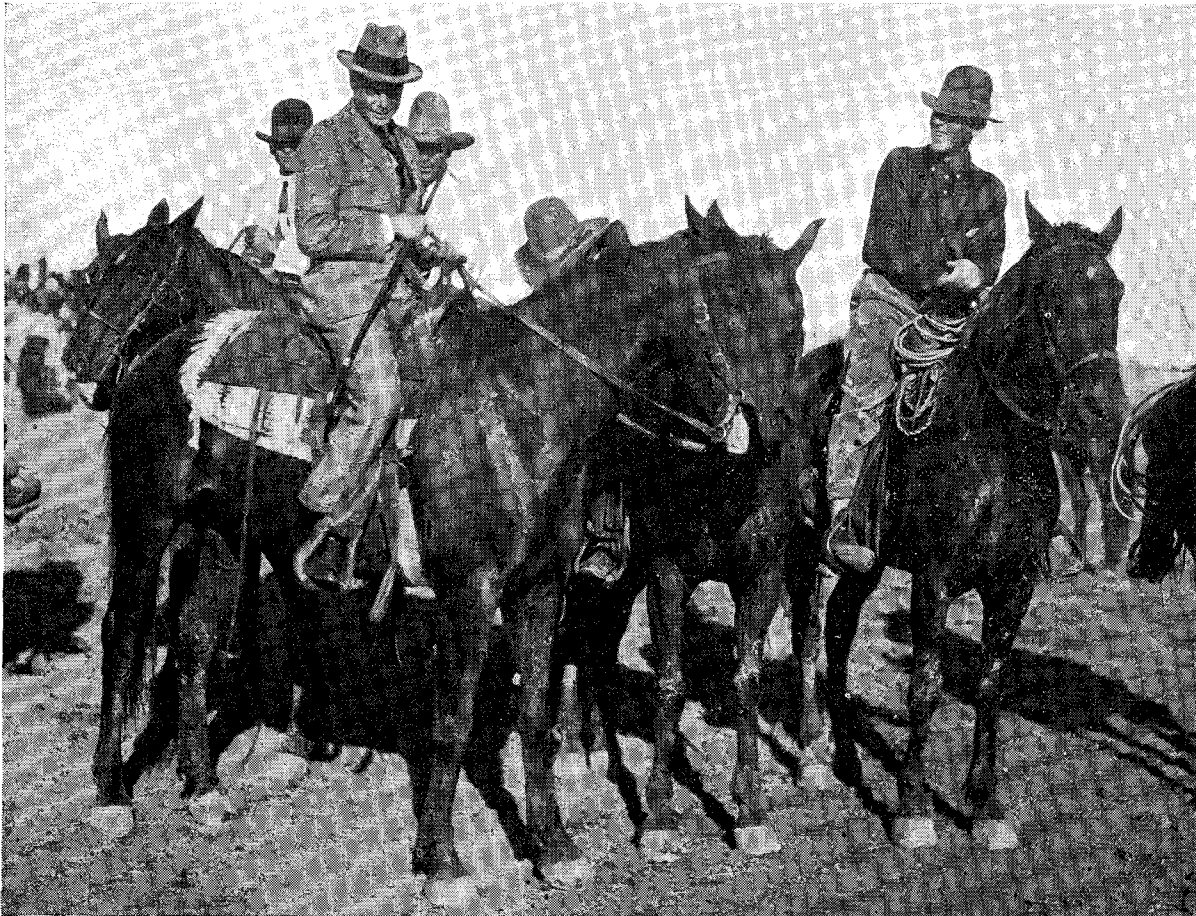
I KNOW A GARDEN.

By Marion Cran. 10s. 6d. (Jenkins.)

To write of nearly a score of gardens without becoming technical or monotonous is an achievement anyone might envy. But here Miss Cran never lets us get bored for one moment, nor at the end of the book are we likely to confuse one garden with another. It is not all flowers and lawns; there are cats, birds, authors, how to cook vegetables and a host of other things to enliven these pages.



From *The Wonders of Ski-ing*
By Arnold Fanck and Hannes Schneider
(Allen & Unwin)



From H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
Edited by Edgar Middleton
(John Lane)

SASKATOON. THE PRINCE WITH COWBOYS, MOUNTED
ON A BRONCHO, AT THE STAMPEDE.

"R. D. B." ON THE PRESS

The Press in My Time.

By R. D. Blumenfeld.

6s. (Rich & Cowan.)

by David Arkell

Mr. Blumenfeld introduced the first streamer head-line into English journalism. For this reason his criticisms of the modern newspaper are especially interesting, since they come from rather an unusual angle.

The newspaper always has in mind an "average reader," he says. This "average reader" is a nuisance, "for in practice he becomes the lowest common denominator of the public taste and intelligence." Incidentally the B.B.C. makes no such effort; it treats its public sectionally, classifying listeners into any number of different categories. According



From *Three White Stockings*
By Moyra Charlton
(Putnam's)

THE ROPE GAVE TAUT,
I JERKED MYSELF UP.

to Mr. Blumenfeld, the B.B.C. is improving the public taste and intelligence to such an extent that it will finally bring about an improvement in the quality of newspapers. He is not one of those who think that the epitaph of the Press is to be spoken in well modulated tones from Broadcasting House.

But it is worth while investigating further the process of which Mr. Blumenfeld speaks. This appeal to the lowest common denominator soon sets into a formula. It becomes tyrannical, and, although it existed in the first place only by virtue of its slavish appeal to popularity, it now begins to dictate and soon to mould the character of minds. Take for instance that barefaced appeal to sticky emotionalism known as the "human story" (and such



From Zoo Cavalcade
By E. G. Boulenger
(Dent)

THE FIRST CAGE TO BE
ERECTED AT THE ZOO.

"stories" fill the papers). More people daily are accepting its values, though before it was often a little too much for the lowest common denominator himself (or is it herself?). Its casual assumptions in small matters are so insidious that the process of levelling down, the general drift to the mediocre has no surer instrument.

In this "humanising" of news, Mr. Blumenfeld blames the journalists—"If by what I call a concatenation of circumstances a piece of news falls their way, they think they must dramatise it, dress it up, garnish it with adjectives, pile on the superlatives and serve it up all head-lined and beribboned until it is no longer news but mere limelight drama pummelled out of all semblance to its former human aspects." But why waste valuable abuse on the journalist, so easily replaceable a cog in the machine! It is not insignificant that Messrs. Day Lewis and Auden preserve their deadliest barbs for the fleshy parts of Beethameer and Bimbo.

Mr. Blumenfeld does full justice to the technical excellence of the modern press—a quick news service and attractive make-up (many would be astonished at the trouble that is taken in "making-up" a modern newspaper). He gives a brief historical sketch tracing the change from the political party organ of the last century to the newspaper of this. Also, he does not disguise the weakness of the modern press in its most fundamental rôle as purveyor of news. He explains that the "sketch," which has so largely replaced the verbatim report in popular journalism, needs responsible handling which it does not often get. A recent example of distorted news that occurs to one is the "Reichstag" trial. This was presented in a more or less typical manner, the line being to select choice tit-bits

for our delectation. If anyone did manage to gain a comprehensive view of the proceedings on one day, his trouble was quite wasted for on the next day the famous trial was out of the news altogether. How surely *Tit-Bits*, which in the late eighties "began to appeal to the first crop of the Forster Educational Act," was the forerunner of this modern journalism!

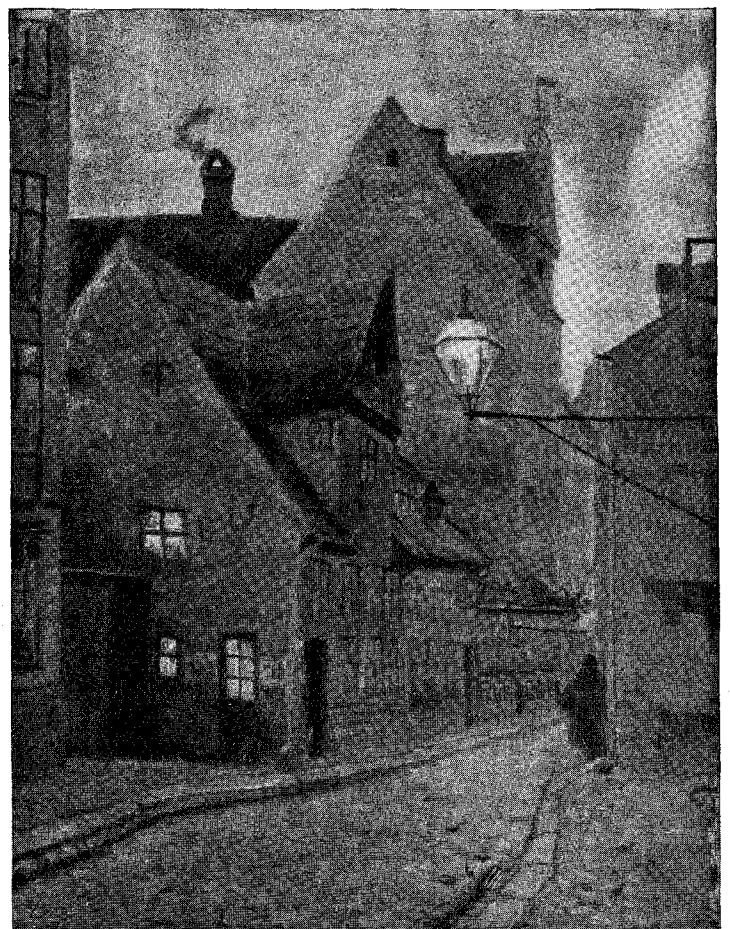
In an amusing passage Mr. Blumenfeld describes the "lethargic" reporters of those late eighties. "They were strange, weird people in frock coats with notebooks and utterly devoid of originality and enterprise." How strange a contrast to the oh-so-Bright Young Pressmen of to-day, whose short shrill sentences are so well calculated in their appeal to hysterical typists—and others.

A MUMMER'S WIFE.

By George Moore.

12s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Messrs. Heinemann have just added "A Mummer's Wife" to the collected edition of George Moore which they are producing. It is the first volume of the series and a preface has been written by the author. This is entitled "A Communication to my Friends" and was unfinished when George Moore died. Here he "takes his readers into his confidence and tells them how it came to pass that he retired from the ordinary amusements of life to writing about life." He relates his return from France and arrival in the literary-theatrical set of the Gaiety Bar, his cutting away from the Irish estate, and then the great battle with the libraries. It is a brave story how the Vigilance Society was routed, but only after having killed Vizetelly. It is perhaps with regret that we read later of his "first great advance in the writing of our dear English language," and take leave of the introducer of realism to meet the perfect practitioner of words.

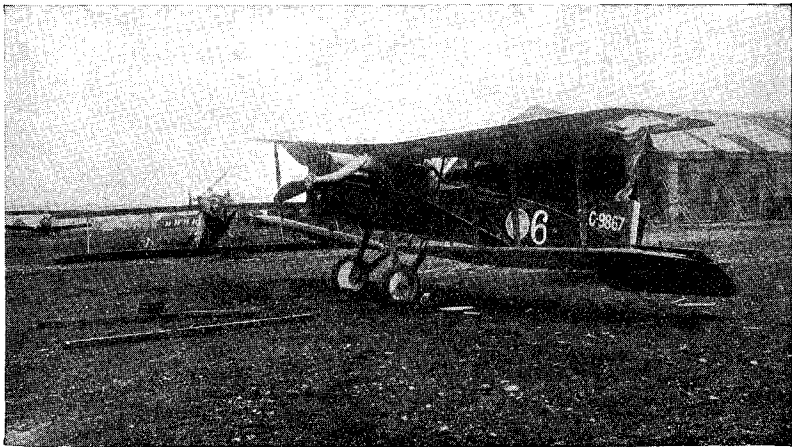


From Hans Christian Andersen
By Signe Tøksig
(Macmillan)

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WHERE ANDERSEN FIRST
LIVED IN COPENHAGEN.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS.

From the famous Medici Society comes a collection of cards and calendars to suit all tastes. For the lover of the country-side there is Flora Pilkington's calendar, "The Bluebell Glade" or Mark Fisher's card, "At the Close of Day." James McBey's "A Still Day" and Sisley's "A Sunny Road" are cards which will appeal to most moderns, and the excellent reproduction of Fra Angelico's "Madonna dei Linaiuoli" the choice for those who prefer Italian masterpieces. The best card for the child-lover is probably Muriel Dawson's "Critical." The famous little calendar containing the zodiacal signs for each month (which is a great favourite), has oddly the Sistine Madonna on the cover this year.



From *An Airman Marches*
By H. H. Balfour
(Hutchinson)

NORFOLK, 1918.
AN ATTEMPT TO JUDGE THE BRISTOL.

ROWLOCK RHYMES AND SONGS OF EXILE.

By "North Antrim." 6s. (Quota Press.)
The value of this little volume of verses is sentimental rather than intrinsic, as the publishers recognise in describing it as "An Antrim Keepsake." The local patriotism of the author is intense and discerning, and visitors to the famous North Antrim coast will treasure the book as a souvenir of their visit. Of the verses, those in which absent sons of Antrim bemoan their exile are distressingly true to type. More pleasing and vigorous are the ballads which commemorate the life of the Antrim fisherfolk, although they tell of the homely incidents and emotions rather than of the sterner aspects of the fisherman's lot.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE.

5s. (Collins.)
Although Oscar Wilde belongs to a period which in many respects is singularly remote from our own, a hasty glance through his writings is enough to convince the reader of his genius and versatility; and Messrs. Collins have rendered a service in bringing together the poems, the plays, the criticisms and the stories—including "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and the exquisite fairy tale, "The Happy Prince" within the pages of a single volume of 1,248 pages in length, and illustrated with fifteen original drawings by Donia Nachshen, the book is wonderful value for 5s. The omissions are few, the most notable being "Salome" and the "De Profundis."

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Among the contributors to the present issue, in addition to the Foreword by Lord Moynihan, are:—
(A complete list is not yet available)

Ivor Brown	Wilfrid Gibson	R. H. Mottram
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From *Conquering the Air*
By Archibald Williams
(Nelson)

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CONTEST OF 1931, AND SECURED
THE TROPHY FOR BRITAIN.

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THE PICTURE SHOW ANNUAL : 1934.

6s.

This volume is distinguished by its lavish illustrations. There are literally hundreds of photographs of film stars, at work and at play, frequently accompanied by pet dogs. The articles are of secondary importance, but there are descriptive or biographical paragraphs beside many of the portraits and sentimental verses by "Louise A."



From *Up the Attic Stairs*
By Violet M. Macdonald
(Constable)

"SHE . . . LOOKED DOWN AT ME."

STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

By R. K. and M. I. R. Polkinghorne.
(University of London Press.)

This useful little Reader gives a bird's-eye view of history by means of lives of outstanding women, from Cornelia, Cleopatra and Boadicea, to Elizabeth Fry, the Empress Eugénie and Florence Nightingale.

Avoiding, as the authors say, "trivial details" those events in each life story are chosen which throw light on the general life of the time. In that way the thread of continuity is seen to run through varying countries and periods.

THE SEA HARVESTERS.

By Walter Wood. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

Wilf Sutton loved the sea and fishing boats and the fish market in the seaside town where he lived. He had built himself a queer little boat which the fishermen had nicknamed the "Trunk," and while he was out in it one day he ran into a fog, lost his paddle and was helplessly adrift. A terrifying experience, but a worth-while one, for it led him into a series of amazing adventures. Boys

will envy Wilf the glorious opportunities that came his way, the thrills and risks and triumphs. Mr. Wood can tell an excellent tale, and while his direct, forceful manner will appeal to all boy readers, his expert knowledge of ships and fishermen will win their unbounded admiration.

THE REFORMATION OF JINTY.

By Elsie J. Oxenham.
3s. 6d. net.
(Chambers.)

Miss Elsie Oxenham has won the right to be included in that list of authors which may be consulted annually by seekers for "a good school story for girls" or "a good story for school-girls." This year she gives us the life-like doings of a group of girls at a school not very far from London, and of one small girl in particular, Jinty, a little person from the Highlands who meant well but caused as much trouble as if she had been intentionally mischievous. But Jinty is a lovable being, and always in the long run she brings about an admirable achievement.

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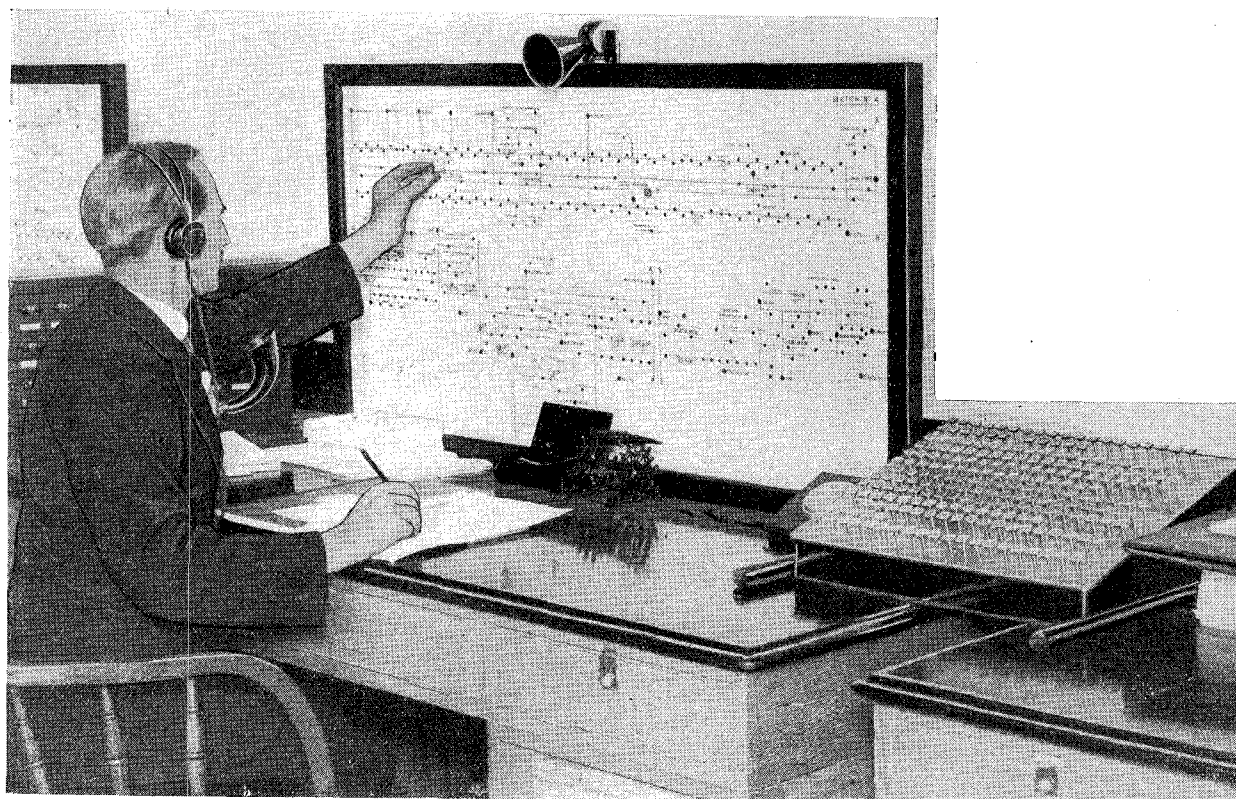
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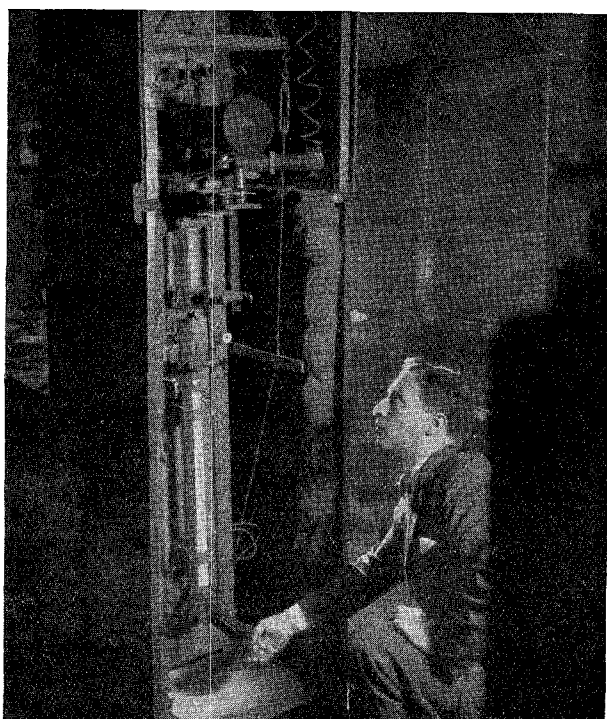
THIS SIGNAL-MAN AT KING'S CROSS STATION, LONDON, IS KEPT INFORMED BY TELEPHONE OF THE MOVEMENTS OF ALL TRAINS ON THE SECTION HE CONTROLS. HE MARKS THE POSITIONS OF THE TRAINS WITH COLOURED PEGS AND CAN THUS TELL IF THEY ARE KEEPING UP TO SCHEDULE TIME.

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7s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

What an amazing lot of interesting subjects come under this general heading of engineering. And any boy with the least bent in this direction will soon be lost to the world when within range of this packed volume. There are

bird's-eye views of many wonders and achievements above the ground and worm's-eye views below. The boy, or in fact anybody, who absorbs all the fascinating general knowledge contained within these covers should have a well-stored mind and be ready for most emergencies. Two outstanding articles are those on "The Home of Broadcasting" and "The Gateway to London's River" (The Tower Bridge).



From Major Mysteries of Science
By H. Gordon Gabelian
(Selwyn & Blount)

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100,000 WHYS : A Trip Around the Room.

By M. Ilin. Translated by Beatrice Kinhead. With the original Russian illustrations by N. Lapshin. 3s. 6d. (Routledge.)

This little book must not be disregarded because of the unpretentiousness and artlessness (or artfulness?) of its outward appearance and of its style; nor should anyone fear it for another of those hypothetical and mutually contradictory peeps into cosmos of which some of us are wearying. Not a bit of it. Mr. Ilin enumerates a lot of quite ordinary things the reasons for and causes of which he thinks (and thinks with surprising and humiliating accuracy) that most of us do not know; and gives simple but scientifically sound explanations of them all: those things which we have for so long taken for granted that inquiry concerning them has never occurred to us.

And it is all done sincerely and without the least appearance of superiority on the author's part. The rough illustrations match the author's style with a frank simplicity which is typically Russian. A charm which has been fully preserved by the translator. Only the title suggests Mr. Ilin's acquaintance with French literature.

WILLIAM : OR MORE LOVED THAN LOVING.

By Paul Sudley. 6s. (Collins.)

A series of candid conversations, each about a page in length, on himself, on other people, and on life generally, by William, a clever young man who tries hard to appear cynical and worldly-wise. His remarks are often shrewd and pungent, and point is added to them by a number of amusing illustrations.

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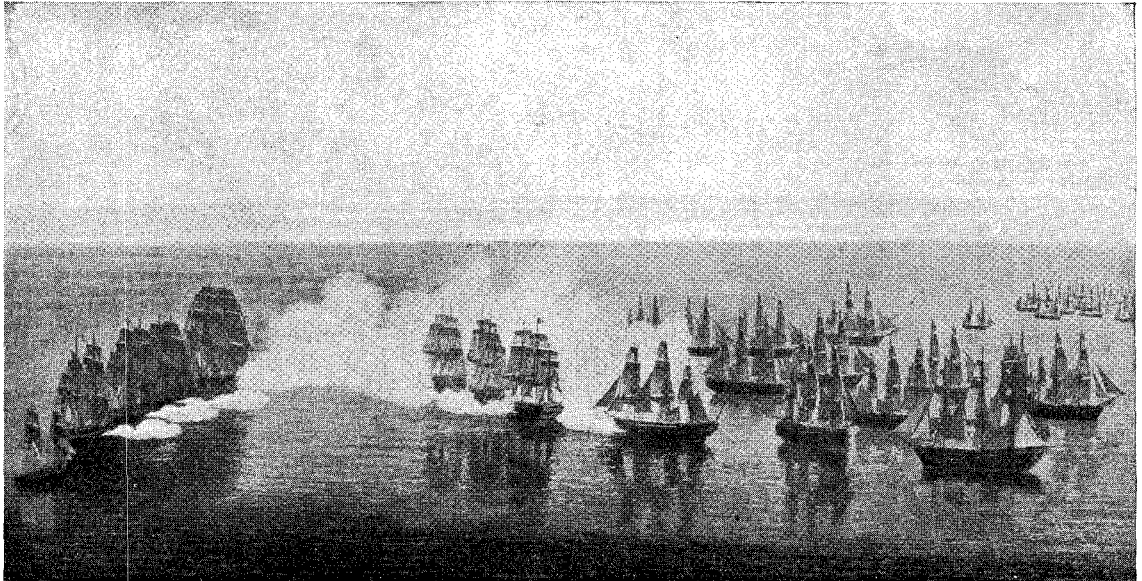
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THE COMMAND OF SIR NATHANIEL DANCE, ENGAGING
AND REPULSING A FRENCH SQUADRON.
(February 1804.)

A MODERN OUTLINE OF EVOLUTION.

By George Whitehead. 7s. 6d. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

Mr. Whitehead, the author of "Bernard Shaw Explained" has written the story of evolution for the man in the street. Although scientific terms are unavoidable in a book of this nature the author has made a brave attempt to confine himself to simple language, admitting that the book is the outcome of a series of popular lectures.

A fairly comprehensive account is given of the theories held by the world's leading scientists and the principles on which they have worked, supported by quotations from various authorities. When Mr. Whitehead indulges in

speculations about the future and his own optimistic ideals he forsakes plain speech for vague rhetoric which is not impressive. For instance in the last chapter: "Humanity! How long ere that giant form shakes off the ancestral chains? How long before thine eyes turn towards the rising sun and thine ears catch the growing rumble of the distant drums? . . . Life! Life! Life! Humanity, no Wealth but Life! Oh, if thy stammering tongue could frame the words 'We will it!' and will could be harnessed to words, thy mighty limbs would burst the bonds and thy soul would soar into harmonies now unknown." One wonders what the "plain man" made of that.



From *Ourselves*
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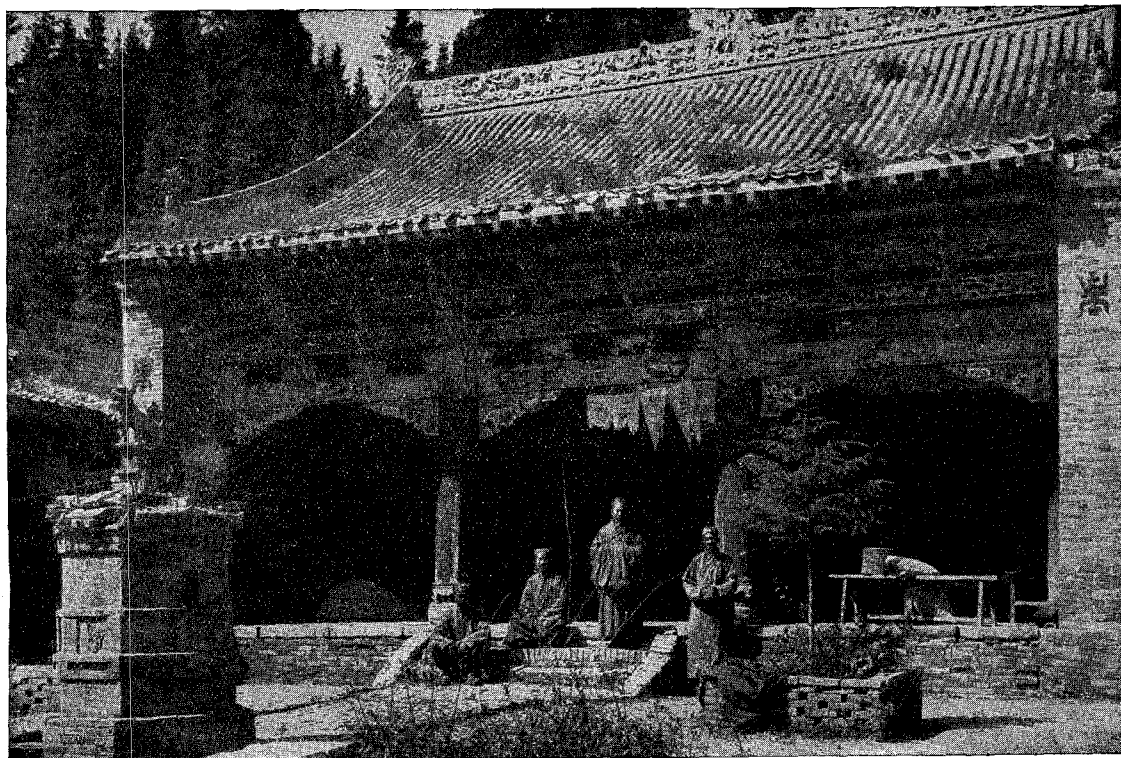


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From Riddles of the Gobi Desert
By Sven Hedin
(Routledge)

ENTERTAINING WITH ELIZABETH CRAIG.

By Elizabeth Craig.

Illustrated by Herry-Perry. 3s. 6d. net.
(Collins.)

What one likes about Elizabeth Craig is not only that her writings on cookery and the general management of the home are so useful, they are so pleasantly and wittily informative. In this book, by the aid of which one can "throw" every conceivable kind of party, all the psychological factors which make for success are stressed as much as the social and practical sides of entertaining. It is a book for the library and the boudoir as well as the kitchen (with its recipes), it is a book a man can delight in as well as a woman. The secret of successful entertaining is to entertain brightly without undue expenditure of either labour or money. Most parties are spoiled through lack of one thing only, lack of foresight. From the arrangement of a "stag dinner" to an "at home" with a mere gas ring—Elizabeth Craig is an entertainment, a hostess in herself.



From In Asia's Arms
(Stanley Paul)

SMILES: A JAPANESE NURSEMAID.

HEAD MONASTERY BY THE BOGDO LAKE.

"POPULAR GARDEN-ING" ANNUAL.

Edited by H. H. Thomas.

2s. 6d.
(Amalgamated Press.)

This is a practical little handbook for the amateur containing information upon a large variety of subjects. There is useful counsel about the layout of gardens, the making of lawns, paths, hedges, moraines, sundials and rustic seats as well as the actual growing of flowers, vegetables and fruit trees. On the vexed question of slugs, rings made from sheets of perforated zinc are advocated, also the adoption of a hedgehog as a garden pet, though one who has suffered acutely from this pest feels that these are by no means complete safeguards. The book is throughout rather optimistic in tone as are the coloured plates, though the photographs are decidedly attractive.

An original suggestion is the introduction of guinea-pigs as "living lawn mowers." Guinea-pigs and geese, we are told, will clear the lawn of weeds, and keep the grass fine and thick-growing.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

And Some Others



From The Oxford Nursery Song Book
By Percy C. Buck
(Oxford University Press)

HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK



From *Important People*
By J. H. Dowd and Brenda E. Spender
(*Country Life*)

A HEAT WAVE SOLO.

"TO TALK OF MANY THINGS"

Java Ho!

By Johan Fabricius. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Dashenka: The Life of a Puppy.

By Karel Čapek. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.)

No. 11, Joy Street.

6s. (Blackwell.)

Rhymes New and Old.

Collected and Illustrated by Cicely M. Barker. 5s.
(Blackie.)

My Own Story Book.

2s. 6d.
(Warne.)

The Peril of the Owl-pole.

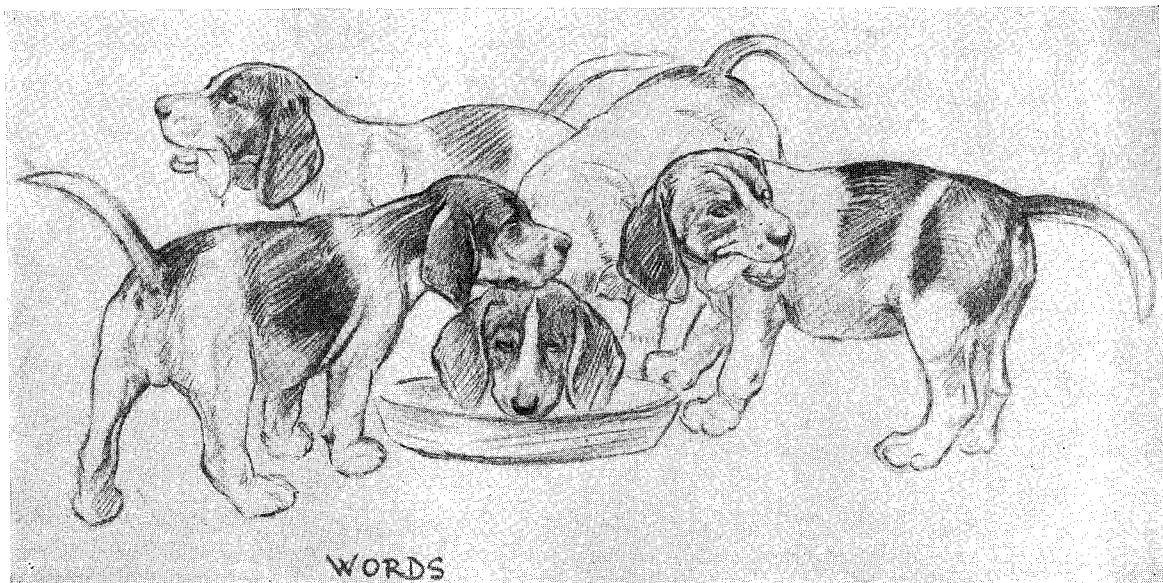
By Eve St. Leger.
3s. 6d.
(Universal Publications.)

All the Mowgli Stories.

By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
(Macmillan.)

Bellman: the Story of a Beagle.

By K. F. Barker. 5s.
(Black.)



From *Just Dogs*
By K. F. Barker
(*Country Life*)

WORDS.

The Cricket in the Cage.

Verses by Patrick Chalmers. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. 7s. 6d. (Black.)

The Book About Animals.

5s. (Warne.)

The Wizard's Spell.

By H. L'Estrange. Illustrated by Gordon Robinson. 5s. (Denis Archer.)

Billy Bobtail.

By Alec Buckels. 3s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Important People.

By J. H. Dowd. 6s. (*Country Life*.)

The Princess Dances.

By Rose Fyleman. Illustrated by Cecil Leslie. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

by Eleanor Graham

During these early winter evenings and dusky Sunday afternoons there are devoted booklovers, book-buyers, scattered all through our varied counties, searching diligently through lists and reviews for new and charming and utterly delightful things to buy for their children and their friends' children and even for strange children. Here is hope for them. Here are books which will make the most disillusioned and exacting among them pause hopefully and end perhaps by adding another name or two to their collection.

Before all others comes "*Java Ho!*" for which let me beg a welcome. It has been long in coming to this country and I, for one, have awaited its appearance with impatience. It is the finest, most thrilling adventure story for boys that anyone could possibly wish for. More than that, it is well written, vivid, realistic. The characters are portrayed so clearly that their experiences linger in the memory as though they had been actually seen with the physical eye. It is the story of a voyage taken in an East India Company's sailing vessel. Four boys went aboard her. There was a fire in mid-ocean: storms overtook them: the ship was wrecked. After that the boys lived a strange wild life on a desert island. From the very first pages the reader is interested and his attention held in a firm and friendly grip. Have no doubts about "*Java Ho!*" It is certain to be loved and, like the quality of mercy, it is twice blessed—for it will delight those who give as well as those who receive.

Karel Čapek says on the title page of "*Dashenka*" that he *endured* the pup! Certainly Miss Dasha, judging from the extremely amusing marginal illustrations that the

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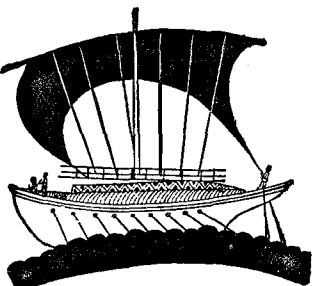
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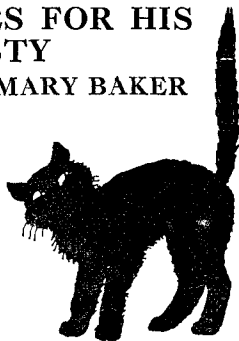
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

author has drawn, did all the things a puppy should not do but invariably does do! She worried shoe-strings, hung on to trouser legs with a persistence which was worthy of a better cause, worried the washing and the brooms, climbed in and out of baskets and upset them. But she must have been a darling, all the same—and Mr. Capek would agree to that, I am sure. He would never have recorded so happily the ill-deeds of a dog he merely *owned*. There are a number of good photographs too at the end of the book and a candid warning to those about to photograph

place from which you could see seven beaches at once you would know you were standing right over the spot where the buried treasure lay! Anyone who reads aloud to young children will fall upon Eleanor Farjeon's fairy tale with enthusiasm. She has the knack of slipping into the old traditional form of *rigmarole* which is very effective and always much enjoyed by the five-to-eight-year-olds.

A beagle's life is naturally one of fresh air and excitement but unless you have been lucky enough to live in their country you might never know about all the early training



And someone told someone (I don't know whom)
That his hands are all claws like a cat.
And his eyes, they say, though it mayn't be true,
(It mayn't be true! It mayn't be true!)
One of them's black and the other's blue;
And his nose, it's pierced with a ring right through.



From No. 11, Joy Street
(Blackwell)

a puppy. The whole book, from cover to cover, is quietly funny, frank and unblushing but, most important of all, completely true to life!

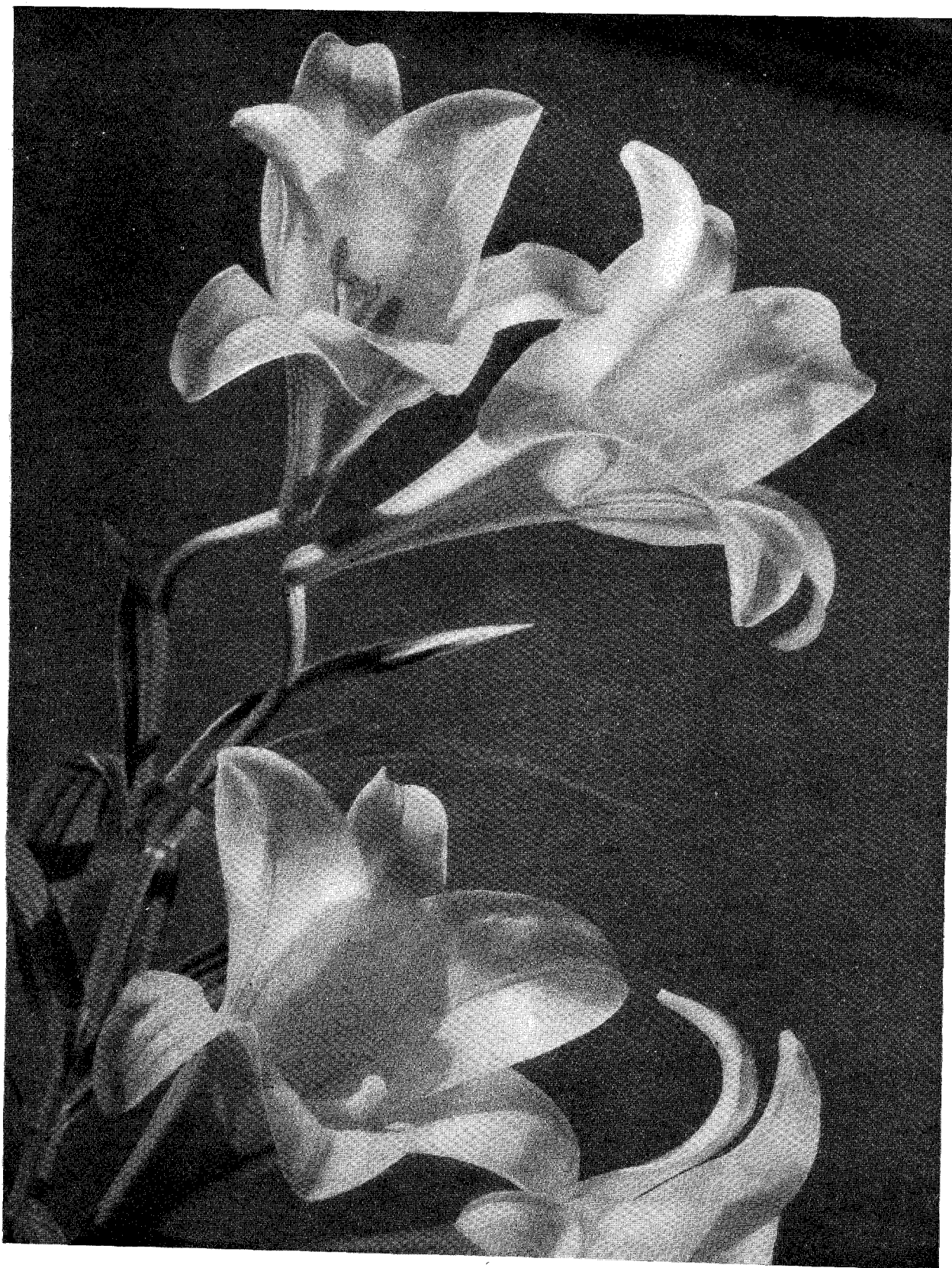
Perhaps some children will find a new "Alice in Wonderland" in "The Peril of the Owlopole" which is a very fantastic story for little children about a strange country. Slightly older boys and girls will be thrilled with the strange exploits told in "The Wizard's Spell," which Gordon Robinson has illustrated most amusingly and gaily.

The new number of "Joy Street" conforms to the high standard which its editors have insisted on from the very beginning. It contains a fine collection of stories, verse and pictures for the six-to-eleven-year-olds. Hugh Chesterman has drawn some delightfully funny pictures and written some of his famous verses for it. One of the best of the stories is Compton Mackenzie's. It is about an island in the Hebrides and a lost pot of gold and a green knoll which might have been fairy. If you ever found the

they have to go through. Town children will undoubtedly read the thrilling story of "Bellman" with a good deal of surprise but intense interest. It describes the dog's life from puppyhood to maturity and, as the author knows his subject better than most people, it is vivid and well told as well as lively and exciting. Mr. Barker has drawn his own pictures for the book and they add considerably to the charm of it.

The Author-in-the-Nursery does not often get the encouragement offered by "My Own Story Book" for the publishers have very thoughtfully provided therein everything *but the stories*! These the owners are to make up and write in for themselves. What a rainy day occupation! Some of the titles are most inviting, for example "The Treasure Hunt," "Bunty's First Flight" or "The Puzzled Pigs." The illustrations are there already and lined pages ready for the story.

How splendid to see all the Mowgli stories gathered

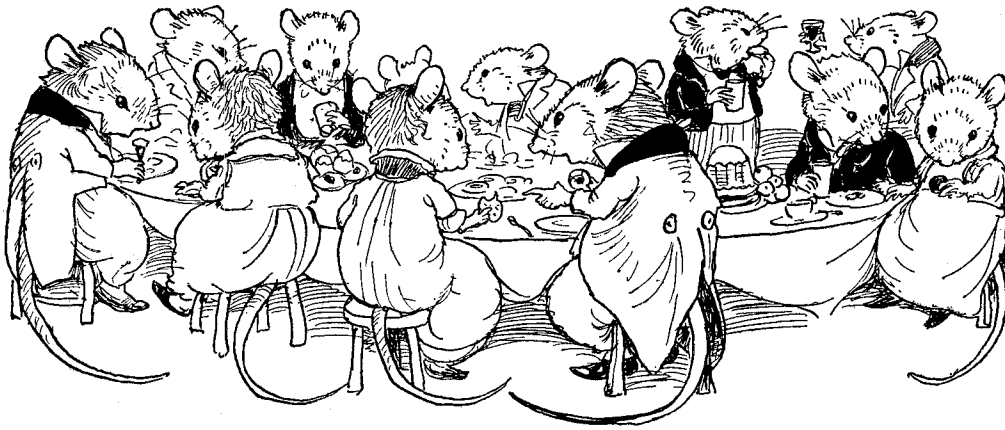


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From The Oxford Annual for Tiny Folks
(Oxford University Press)

MR. MOUSE'S PARTY.

together in one fine big volume like this. It is a splendid book for a present. The type is large and comfortable and the illustrations are excellent. The Wolves are real snarling, white-fanged wolves and Shere Khan is as ferocious as he appears in the stories. It is always interesting to read an old favourite in a new form and notice one's reaction. Sometimes one is able to reread the stories with a mind as open as when they were first seen. I felt like that over these. Kipling's animals, I found, are still good. They are *themselves*—wolves, hyenas, bears, pumas and snakes. They never deteriorate into mere humans-in-the-form-of-animals, speaking and acting with the feelings and sensibilities of humans. That is perhaps why they go on from generation to generation, satisfying and pleasing as they do. This new edition ought to add something even to their long life!

"The Cricket in the Cage" shows how many-sided is the work of Patrick Chalmers. There are on the one hand cheerful nonsense rhymes like the "Turnspit," a sad story of a little dog, and on the other poems which smell of the Downs and of beechwoods in autumn. "Spring Ploughing" and "On Moultsford Down" are by themselves reason enough for buying the book and Ernest H. Shepard has found therein some happy subjects for his art.

There are some fine photographs as well as magnificent coloured plates in "The Book About Animals." The text is printed in a good readable type and is definitely instructive. It would make a good present for children between six and nine years of age.

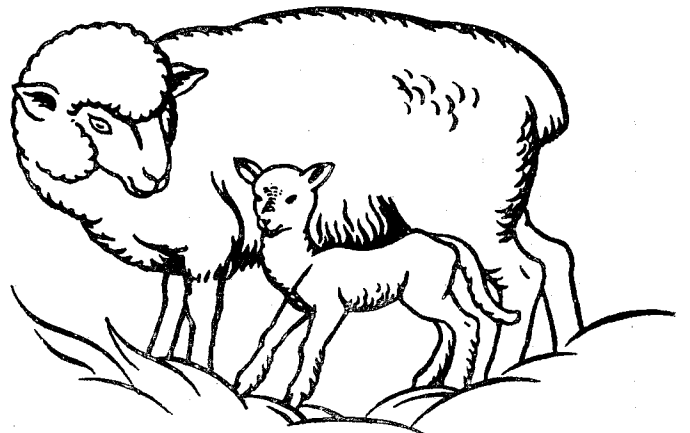
Children always love stories about the little wood-

land creatures, rabbits, moles, frogs, squirrels, badgers and so on. They will simply adore "Billy Bobtail" which is a simple story about all of them illustrated on every page with the most beautiful drawings in very bold thick black outlines. What is more—though perhaps it is impious to suggest it—when every other pleasure has been exhausted the pictures lend themselves to the paint-box most kindly!

A great many of us will be moved to gladness by the news that J. H. Dowd's "Important People" has

appeared in a cheaper edition. It is such a treasure house of reminders of delicious moments when our own particular young fought with a hair-brush and disported themselves on the beach. But almost best of all do I love his ragamuffins, "The New Gang" and "Going Fishing." It is an adorable book.

"The Princess Dances" is an exquisite thing, outcome of delicate fantasy and inspired craftsmanship. Miss Leslie's drawings are so fine, have so light an effect that one can almost believe they were created and not made! The subjects are widely diverse. In delicious contrast to the sophistication of the "shy little, sly little slave-girl" dancing before the King is the gentle,



From Butterwick Farm
By Clifford Webb
(Warne)

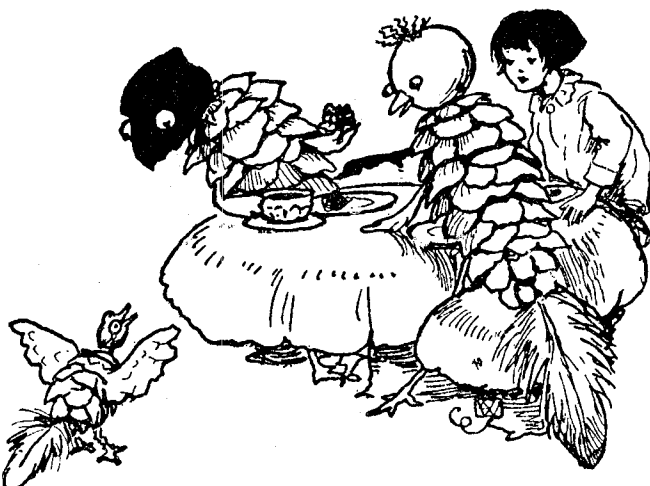
tender picture of two rabbits, a snail and a half-crown piece.

Miss Fyleman must have enjoyed her share of the work for she has been able to indulge that fanciful imagination of hers and has described the Princess and her Dances with a clear and certain touch which suggests almost that she has watched them as she sat in her room with the firelight flickering upon the walls and ceiling.

BUTTERWICK FARM.

By Clifford Webb. 5s. (Warne.)

Though this gift-book for tiny folk is excellent value for money, it should be avoided by those who think of value only in terms of bulk. But it can be commended unreservedly to prospective donors who wish to give something a little superior and distinctive in quality. Both the letter-press (describing a visit to a farm through the eyes of a small boy and his sister) and the simple but delightful pastel illustrations are by the author of that very successful book "The Story of Noah." No child from three to five could fail to revel in the brief tale and pictures, and the really artistic format will fascinate the discriminating adult!



From The Peril of the Owl-pole
By Eve St. Leger
(Universal Publications)

"WELL, JONATHAN, WHAT IS IT?"
ASKED KING WIZZLE.



INTERLUDE

A specimen of the fourteen point Arrighi italics which
accompany CENTAUR

HOCCEVE'S LAMENT FOR CHAUCER

Allas! my worthy maister honorable,
This londes verray tresour and richesse!
Dethe be thy dethe bath barm irreparable
Unto us done: bir vengeable duresse
Despoiled hath this lond of the sweetnesse
Of rethoryk; for unto Tullius
Was never man so like amonges us.

Also who was beyr in filosofye
To Aristotle in our tunge but thou?
The steppes of Virgile in poesy
Thou folwedest eke, men wote wel ynow.
That combre-worlde that my maister slow—
Wolde I slayn were!—Dethe was toastyf
To renne on thee and reve thee thy lyf . . .

She might han tarried bir vengeance a whyle
Til that some man had egaal to thee be;
Nay, let be that! she knew wel that this yle
May never man bring forthe like to thee,
And her office nedes do mote she:
God bade bir do so, I truste for the beste;
O maister, maister, God thy soule reste!

[14]

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CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED & THIRTY-FIVE

EVERY FIGHT it has the last and bitterest blow. Run tilting at it, and you but run through it. Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark naked men, but will not stand to receive a single blow. Even Ahab is a braver thing—a nobler thing than *that*. Would now the wind but had a body; but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents. There's a most special, a most cunning, oh, a most malicious difference! And yet, I say again, and swear it now, that there's something all glorious and gracious in the wind. These warm Trade Winds, at least, that in the clear heavens blow straight on, in strong and steadfast, vigorous mildness; and veer not from their mark, however the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack, and mightiest Mississippies of the land swift and swerve about, uncertain where to go at last. And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on; these Trades, or something like them—something so unchangeable, and full as strong, blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d'ye see?

'Nothing, sir.'

'Nothing! and noonat hand! The doubloon goes a-begging! See the sun! Aye, aye, it must be so. I've oversailed him. How, got the start? Aye, he's chasing *me* now; not

15

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THE CHILD AND RELIGION

An Outline of Religion for Children.

By E. R. Appleton. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

by F. E. Christmas

"Break your child's will that it may not perish. Break it as soon as it can speak plainly or before it can speak at

all. It should be forced to do as it is told even if you have to whip it ten times running. Break its will in order that its soul may live." It seems curious that a man as humane as John Wesley could be guilty of offering such inhuman and ferocious advice; but Wesley believed that there was a taint of hereditary evil in human nature, and only by such drastic treatment could the warped will be made straight. Modern counsellors have sometimes gone to the opposite limit—from absolute authority to complete freedom. John Wesley is not the only great man who has talked nonsense on the subject of religious education. Bernard Shaw once said that we have no right to impress children with our beliefs unless we warn them that other people have held conflicting beliefs. Which would perhaps be a more

effective way of robbing a child of its birthright to happiness than Wesley's. For if there is one thing a child needs to be able to believe it is that grown-up people know what to believe. The responsibility thus created for grown-up people may be very unpleasant; but there is no escaping from it.

The child is a bundle of possibilities. Francis Thompson, in a sadly hackneyed passage, declared that the essence of childishness is a willingness to believe—"to believe in

loveliness, to believe in love, to believe in belief." What he omitted to state was that the same beautiful trustfulness might enslave a child to believe in a devil, or make it susceptible to any random and evil suggestions. The child being exceedingly impressionable but utterly unknowing, can only be guarded from receiving wrong impressions by being given right ones. It must be in-

structed—not merely in the sense of having its latent possibilities "drawn out," but in the much more difficult way of the implantation of wholesome and necessary ideas. The responsibility for doing this, particularly in matters of religion and ethics, devolves primarily upon parents. It is a very serious responsibility, and it is difficult to escape the impression that much of the *laissez-faire* attitude in such matters to-day is due to timidity. For we have discovered that our best intentions may prove our worst errors, and that sincerity is not enough. Authority is essential to the child; but let it be too repressive or too protracted, and the weak child will become a pale copy of its parents, whilst the strong child may turn into a chronic rebel; and neither will reach true freedom or selfhood.

"The Outline of Religion for Children" has been written to help in the religious and moral training which must begin in the home. Most people whose childhood reaches back to the closing years of the last century, have found it necessary to unlearn something of what they were taught about God. They will be unwilling that the new generation should pass through the same painful process of disgorging indigestible ideas. Of course there will always remain



From Children's Books of Yesterday
By Philip James
(Studio)

FIGURES OF FUN: OR COMICAL
PICTURES AND DROLL VERSES
FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Published by Charles Tilt, 1833. (Collection of Guy Little, Eyre.)

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

differences about such matters. It would be impossible to write a book for young people without taking up some clearly defined standpoint. The author of this book has not attempted the impossible. He writes as a Christian, but as one who—in the words of Dickens—"lives according to the broad spirit of the New Testament, putting no faith in any man's narrow construction of the letter."

The ground which the book surveys is remarkable. The history of every great religious movement and of its founder is given, up to and not excluding Christian Science; and the permanently significant truths they have expressed are disentangled from their temporary elements. To do this for children; to render the most abstruse religious and philosophical ideas in language so clear and simple that young people will be able to understand, is little short of a miracle. Yet this is what Mr. Appleton has accomplished. Or almost accomplished. I am not sure that he always succeeds. I am not quite sure that "children" will be able to understand the things that belong to Heraclitus, and even their parents may be a trifle bothered about the ideas of Plato. But the main current of the book will bear young people easily and interestedly, and always in the right direction, to where they will gain the broadest view of the significance and dignity of life and duty, and of the part which they must play in the world of to-morrow.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the design and production of the book—a specially important matter where children are in question. If they weary of the text sometimes, the illustrations will be an unfailing source of refreshment and delight. And there are over three hundred of them.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF OTHER DAYS

Early American Children's Books.

By A. S. W. Rosenbach. (Portland, Maine: Southworth Press.)

Children's Books of Yesterday.

By Philip James. 7s. 6d. (*Studio*).

by Reginald Pole

Parents may well regret that the day has passed when Mr. Cotton Mather of Boston would endorse their opinion by the following words: "Children, if by Undutifulness to your Parents you incur the Curse of God, it won't be long before you go down into Obscure Darkness, even into Utter Darkness: God has reserved for you the Blackness of Darkness for ever." That was out of a children's book called "A Family well Ordered," published in 1699. It is not so simple nowadays. A scientific age has put abstruse works into the hands of the young, who thereby boldly refute the simplest pronouncements of their parents. A generation ago it was possible to foist off "Alice in Wonderland" on to the child clamorous for literature, but with this generation's discovery and appreciation of Professor Freud and his works, the parent, anxious to preserve the last decencies, will find it safer to lock "Alice" up. Curiously enough the first picture-book for children was a scientific one, published by a Moravian Bishop in 1658—Comenius's famous "Visible World: or a picture and nomenclature of all the chief things that are in the World," treated in fact of all things considered fit, from "God" to "crawling vermin." Half of it is in Latin. Yet a start in children's books as such had been made.

The second important date was 1744, when John Newbery moved from Reading to London to St. Paul's Churchyard, where for twenty-three years he devoted himself to producing books for young readers. They were attractively got up, covered in flowery gilt and coloured Dutch paper. Goldsmith was pressed into service, and the famous Bewick Brothers who were to revolutionise book illustration. These little flowered books found their way across the Atlantic, where they formed the first real series

of children's books that America had ever had. They were meant to amuse, sometimes to instruct, but never to terrify as had all the children's books done up till then. "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes" and the famous "A Token for Children: Being an Extract Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives, and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children," are typical, and the titles alone are sufficient to describe the horror of their content. This sort of book was fortunately indigenous to the Puritan States of North America. How blessed therefore must have been the advent of John Newbery. It was not long, however, before it was the turn of English children to be taught that not happiness but goodness was the ideal for which they must strive. In the year that Newbery died, Maria Edgeworth was born, and with her the great didactic school of lady writers was to blossom so prolifically that scarcely an attic would not bear witness to it in the shape of a moral tale or two. Perhaps the greatest of these was Mrs. Sherwood's "The Fairchild Family." Reaction was bound to come. In 1807 an eminent Liverpool banker wrote a skit on a city banquet for the amusement of his son, and called it "The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast." It was a best-seller, to the eminent banker's vast astonishment, and from then on the fun began again. In 1820 John Marshall published a book of limericks. The limerick as a literary form of course had been known before this, but it had not been given the dignity of collection and publication.

Illustration became better and better; the first quarter of the nineteenth century saw an excellence in this respect that was never to be rivalled, except perhaps by Kate Greenaway in the eighties and Tenniel with his "Alice" pictures. In most cases these beautiful books were coloured by hand by children in their teens.

In this early period one must not forget the publication of two translations of immense importance. The effect on a generation craving for Romanticism by the publication of the German Popular Stories of the Brothers Grimm, can scarcely be estimated to-day. For the three years 1823-26 in which they were coming out, children and grown-ups alike satiated themselves in an atmosphere for which the whole generation was nostalgic. It was a great good fortune that Cruikshank was chosen as illustrator. The other translation whose influence was to extend for just a hundred years—until the eve of the Great War, when mysteriously boys demanded facts and not fiction, and the adventure story as such almost ceased to exist—was the "Swiss Family Robinson." Published in 1814, this book was the forerunner of Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Ballantyne and all that host of purveyors of blood and valour to the generations of youth not doomed to suffer disillusionment in the War years.

In 1845 a German doctor published "Shock-headed Peter" anonymously, nor was he persuaded to add his name until the seventh edition appeared, by which time "Peter" had reached England. The pictures and the prescribed punishments are still rather horrible, but they must have been even worse before it was decided that the shock-headedness and long-nailedness were too much for Victorian children, and the ninth edition ushered in a more kempt figure for an English audience. One is impressed by the immense lives that these *juvenilia* have; they go through edition after edition, and the fame of a good one spread so rapidly that an almost simultaneous edition in America was in the natural course of things. "London Town" would be altered to "Boston Town," and the "Lord Mayor's coach" would become the "Governor's"; otherwise the American child seems to have been well satisfied with his English fare. He seems to have been not very good at sending presents in exchange. But once he did, and for that once we are very willing to forget the times he did not. "Uncle Remus" is still one of the stock-in-trades of third leaders in *The Times*, and has become as famous a store of clichés as "Alice" or the tragedies of William Shakespeare. And what surer test of immortality than that could a book ask?

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

BOYS' CINEMA ANNUAL : 1934.

3s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

In the pages of this Annual boys will be able to recapture the thrills and chuckles of their visits to the cinema and those whose visits are few and far between or those (if such exist) who are debarred from films altogether will be brought up to date on the subject. Here are seven complete film stories specially selected to appeal to boys, adventure and humour uppermost, and sixteen pictorial articles including an all too short one entitled "Endurance" dealing with Sir Ernest Shackleton's last attempt to reach the South Pole. Tom Mix writes at length of his pre-film experiences in the Texas Rangers rounding up cattle-rustlers and train-bandits, adventures every bit as exciting as those which befall him on the screen, and there is an informative account of the new Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, where a certain number of boy apprentices are to be taken on each year.



From **Bellman**
By K. F. Barker
(Black)

**AFTER A TIME HE SLEPT, WHILE
THE TRAIN RUSHED ON THROUGH
THE NIGHT.**



From **Warne's Happy Book
for Children**
(Warne)

**HE SAW A TINY
PERSIAN KITTEN.**

WARNE'S PLEASURE BOOK FOR GIRLS.

WARNE'S PLEASURE BOOK FOR CHILDREN. THE PRIZE.

2s. 6d. each. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Three attractive books for those who want to pay a moderate price. "The Pleasure Book for Girls" contains complete stories for girls of school age with four coloured plates and many black-and-white drawings. With the exception of an article on flying, it is almost entirely devoted to fiction.

"The Pleasure Book for Children" for much younger children is more varied. It has coloured drawings which are charming and many which are humorous. The stories are quaint and funny and there are little poems of the type which the small elocutionist loves to learn. Harry Roundtree's delightful animals and Irene Heath's lifelike small boy are specially joyous. Altogether the nursery child

has been rather more successfully catered for than the school sister; we can imagine this book being a "Good Companion" for many a day to many a toddler.

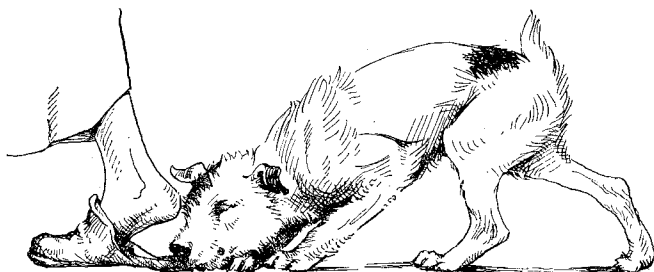
"The Prize" is a little smaller than the Pleasure Books but well filled with stories, including quite a thrilling serial, a series on "Your Garden Zoo," poems and pictures by well known artists.

As well as long stories to be read aloud, there are some short ones thoughtfully provided for the child who likes to read "all by myself."

THE NOAH'S ARK ANNUAL.

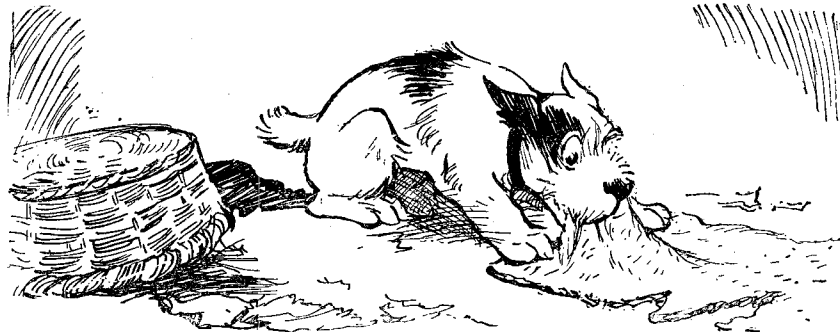
3s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

Would you like to know why the tiger has stripes and the robin a red waistcoat? Would you like to hear about a St. Bernard dog and an elephant? asked Mr. Noah. "Oh, please, please!" cried Tony, and all that Tony saw and heard you may see for yourself if you are lucky enough to possess this delightful book. All the animals



From **Gentlemen Preter Dogs**
By Eleanor Wallace
(Gerald Howe)

tell their own story, also how and where they live is shown in excellent pictures and descriptions. It is a book full of the fascinating facts about animals and birds that children revel in.



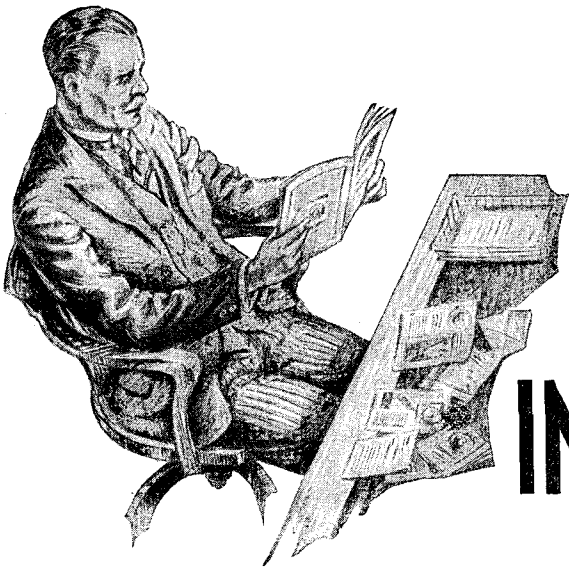
From **Warne's Pleasure Book
for Children**
(Warne)

A PUPPY'S DAY.

LORNA DOONE. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Told in Pictures by Frank G. Papé.
2s. 6d. each.
(John Lane.)

Two old favourites in a new form of presentation. Mr. Papé has retold the stories in a series of pictures, each one being accompanied by a few descriptive words lifted out of the text. By this means a much younger generation will be able to enjoy these outstanding books, and will feel on the most intimate terms with the principal characters when they come to the full text later on.



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THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1933

THE PLAYBOX ANNUAL : 1934.

6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

Christmas would not be Christmas to some of us without an extra large dose of Tiger Tim, Jumbo and the Bruin Boys, our faithful companions of the year. Here they are, as inspired as ever, getting into hot water with Mrs. Bruin in all sorts of unexpected ways.

In this bulky volume are also lots of short stories, some picture puzzles and a cardboard model of the Bruin boys and Punch and Judy, with a little play to act when the model is made up.

Perhaps the most attractive feature is a series of spirited poems with black-and-white illustrations. My favourite is Cuthbert Caramel and his one-horse motor.

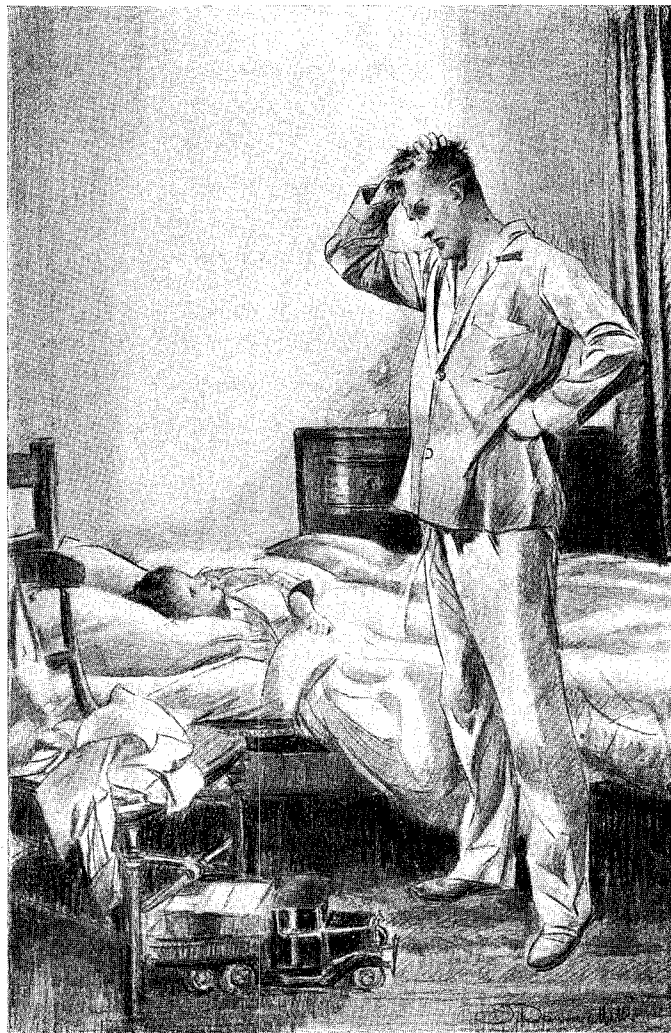
"Then suddenly it wobbled, and the hooter gave a 'honk-o!'
'My word,' he gasped, 'I'm sure this horse must be a
bucking bronko!'
He jumped out of the motor-car as quick as he was able,
And tied a piece of string to it and took it to a stable."

After which treatment he attached a little donkey cart to it and "Cuthbert means to drive it like a horse for evermore."

THE CHICKS' OWN ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

This huge book has very attractive illustrations and one of its best features are the pictures and picture puzzles to be painted by the recipient. A book that one has embellished (legitimately) with paints or crayons is likely to



From *The Guardians of Tony*
By Isabel Maud Peacocke
(Ward, Lock)

"I CAN'T SING!" EXCLAIMED
VERNON IN DISMAY. "IT'S
EASY—ANYONE CAN SING,"
REMARKED TONY SEVERELY.



From *Georgie McCulloch*
By A. Maitland Murray
(John Lane)

"YOU LITTLE HOOLIGAN!
COME HERE!"

gain value with the passage of time, and "The Chicks" will provide employment for many vacant hours. A novelty is a picture which needs a ruler and a pair of compasses for its completion.

Rupert the Chick is as kind and chivalrous as ever and as a reward he is given a party at which Dick Dog disgraced himself by over-eating, but it all comes right in the end as things do in most of the stories in this edifying volume.

HOBBIES' NEW ANNUAL.

Edited by F. J. Camm. 3s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

This is the third year of this excellent Annual which is devoted entirely to practical hobbies. Added to the wide range of interests is the fact that cheapness and consideration for those who do not possess workshop equipment have been borne well in mind. And still more there is the offer of help from the author if any reader should experience any real difficulty in making or operating any of the devices described here. Model aircraft, wireless sets, model engines, model yachts, cranes, electric motors, model railways, woodwork, water motors, printing presses, beam engines, are some of the subjects treated.

BABY'S OWN ANNUAL : 1934.

2s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

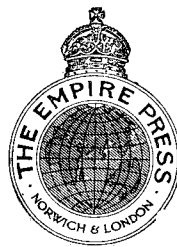
Much thoughtful preparation has gone to the making of this second issue of Baby's own book. Last year's issue, which met with such a warm welcome, taught many of the earliest lessons, and this year's, while carrying those children a stage farther, still manages to give the early lessons to a new band of beginners, and how delighted they will all be with the Tuck-a-Bed tales and pictures. It is an exceptionally well-planned book.

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From The Book About
Animals
(Warne)

YOUNG HERON.

THE
GIRL'S
OWN
ANNUAL.

12s. 6d.
(R.T.S.)

A thoroughly satisfying volume is this fifty-fourth Annual, with its thick glossy paper, wide margins and clear print.

The matter is modern, and free from the slightest "mawkishness" which used to be considered suitable for girls' reading.

Particularly brilliant is the little series of articles written

and illustrated by Joan Burr on "Making a Dress," starting with Saxon times and working through various periods.

There are numerous articles on hobbies and sport which are up to the minute and well illustrated by diagram and photograph, and a helpful series of ethical talks; suitable careers for girls are discussed and there are travel and historical articles for the girl with literary tastes as well as many hints on the care of animals for her out-of-door sister.

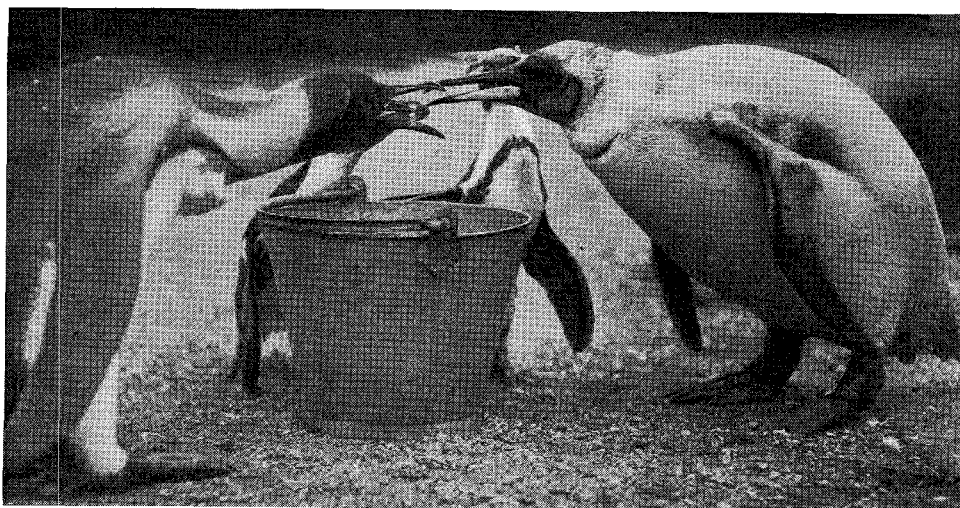
Fiction is by no means forgotten but it is of a high standard and not, as is sometimes the case in volumes of this kind, the weakest part.

There are nearly six hundred pages, and practically every one bears a picture or sketch.

EVERY
BOY'S
HOBBY'S
ANNUAL.

6s.
(Amalgamated
Press.)

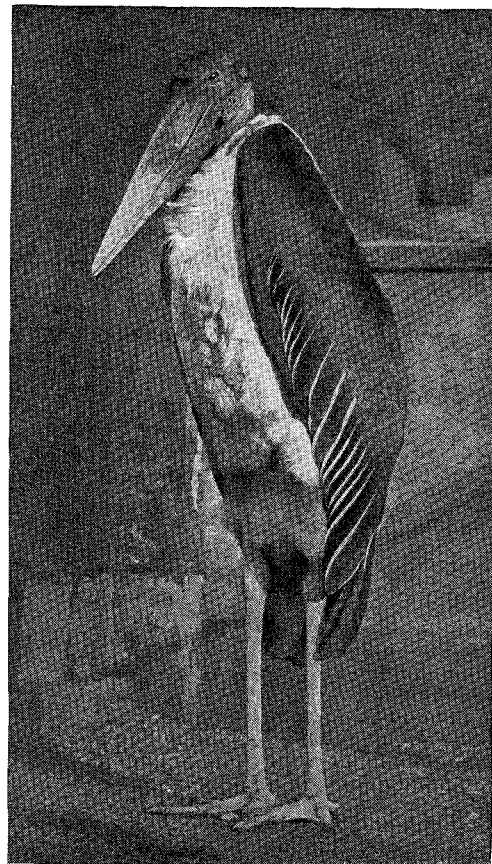
What a marvellous peep behind the scenes this book is, and what normal boy could resist the fascinating articles and pictures which reveal such interesting secrets?



From The Girl's Own Annual
(Religious Tract Society)

QUICK SERVICE LUNCHEON AT THE
LONDON ZOO.

How cars, vessels, engines, etc., come into being, how film effects are gained, much useful information on wireless, including a picture of the detecting-van which is used to trace "pirate" listeners-in, even "Snapping Big Game in Your Garden" and gaining excellent results too. These and many more widely varying interests are packed with profuse illustrations in this marvellous Annual.



From The Book About
Animals
(Warne)

ADJUTANT STORK.

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR BOYS.

Edited by H. A. Knowlton, B.Sc. 7s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

Here is a bumper volume, packed with good fare for boys between the ages of ten and fifteen. There are nearly three hundred quarto pages, and the contents comprise stories of adventure, sport, discovery and school life—many of them by boys' writers of recognised mettle. The many illustrations include four full-page plates in colour and four in photogravure.

KITTY IN THE COUNTRY.

By Edith Farmiloe. rs. (Sheldon Press.)

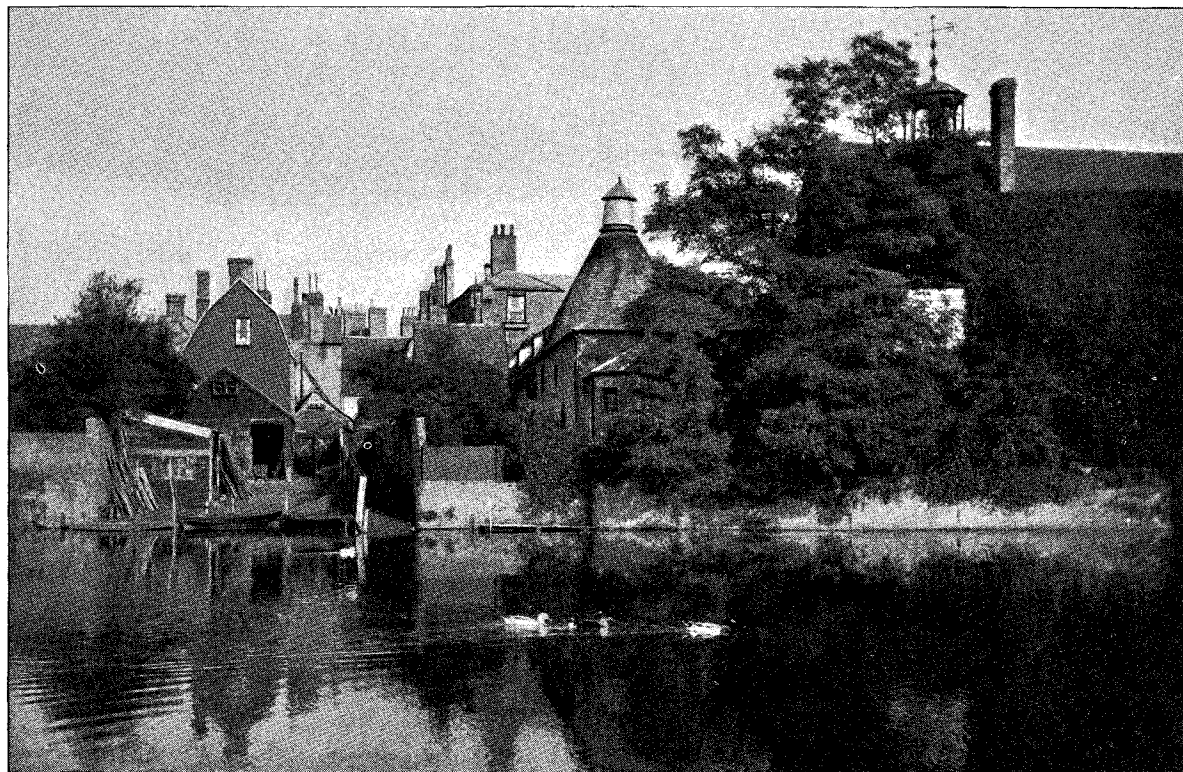
"Kitty in the Country" tells of the adventures of a little slum child. "Camilla the Cat," by Mabel Tyrrell, is an amusing diary written by a cat. There are several other shorter tales and some entertaining pictures in this little volume which is more than worth the money.

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By Rudyard Kipling
(Macmillan)

MOWGLI, WITH TWO WOLVES AT HIS HEELS
AND A BUNDLE ON HIS HEAD.

UNDER THE WOODLE TREE.

By Eve St. Leger. 3s. 6d. (Universal Publications.)

This is the story of how Hilary's wonderful Uncle Jack opened for her a new kingdom of imagination, peopled by



From Peter Down the Well
By Professor A. M. Low
(Grayson)

THERE WAS ONCE.

jolly little creatures made entirely of fir-cones and oak-apples. Among the Wizzles, the Wozzles, and the Wumps Hilary had many marvellous adventures, and at last succeeded in helping the Wizzle People out of a terrible predicament. And a special point to be noted is that all the characters in the drama can be made of fir-cones and oak-apples by the reader himself, the necessary instructions forming part of the actual narrative. Here is both a fascinating tale and a constructive game for children—and their elders. The book is illustrated by Mr. Alan Wright and bound in washable cloth.



TELL THEM AGAIN TALES.

By Margaret Baker.
2s. 6d. (University of
London Press.)

Miss Baker by her previous books has already won a reputation as a writer of tales that young children want to have read to them again and again. Her new volume, containing eighteen stories of about six or eight pages each, shows how fully she understands the child mind. There are fairy tales, tales about animals, and tales about the simple domestic affairs that naturally loom so large in the child's eye. Though always whimsically implicit—the narrative itself, each story

has a sound moral, like that of the donkey who was so eclectic in his choice of pasturage that he got no food at all. The book is daintily illustrated by Miss Mary Baker.

THREE WHITE STOCKINGS.

By Moyra Charlton. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday. 5s. (Putnams.)

This is a story of a horse's life, most of it true. In Chum's own words we hear of his education, his hunting, his racing, his war experience, his failures and triumphs,



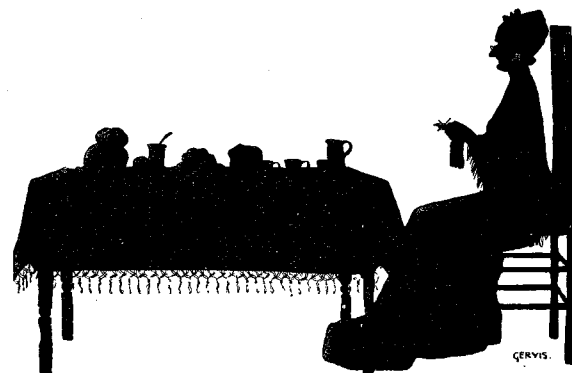
From Tell Them Again Tales
By Margaret Baker
(University of London Press)

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NOT MAKE CLOTHES—THEY
MADE NEW TALES AND RE-
PAIRED AND EXCHANGED OLD
ONES.

and the power of sympathy and understanding in dealing with gallant animals.

The young author who is only fifteen tells a graphic story in words as free and fresh as the open air she knows so well.

There are seven fine pencil drawings.



From The Amber Gate
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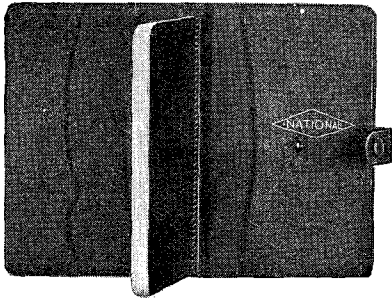
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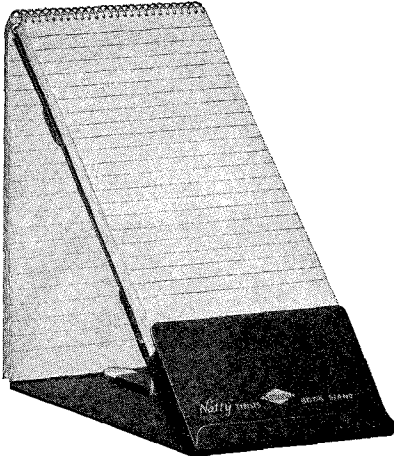
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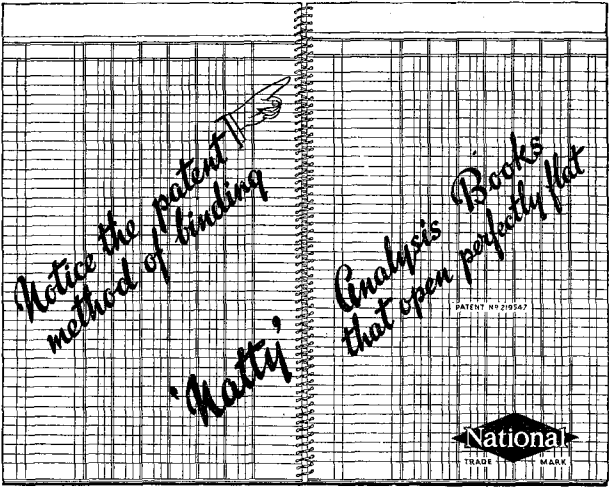
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BO-PEEP'S BUMPER BOOK : 1934.

2s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

It certainly is a bumper book, just full of mischievous little imps and all kinds of fairy folk, as well as ordinary girls and boys. The riddles will be found very useful for Christmas parties and the stories and pictures thoroughly enjoyed.

TALES FROM THE NORSE.

By Sir George Dasent. Illustrated by Helen Munro.
3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

A fairy-tale book which is full of fun as robust and boisterous as the north wind. All villains are outwitted, all younger sons are brave and lucky, and everything comes right in the end, as it should in all properly behaved folk tales.



From *Wireless Watson*
By I. M. Scott
(Warne)

THE PLANE DROPPED
LIKE A STONE.

But why only at Christmas?



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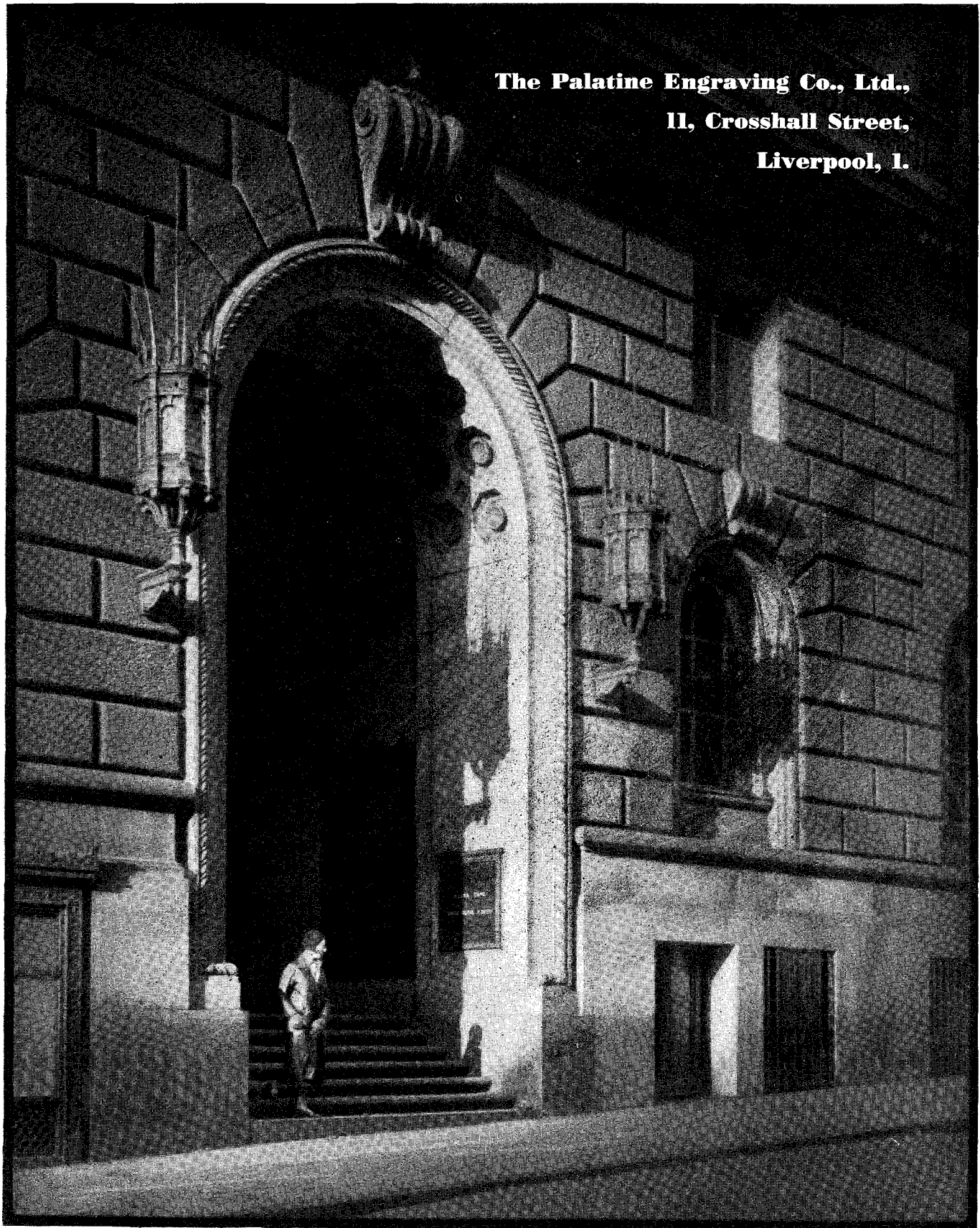
Oliver **BALDWIN**
Mary **BUTTS**
Karel **CAPEK**
Feodor **CHALIAPIN**
J. A. **CHAMIER**
Jean **COCTEAU**
C. B. **COCHRAN**
James **HILTON**
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"SOMEHOW THE BEANS AND THINGS I GROW TASTE BETTER THAN THE SORT YOU BUY."
From *Whither Shall We Wander*
By Rodney Bennett
(University of London Press)

THE CHILD'S COMPANION ANNUAL.
3s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

Formerly known as the "Chick-a-biddies' Annual," this is an old favourite, and provides again a rich variety of stories, rhymes and simple puzzles for children between the ages of four and six. Each of the hundred and sixty quarto pages has at least one illustration in the text, and there are a number of coloured plates.



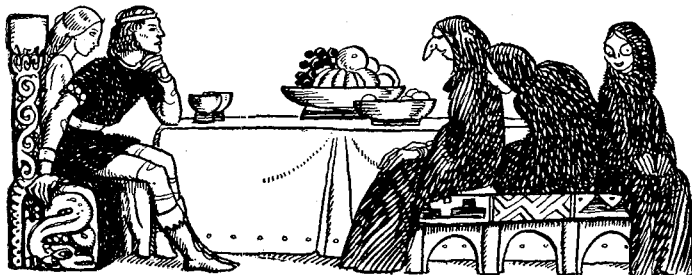
From *Child's Companion Annual*
(Religious Tract Society)

HE'D CALLED ON MR. ELEPHANT.

WHITHER SHALL WE WANDER.

By Rodney Bennett. With illustrations by Nina K. Brisley. 5s. (University of London Press.)

Here is a book which should be in every home where



From *Tales from the Norse*
(Nelson)

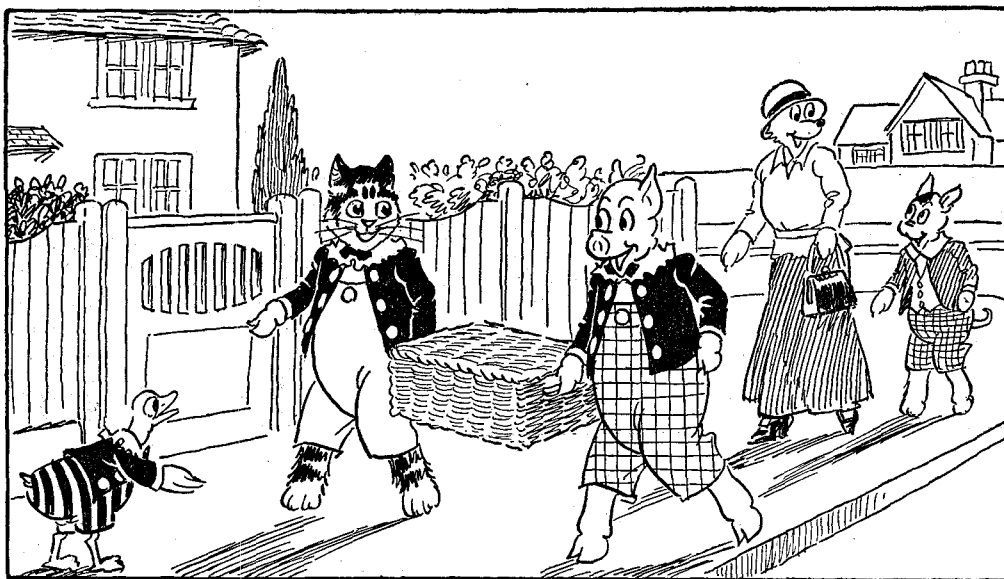
THE THREE AUNTS.

there are children, for the sake of the grown-ups and the children too. Is some grown person asked for a story? is some small person wanting such a thing? is some grown person distracted for want of a rhyme to amuse a small person who is bored? is a lullaby needed? a nature lesson ("lesson" unsuspected)? here let them wander and find the wealth of verse and story that has the appeal of novelty and the value of variety. The range of subjects is wide,



From *Captain Seal's Treasure Hunt*
By Dorothy Burroughes
(John Lane)

SLOWLY PASSED THE CHART BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS OVER THE CANDLE FLAME.



From *Tim, Toots and Teeny Annual*
(Newnes)

AUNTIE BEAR OBJECTS TO THE MENAGERIE.

the language is simple, the understanding of the child-mind and the child-taste is obvious. In many of the "Tell Them Again Tales" there lies a hidden moral. The man who helped to tidy an untidy country gets his reward. The later history of Cinderella's ugly sisters proves the value of unselfishness. The episode of the quarrelsome cats shows the growth and untrustworthiness of gossip and so forth, humorously too. The dainty work of the illustrator deserves hearty praise also.

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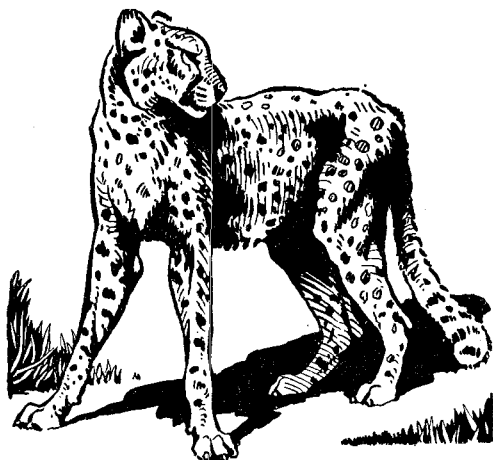
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL.

12s. 6d. net. (R.T.S.)

This is Volume XV of a familiarly acceptable Annual, and well sustains a long established reputation. The stories make appropriate appeal to those to whom they are offered and several descriptive articles will prove highly interesting to older readers also.

A fine coloured frontispiece is the work of the late Mr. Stanley L. Wood. Many good illustrations of the text are photographic, the most admirable of which is one of an approach to the summit of Mount Everest. It indicates with unusual clarity the enormous difficulties of this terrible ascent.



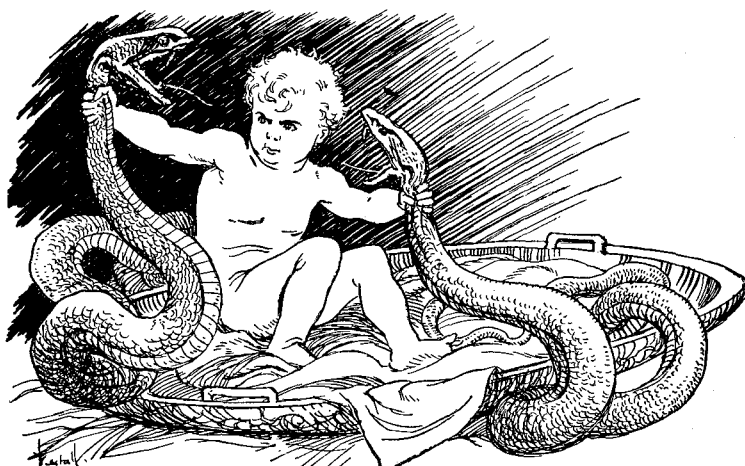
From The Oxford Annual
for Boys
(Oxford University Press)

**THE CHEETAH—A
HARMLESS PEACE-
ABLE ANIMAL.**

THE OXFORD ANNUAL FOR BABY.

2s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

No parent or friend can do wrong in selecting for a child's first book "The Oxford Annual for Baby." It is a handy annual in more senses than one, since its "pages" are thick boards and are practically indestructible. The coloured plates and the simple rhymes and other letterpress, illustrated with smaller pictures in the margin, are ideally suited to baby's taste.



From Myths and Legends of
Many Lands
Retold by Evelyn Smith
(Nelson)

THE LABOURS OF HERCULES.

THE BOOK OF FAIRIES.

Stories retold by C. M. Duncan-Jones. 3s. 6d. (Sheldon Press.)

An inexpensive but satisfying collection of folk tales. There are four sections, English Folk-lore, Stories from Ballads, Stories from Wales, and Stories from France. Many of the stories will be new to English readers who will be glad to have unfamiliar material brought together in this form. There are notes at the end of each section and twenty illustrations, several of them coloured. A very attractive book for the child who is tired of the more familiar stories.

TIM, TOOTS AND TEENY ANNUAL.

2s. 6d. (Newnes.)

One can make a very shrewd guess from the outside of this book what to expect inside, but even then they will hardly be prepared for the riot of fun and mischief that holds sway. It is just a panorama of the merriest antics imaginable and will give any amount of pleasure.



From The Book of Fairies
By C. M. Duncan-Jones
(Sheldon Press)

**THE WOODCUTTER STEALS THE
SNAKE KING'S CROWN.**

THE OXFORD ANNUAL FOR GIRLS.

5s.

(Oxford University Press.)

The Oxford books are well known as books of quality, excellent alike in workmanship and content, though not extravagant in price. This year's "Girl's Annual" has some stories which are quite out of the ordinary, as well as articles on swimming and the care of a car. There is a good play, which including as it does many historic costumes, dances and songs, would give many hours of pleasant employment to a large number of artistic young people.

There are six full page coloured illustrations as well as the clever black-and-white drawings and decorations.

A suitable book for the girl who is learning to appreciate style and the sort of book the donor generally dips into before passing it on to a favourite niece.

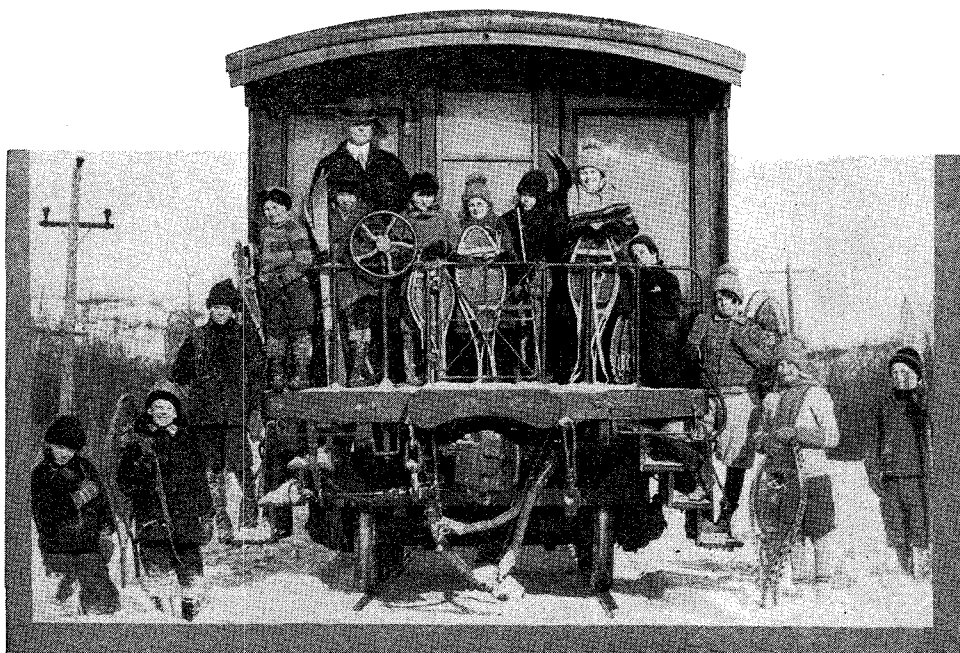
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From The British Girl's Annual
(Amalgamated Press)

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plenty of it" type. It is for the discriminating child, especially the budding artist who will revel in Elspeth Mitchell's delicate pen-and-ink drawings. The charming fairy story of the enchanted mouse, the charming Prince Charlot and the luckless young Duc de Nemours lends itself to dramatisation, and will be cherished by the family which goes in for original amateur theatricals.

The book is exquisitely printed and bound.

THE BRITISH GIRL'S ANNUAL.
Edited by H. Darkin Williams.
5s. (Amalgamated Press.)

The list of contributors to this fine Annual is alone sufficient to guarantee its bringing untold pleasure to any schoolgirl with a taste for reading. The editor has aimed to get a variety of subject-matter, and not only are there

BLANCHETTE, OR THE FAIRY OF TEARS.

By Hégésippe Moreau. Translated by B. C. Mitchell.
3s. 6d. (John Smith.)

This dainty little volume is emphatically not for the child of the "it doesn't matter what, so long as there is



From Anne-on-her-own
By Ethel Talbot
(Ward, Lock)

THE FLOOR WAS DIRTY AND
NEITHER ANNE NOR HER
COMPANION SPOKE.



From Blanchette
By Hégésippe Moreau
(John Smith, Glasgow)

ON THEY WENT WITH THE
BATS FLYING ROUND THEM.

all sorts of stories, but all sorts of interesting articles too. The fact that some girls prefer boys' stories has not been overlooked, and there are plenty of illustrations in colour, wash, black-and-white and several admirable reproductions of photographs. The Annual concludes with one of Miss Bessie Marchant's splendid tales, "The Priceless Pet," and Mr. Darkin Williams is to be congratulated on having produced a volume of outstanding merit.

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circles and by children themselves, for the stories in it read just as well as they tell. They have been drawn from various sources, some are founded on folk-lore and legend, others are entirely original; Miss Clark always knows just what interests boys and girls, and Miss Brisley's drawings are dainty and wholly charming.

RAGS, M.D.

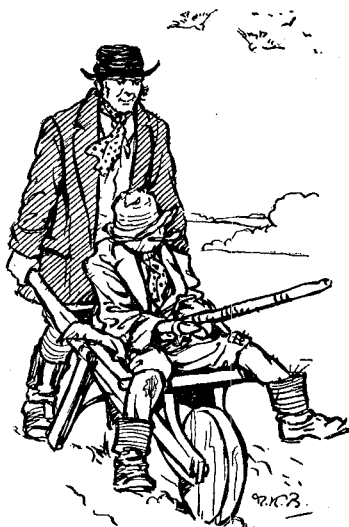
By Lewis Dutton. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

What do you think M.D. stands for? The doctor had those mysterious letters after his name, and the

VELVET PAWS AND SHINY EYES.

By Carol Cassidy Cole. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

What a delightful surprise for the child who receives this book, to find that the little Canadian hero, and quite a number of the principal characters, not only stand up but lift right out of the book. Eric has some quaint adventures in this delightful "Alice-in-Wonderland"-ish story, and in following them, boys and girls will learn a tremendous lot about the creatures who live in the woods. It is a most thrilling way of imbibing nature lore, and we can well imagine will fascinate the grown-ups as much as the children.



THE FARMER AND THE SCARECROW.

From *Twenty Tales for Telling*
By Elizabeth Clark
(University of London Press)

TWENTY TALES FOR TELLING.

By Elizabeth Clark.
Illustrated by Nina K. Brisley. 3s. 6d.
(University of London Press.)

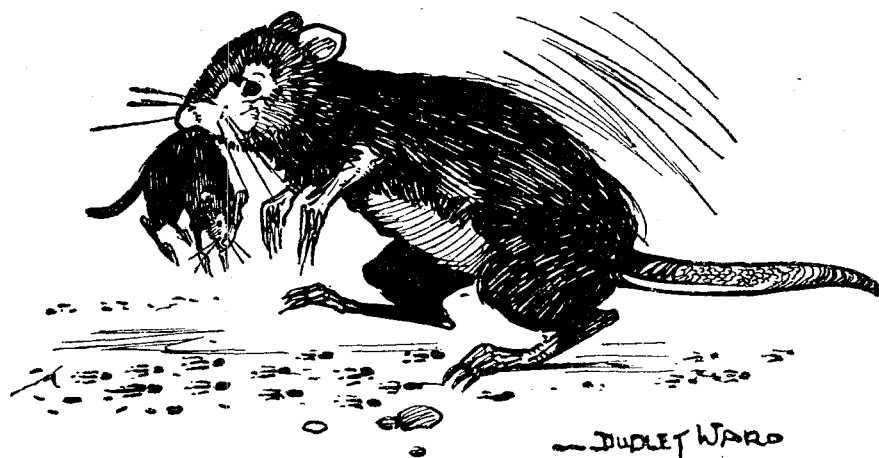
Miss Clark has had a great deal of experience in telling tales to children, and has of course written books on the subject, which have come as a boon and a blessing to school teachers, Guide and Brownie leaders and others who want an endless supply of stories suitable for small people. Her latest book will be welcomed in similar



From *Rags, M.D.*
By Lewis Dutton
(Warne)

GETTING BETWEEN HER FEET
EVERY TIME SHE CAME OUT
OF THE NIGHT NURSERY WITH
A TRAY IN HER HAND.

puppies, Rags and Tatters, thought they stood for "Michael's Doctor," because Michael was their little master. But they couldn't mean that when Rags had them after his name—at least you wouldn't think so; but perhaps they did. Anyhow kiddies will love reading Mr. Lewis Dutton's story all about the naughty rollicking puppies, and they will be as curious as the puppies themselves to find the explanation of the important letters M.D. Mr. Edgar Norfield has illustrated the book with many amusing drawings and a coloured frontispiece.



From *Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes*
(Hodder & Stoughton)

SHE CARRIED HER BABIES ONE BY ONE INTO THE OUTER PASSAGE.

MAROONED ON MYSTERY ISLE.

By David Ker. Illustrated by John Mackay. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

At first the tale of a reputedly haunted house and the hairbreadth escape therein, from a gang of smugglers, of a boy whose courage and curiosity had led him to explore where none else in the neighbourhood dared even to think of going. Then voyages, dangers and further escapes of the young hero who at last returns, with the inherited rank of baronet, to the ownership of broad acres—all of which occurs at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A book which boys should feast on excitedly.



From *Little Dots*
(Religious Tract Society)

"SORRY, SCAMP, THIS
ISN'T FOR YOU."

LITTLE DOTS.

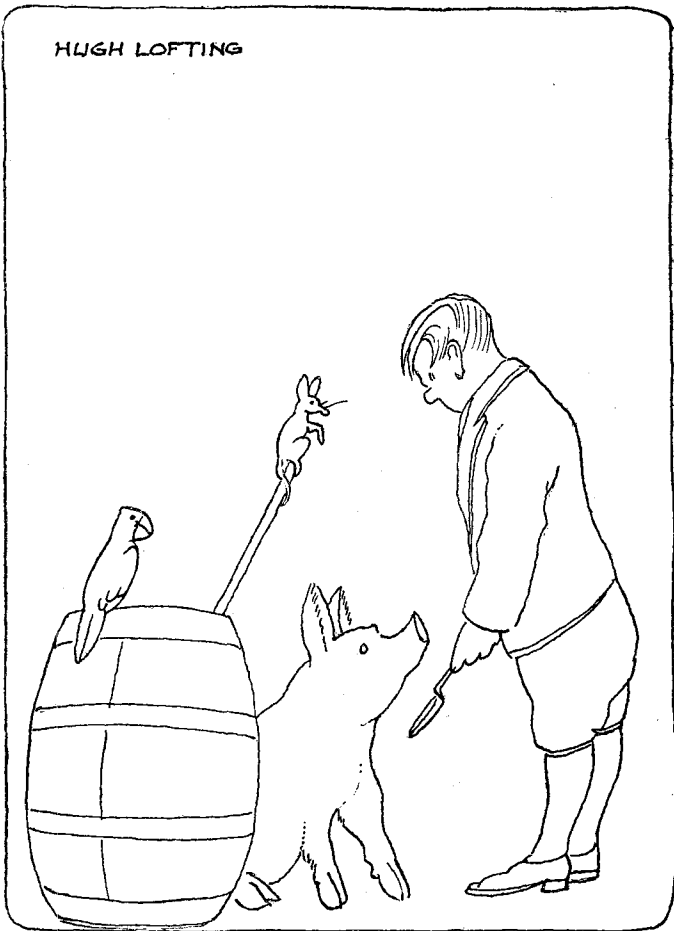
2s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

This is the forty-seventh annual volume of "Little Dots." Many of us have grateful memories of it in our own childhood, and will have a sentimental joy in introducing it to our youngsters. But "Little Dots" has moved with the times, and needs no other justification than its intrinsic merit. Running to nearly two hundred pages, well printed and abundantly illustrated in colour and line, it offers a wide and attractive miscellany of brief stories and verses for children up to about six years of age.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S RETURN.

By Hugh Lofting. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Another fresh phase in Doctor Dolittle's amazing career and not a whit less refreshing than any of the others. Each member of his quaint family, from Dab-Dab, the housekeeper (duck) to Gub-Gub the pig, always in hot water, is as familiar and unforgettable to countless readers as the famous Doctor himself. He has been visiting the moon, and now we find the family anxiously awaiting the Smoke-signal which is to announce his return. What fun to see him coming along riding on an enormous locust, and what a thrill to hear the surprising and mysterious tales he has to tell. Mr. Lofting's word and pen pictures are quite inimitable.



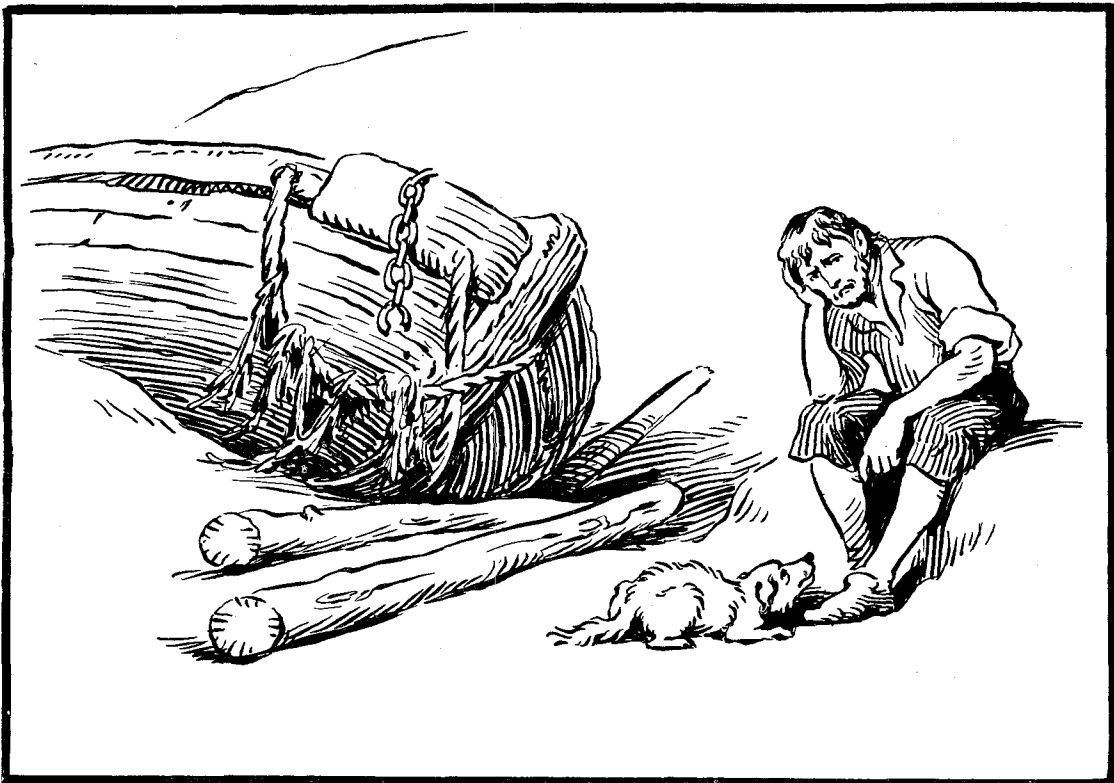
From *Dr. Dolittle's Return*
By Hugh Lofting
(Jonathan Cape)

THEY TOOK ME ASIDE
ONE MORNING.

A CHRISTMAS MOON.

By E. C. Matthews. 3s. 6d. (Burns, Oates.)

There could scarcely be a more promising situation than that of the four Forrest children in this particular December.



From *Robinson Crusoe*
Retold in pictures by Frank C. Papé
(John Lane)

BUT THE BOAT COULD NOT BE MOVED.
CRUSOE SAT DOWN AND THOUGHT OF
ANOTHER PLAN.

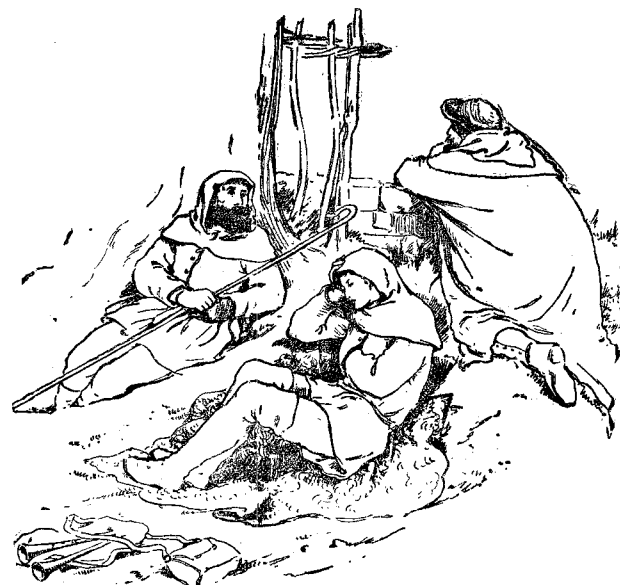
THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1933

They were alone, two boys and two girls, in an old house in a new district where they knew no one. The sad side of the circumstance was that Mr. Forrest had been obliged to go abroad for his health, and just before the story begins Mrs. Forrest had been sent for to go to him. And added to these troubles, Aunt Pearl who had been coming to look after them met with an accident and could not come. Christmas was near, a cold, snowy Christmas, and then the adventures and surprises began. At the beginning of the story the children are all very poor, but when we leave them on New Year's Eve, the long arm of coincidence, that limb that children love so well and unquestioningly, had been at work. "We are so frightfully happy we don't know what to do," said Marigold, and that is a pleasant manner in which to end a cheery story.

THE OXFORD ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

5s. (Oxford University Press.)

Little folks are more than adequately provided for these days in the way of toys and picture books, but any bewildered grown-up looking round for a present for some-



From *Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep*
(Mowbray)

CERTAIN POOR SHEPHERDS
IN FIELDS WHERE THEY LAY.

one under twelve will be quite safe in choosing a copy of this magnificent volume. No boy or girl could resist the admirable illustrations, exciting stories, lively verse and many novel ideas contained in the great fat, splendidly coloured and attractively decorated "Oxford Annual."

CHATTERBOX ANNUAL.

5s. and 7s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The sixty-sixth volume of this continuously excellent Annual comes to us with all its looked-for generosity of story and verse, article, legend and picture, gay and interesting as ever. Boys and girls are equally well provided for. Quite a large number of both grown-ups and youngsters seem to have been tied to chairs by unworthy persons, according to the illustrators, but by studying the stories we find that the thrilling situations are varied and always happily ended; not too thrilling but just



From *I Love to Hear the Story*
(Mowbray)

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE
HIGHEST."

thrilling enough. "Chatterbox's" record is uniformly good, and as one who read it in the nursery, contributed to its pages rather later, and now is called to look upon it with a critic's eye, the verdict is that it always has deserved—and does deserve—its warm welcome.

WARNE'S HAPPY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

2s. (Warne.)

Indeed this is a "Happy Book." There is scarcely a face within its covers that has not a smile. Countless pictures are there, and many of them are coloured. Little boys and little girls, pretty fairies, animals, birds and toys illustrate the stories and verses, and the large type makes easy reading for the more advanced of the happy possessors. This bright volume, with "its picture cover," will be a sure favourite among Christmas gifts.



From *Warne's Adventure Book for Girls*
(Warne)

THE GROUP OF HORSEMEN RODE
OFF IN HOT PURSUIT.

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has specialised since 1894 in all kinds of Photo-Engraving for Book Illustrations, and of late years in the now universal Book Jacket.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

THE PONIES OF BUNTS.

By Marjorie Mary Oliver and Eva Ducat. 8s. 6d.
(*Country Life*.)

In the form of a very attractive story we are taken into beautiful Devonshire country and shown life in and about a charming old house on Dartmoor. Miss Fairfax of Bunts gathered children and ponies under her wing, so to speak, and gave them freedom, with discipline; health, adventure and experience; taught them to ride, to manage horses and to learn self-control, all in a thoroughly happy life. Incidentally the volume, which is most delightfully illustrated with snapshots from Jenefer's camera (everyone should meet Jenefer), teaches a beginner many a valuable rule for riding and driving. Everyone who is lucky enough to get this book will want to go to Dartmoor and find Bunts.

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Blackie.)

If it is possible for this gorgeous Annual to be better than it ever was before, then this year it is. It is thirty years old, and in all its thirty years has never had a finer array of pictures nor more enchanting stories and verses between its gay covers. Any youngster would be elated with it, for writers and artists of note have once again given of their best to add to the delights of Christmas time.

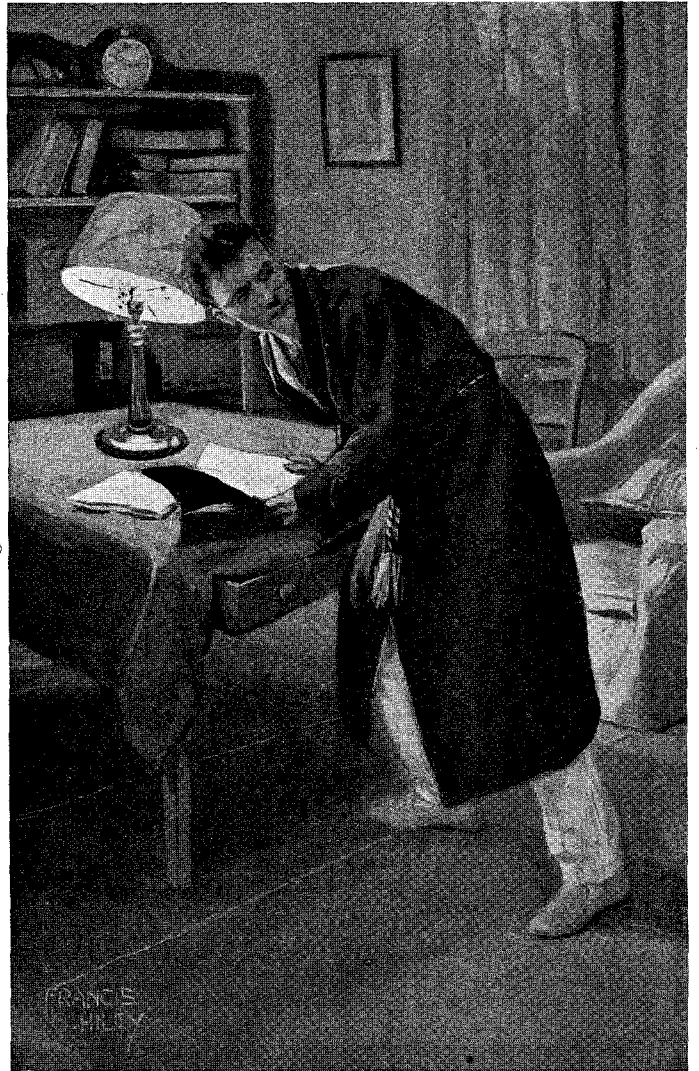
THE MYSTERY AT RIDINGS.

By Gunby Hadath. 5s. (Oxford University Press.)

A nice fat book for a wet afternoon with all necessary ingredients for a good "frowst" by the fire.

A secret club, a hero of enormous physical strength and more than human moral uprightness, a hidden cottage in the wood, a stupendous football match, and to make it very up to date, a graceless young film actor who aids and abets the lawless element in the school. Plenty of meat here for the voracious young "kept-in-by-the-weather."

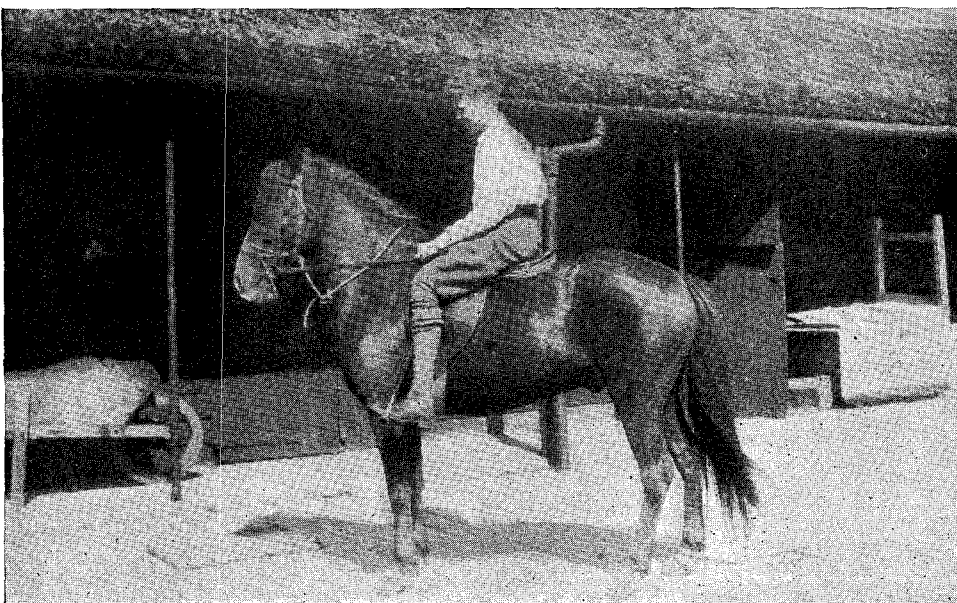
And if it all seems rather a lot of fuss over a tin of



From *Schools in Turmoil*
By St. John Pearce
(*Ward, Lock*)

**PRESENTLY HE CAME UPON
WHAT HE SOUGHT.**

cigarettes, let us be thankful that there still are people in the world, young enough and innocent enough to know no greater crime than an illicit smoke, they will meet real trouble and real wrong soon enough.



From *The Ponies of Bunts*
By M. M. Oliver and E. Ducat
(*Country Life*)

**RODDIE PRACTISED LUCIFER
DILIGENTLY EVERY DAY.**

THREE DASHING SUBALTERNS.

By Escott Lynn. 3s. 6d.
(Chambers.)

Few boys will need to be told who Lawrence, Pat and Nibs were, for Mr. Escott Lynn's "Three Jolly Cadets" made themselves a wide circle of friends. In this new book we meet the trio again as young subalterns in India. Lawrence Carrington had been out in India just over a year, when trouble threatened the frontier, and he was sent into the danger zone with a small reinforcement. He was able to get his chum, Pat Wyngate, with him, and straightaway they found themselves in an ugly situation. The excitement does not for a moment slacken; the story moves swiftly from incident to incident, and is the sort of story any and every boy will revel in.

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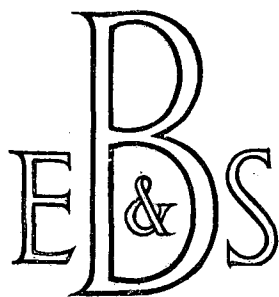
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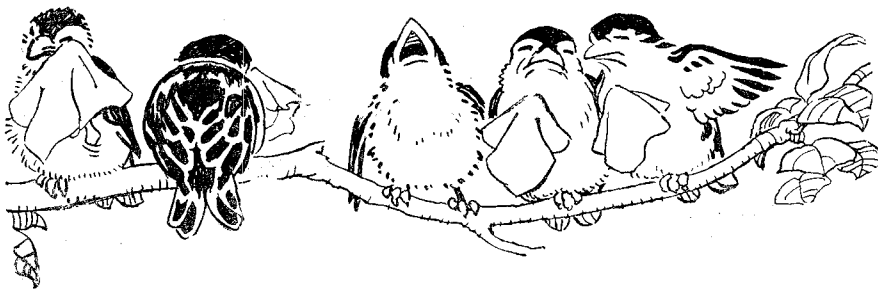
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From *Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes*
(Warne)

WHEN THEY HEARD OF THE DEATH
OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

FAIRINGS IN PLENTY: A Child's Book of Pictures and Poems.
2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

This slim little book of poems is culled from many sources: some of them are old favourites, but many are from books by new authors. Almost every rhyme has its own picture, and they are as varied as the verses they illustrate. There are woodcuts, silhouettes and pen-and-ink sketches, all beautifully reproduced. The poems range from "The North Wind Doth Blow" to Edith Sitwell's "The King of China's Daughter."

A tiny but distinguished collection.

**MORE ADVENTURES OF THE ODD LITTLE GIRL.
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MARY JANE STUBBS.
HARRIS THE HARE AND HIS OWN TRUE LOVE.
CAPTAIN SEAL'S TREASURE HUNT.**

Written and illustrated by Dorothy Burroughes. 1s. 6d. each. (Bodley Head.)

Children who have been with the Odd Little Girl on her adventures through the picture will be delighted to find that she has had some further amazing journeys, to



From *Fairings in Plenty*
(Blackwell)

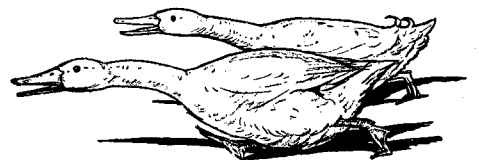
THE FOWLS

India, Persia and, most thrilling of all, the bottom of the ocean. They will be equally pleased to meet Harris, the vain but lovable hare and his friends, and dear old Captain Seal who makes an amazing and fruitful friendship with the famous mouse, Algernon Marmaduke Wilberforce. Miss Burroughes has also created another extremely nice little person, and introduces her in the masterly sentence, "There was once a little girl called Mary Jane Stubbs who had measles." This clever writer knows how children love an author who "cuts the cackle and comes to the 'osses."

These little books are ideal for the child who has reached the stage of reading for herself. They are just the right size to hold, packed full of Miss Burroughes's well-known sketches, at once so original in idea and so brilliant in execution, and clearly printed and spaced.



From *Angus and the Ducks*
By Marjorie Flack
(John Lane)



Hiss-s-s-s-s-s!!!

THE WATCH HUNT.

By Eric Barker. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

A public school story for boys. Two watches disappear under mysterious circumstances. Suspicion falls upon one of the boys, but the solution is fitting and dramatic. The story is exciting, the writing crisp, and the characterisation lively; and there is an enthralling account of a cricket match at Lord's.



From *The Cricket in the Cage*
By Patrick R. Chalmers
(Black)

OLD JAPAN.

BESTWAY COOKERY GIFT-BOOK.

4s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

This is the time of year when people seek to outvie one another in the culinary art, or at least delight in springing surprises on their friends. They could scarcely have a better accomplice than this book which not only contains an excellent selection of fresh and appetising confections and dishes of all kinds, but illustrates each recipe with a most attractive photograph. Many helpful hints in the way of service may also be gained from the latter.

WARNE'S ADVENTURE BOOK FOR BOYS.

2s.

Contains twelve first class and brightly exciting stories in prose, and concludes with one in humorous verse.

The appeal to most boys of the whole of this book is strong, and will be further strengthened by the excellence of the many illustrations. These really and faithfully illustrate the text which they accompany, a fidelity by no means always to be found in the work of illustrative artists; the lack of which fidelity is so often and regretably irritating to the reader of the lighter kinds of fiction.



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THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1933

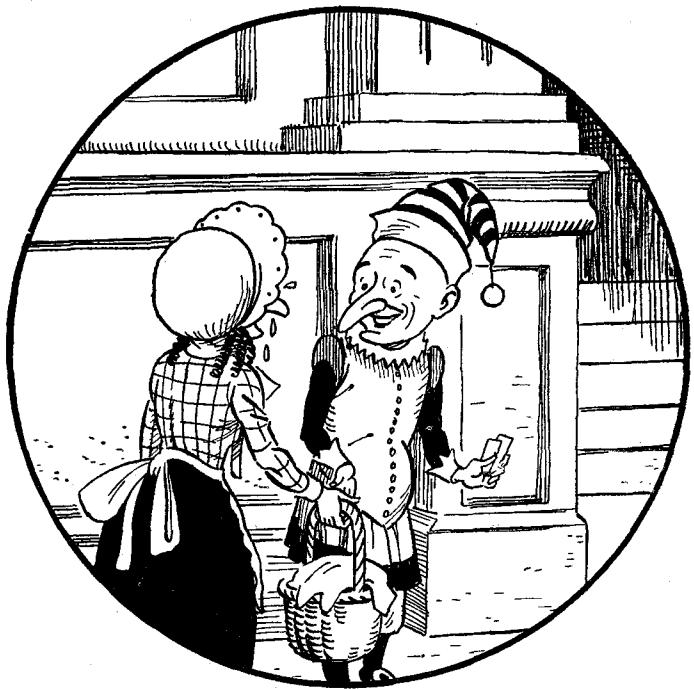
PUNCH AND JUDY'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.
2s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Every new generation finds fresh delight in that irrepressible pair, Punch and Judy.



THE LITTLE GREEN BUTTON.
From *The Dawn Shops*
By Joyce Lankester Brisley
(Harrap)

That is why an Annual bearing their names, full of picture stories about both of them, and about Baby, Toby and the Showman as well, is sure to be popular in the nursery. We see what these amusing people do when they are not acting in or behind their little booth, and one can imagine the kiddies shrieking with laughter when the words under the pictures are read out to them. Baby is a true offspring of the mischievous couple, and is the central figure in many of the tales, frequently getting the best of his parents, yet dodging the whacks!



From *Punch and Judy's Children's Annual*
(Newnes)

WHEN THEY GOT NEARLY TO MADAME TUSSAUD'S, JUDY ASKED PUNCH TO CARRY THE BASKET.



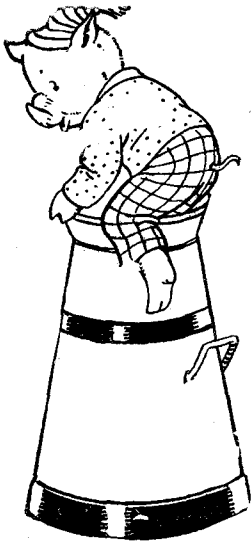
From *Wild Life Stories*
By Maribel Edwin
(Nelson)

ARCTOS SUDDENLY REARED UP.

JUDY AND THE MAGIC ROCKET.

By Dorothy Dudley Short. Illustrated by Frank Rogers. 2s. (Burns, Oates.)

There is just a slight suggestion of the powder in the jam about this engaging story of a little girl's visit to the moon. While having wonderful dream adventures, Judy is incidentally imbibing a scientific knowledge, and of course the reader is imbibing it too. It is no doubt a delightful way of imbibing knowledge, and Miss Short has made a fascinating tale of it. The illustrations by Mrs. Rogers are full of vitality and imagination.



SO HE GOT INTO THE CHURN TO HIDE.
From *Warne's Book of Nursery Tales*
(Warne)

THE DAWN SHOPS,
AND OTHER STORIES.

Told and Drawn by Joyce Lankester Brisley. 2s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The "Milly-Molly-Mandy" books have won such popularity that these original and entertaining stories by the same author may be very sure of obtaining a wide public. Miss Brisley knows how to write for children; she has a natural, easy style, and her ideas have the right amount of fantasy, with a smile in the corner of them and something unexpected at the tail. Her pictures, too, are bold and lively, and it is safe to prophesy that countless little girls and boys will be pushing their little noses into "The Dawn Shops" this Christmas, and laughing and chuckling over what they find there.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933



From *Bibi*
By Karin Michaelis
(Allen & Unwin)

THEY DREW NEAR THE
OLD TOWN OF TONDERN.

THE MODERN BOY'S ANNUAL : 1934.

6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

Many boys nowadays prefer books about the wonders



From *Twelve Months
to Win*
By John F. C. Westerman
(Ward, Lock)

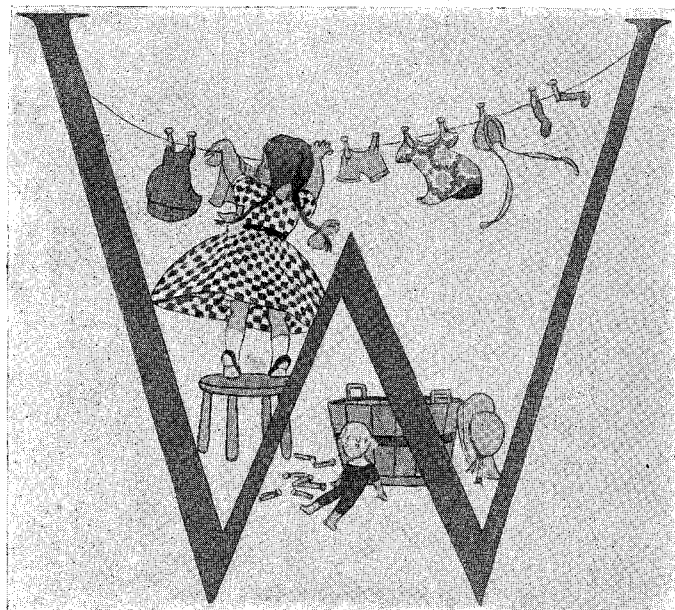
THEY CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS
FORM OUT ON TO THE LAWN.

of science and machinery rather than fiction, and for these this magnificent Annual will prove a source of endless enjoyment. Here they may read well-written articles on aircraft, films, motor-cars, ships, railways, signals, bridges, electricity, and almost everything of interest to the practical lad. There are three first-rate stories as well as scores of illustrations, including many full-page pictures. The book has variety, is packed with valuable information, and is just the sort boys will pore over for hours and treasure always.

THE CALIPH'S EMERALD.

By Wallace Carr. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

The mystic fascination of the East wreathes about Mr. Wallace Carr's thrilling tale, "The Caliph's Emerald," which all boys of an adventurous turn of mind will thoroughly enjoy. It describes how the Caliph, going on a long journey, leaves the power of his realm with his Grand Vizier, Caleb Ben Eilasar, together with an emerald ring, supposed to possess strange properties. How the ring is stolen and all the exciting consequences make



From *An A B C*
By Irene Heath
(Warne)

W IS FOR WASHING.

an arresting story. Mr. Carr writes vigorously ; the action of the story is swift and dramatic, and there is a richness of colour as well as of incident in this excellent boys' book.

TRUFFLE EATER.

By "Oistros." 2s. 6d. net. (Barker.)

In this volume of "Pretty Stories and Funny Pictures" we have a political imitation of "Struwwelpeter." It is an outspoken caricature, with an introductory verse :

"When the children have been good,
By which, of course, is understood,
Nazi at mealtimes, Nazi at play,
Nazi night and Nazi day,
They shall have the pretty things
Revolution always brings," etc.

Incidents concerning Germany past and present are comically described in verse, with appropriate illustrations.

THE RAINBOW ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

The Rainbow Annual is a gay affair and can be recommended as a "family" present, for it contains such a variety of good things. There are fairy stories and simple rhymes for the babies and school and adventure stories for much older people. There are riddles and jokes to provide amusement at Christmas parties and of course there are some splendid new tales about the Bruin Boys for the "Rainbow" is edited by Mrs. Bruin.



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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1933

THE ARTHUR RACKHAM FAIRY BOOK: OLD TALES WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

GOBLIN MARKET.

By Christina Rossetti. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.
5s. (Harrap.)

"For this book I have gone to those old favourites of the nursery that have such a hold on our affections that their incidents, characters, and even phrases have become part of our everyday thought and expression, and help to shape our lives." So Arthur Rackham, in his preface, introduces us once again to Dick Whittington, Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin, and twenty more tales of undying fame, their beauty now enriched by his incomparable art, for he is undoubtedly the draughtsman of fairyland.

His Sleeping Beauty is not a large wax doll, or a member of the Chorus, but a lady who expresses her breeding and distinction in every line of her exquisite face and form. Blue Beard's wife has all the mystery of the East in her roguish eyes.

The elves are elfish, and the ogres are ogreish, but with a hidden twinkle just to show that it is only make-believe.

The author tells us that he has wandered through enchanted lands for thirty years. In these exquisite silhouettes, pen drawings and water colours he brings that enchantment to our eyes. Happy the child who meets these immortal characters for the first time in this book, and so has them associated with such gay and dainty pictures.

The exquisite luxury edition of "Goblin Market" is a fitting shrine for Christina Rossetti's deathless story of sisterly devotion, and its epic fight against greed and evil. A fitting subject for an inspired pencil, these two lovely damsels, Laura fair but frail, Lizzie no less fair but firm as a rock. Only the artist with a touch as light as a feather,

with a mastery of subtle detail and delicate imagery, could bring to life that eerie spirit world which lies so close, and yet is so far away.

It is unnecessary to say that there is here a perfect wedding of lovely sight to lovely sound. In four coloured plates Arthur Rackham expresses the charm, the sadness, the frustration, the glamour and disillusion of temptation yielded to, the triumph of evil overcome.

Long may he live to wander in those fairylands, for Christmas without Arthur Rackham would not be Christmas

at all, and since as he himself says "we should all be behaving ourselves very differently if Beauty had never been united to her Beast, or Sir Richard Whittington listened to the bells," it is well that these priceless dream folk should go beautifully clothed.



From The Arthur Rackham
Fairy Book
(Harrap)

WHEN THE LADY SAW THEY HAD
SUCH PRETTY FACES SHE BEGAN
TO SHED TEARS.

THE TINY TOTS ANNUAL: 1934.

2s. 6d.

(Amalgamated
Press.)

Suitable for the child who is just beginning to read are the stories in this Annual. The print is large and in many cases words of more than one syllable are divided by hyphens. Most of the stories are illustrated by pictures which may help the young reader, but one deprecates the habit of interspersing other pictures with captions that have nothing to do with the tale they interrupt.

WONDER BOOK OF MACHINERY.

5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Surely no one could fail to be fascinated by this volume. Speaking personally we have had the greatest difficulty in tearing ourselves away from it. Practically every subject that comes within range is excellently treated and illustrated. It is a most absorbing and instructive book.